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HUNTING THE ANCESTRAL ELEPHANT IN THE FAYÛM DESERT

DISCOVERIES OF THE RECENT AFRICAN EXPEDITION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

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WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND RESTORATIONS BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT

THERE are many points of likeness between a world view of animal history and of human history. During the long ages preceding our own,[1] the continents for certain periods were like vast islands entirely isolated from neighboring continents by the seas. This was the condition of Africa in the period unearthed by recent explorations. These longer or shorter isolations explain the marvelous diversity of mammalian life, because each great land mass became a separate breeding-place under different conditions, and whenever the land rose from the sea long enough to form connecting bridges, such as those across the Mediterranean, or along the Arctic seas, or across the Isthmus of Panama, the animals gradually extended their ranges from continent to continent exactly after the manner of the prehistoric and historic races of men. Thus were initiated vast interchanges, struggles, and competitions, which have worked quite as profound influence upon the past and present history of animal life as the interchanges of human races have worked upon the history of man.

After such migration a group may survive in the country of its adoption and entirely die out in the country of its origin, and were it not for paleontology, we should rarely be able to trace it back to its native land, because the present distribution of living animals is often far distant from their original homes. What American, for example, observing the millions of living camels and dromedaries in Asia and Africa, would suspect for a moment that the camel is purely and exclusively an American product?

One of the most fascinating of the

[1] Our own age runs back into that called the Pleistocene, or Ice Age; this in turn is preceded by the Pliocene, the Miocene, the Oligocene, and the Eocene, in the order named; altogether representing a great interval of time, roughly estimated by some geologists at three millions of years. Back of this stretch the still more remote periods. The Fayûm exploration reveals the mammalian life of Africa as it was in the Middle and Upper Eocene times.

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many problems of paleontology, therefore, is to ascertain the birthplace of each of the great animal groups—the fertile or arid nursery of their infant history wherein they first took on their peculiar and characteristic form, and, like the races of man, felt the power and strength to go forth and invade the lands of other races.

A PROPHECY AS TO THE LIFE OF AFRICA

In the year 1899 paleontology had advanced to such a point that the origin of many families was known, but there remained in doubt the group of elephants, certainly the most paradoxical in structure of all quadrupeds, and appearing in the Lower Miocene period, both in Europe and North America, fully formed, as if from the sky or by a fiat of the Creator. No one knew whence they came nor how their remarkable characters had evolved. There were great unexplored regions in Asia; the history of China was unknown; and many writers were looking to the Orient for an answer to this question.

In the year 1900 I ventured a prophecy which placed the original home of the elephants and of several other great groups in Africa. At the time it seemed a curious fact that this possible theater of evolution of mammals had not been sufficiently considered. Following the initial suggestions of Huxley, most writers were talking of the invasion of Africa from the north by animals of European or Asiatic origin, and few seemed to have in mind the possibility of a reversed current; namely, of the invasion of Europe, Asia, and North America by animals originating in Africa.[1]

In discussing the matter, I admitted that Africa was the "dark continent" of paleontology, that it had no early fossil mammal history, that no discoveries had been made there except in the later period during which its Mediterranean shore had become a part of Europe; but I held that this absence of evidence was not proof of the absence of life in Eocene Africa, because geological records are proverbially as incomplete as the torn chapters of a

[1] The stream of scientific thought leads many minds in similar directions. My theory of "successive invasions of an African fauna into Europe" was written in 1899 and published in 1900. Quite independent, I believe, and at the time unknown to me, were the similar speculations of Dr. H. G. Stehlin, of Basle, and Dr. Tycho Tullberg, of Upsala, which were also published in the year 1900.

From a photograph by Dr. A. Lythgoe

LOADING THE AMERICAN MUSEUM CARAVAN AT LISHT

From a photograph by the Egyptian Geological Survey

SITE OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM CAMP

book, and the chances are always against the burial of land animals in such a manner as to be preserved for future record. So I became convinced of the probability that Africa in early geological times was a great center of independent evolution; that, after its long isolation by the sea, when the trans-Mediterranean land routes were formed, successive waves of animals migrated northward and poured into Europe and Asia, driven out, perhaps, as man is driven out, by surplus population; that there seemed to be evidence in Europe of three such chief waves of life from Africa; and that prominent among the quadrupeds were the mastodons, ancestors of the great family of elephants.

Thus, if the paleontology of Africa could become known, the problem of the origin of the elephants might be solved.

Along such lines ran the prophecy, supported by kinds of reasoning familiar enough to paleontologists since the days of Darwin. In science as in love it is well to be audacious, and, to leave no doubt as to my faith, I described this African "Garden of Eden" as the probable nursery not only of the elephants, but of the Hyracoidea, or rock conies; of the Sirenia,[1] or sea-cows; and, among larger quadrupeds, of the antelopes, giraffes, and hippopotami, as well as of numerous smaller animals. In short, it seemed probable that many of the animals which suddenly appeared in Europe without any known previous ancestry there would prove to have originated in Africa.

So far is the scientific imagination tempted to roam when once released. It is always possible that such speculations may be correct, yet forever lack direct confirmation; but in the present instance the confirmation came almost immediately, in the manner which may now be narrated.

DISCOVERIES BY THE EGYPTIAN GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

Among the other beneficent products of the English advisory government of Egypt is the Geological Survey, now un-

[1] It should be noted that the earliest known sea-cows had already been discovered in the famous quarries of the Mokattam Hills, near Cairo, so that this was not a prediction, but a statement of fact.

der the able and energetic direction of Capt. H. G. Lyons. Step by step the vast unknown stretches of the Arabian desert on the east of the Nile and the Libyan desert on the west are being explored. In 1898 the survey of the desert surrounding the Fayûm was intrusted to Mr. H. L. Beadnell. El Fayûm, a name derived from the ancient Egyptian word *"Phiom,"* meaning "the lake," lies fifty miles southwest of Cairo, and is the fertile alluvial bottom of a great natural depression, or basin, enriched by the Nile sediments, which have poured for ages into a large natural lake of late geological times, and subsequently into the more contracted Lake Mœris of the Ptolemies. The brackish lake named Birket-el-Qurûn which bounds the Fayûm to the northwest is the vestigial remnant of these two great sheets of fresh water. It lies 130 feet below sea-level, and receives such a meager overflow from the vast irrigation system of the Fayûm plains that it is constantly diminishing in extent and increasing in salinity.

The rich historical associations of the northerly shores of these ancient and modern reservoirs begin with the Paleolithic flint-makers.[1] They include the irrigation works of Amenemhat I, 2,200 B.C.; they cover the rise and fall of populous Greek and Roman cities, now represented by the ruins known as Dimê and Mushîm. But far, far back of this period of man, the discoveries of the survey on the northerly shores of these same lakes reveal the presence of a world of life so ancient that the pyramids seem as of yesterday,[2] of a period when the Mediterranean shores were 140 miles south of their present boundaries, when Mother Nile herself, which impresses us as among the oldest of rivers, had not come into existence. Here another and much older river system poured its sandy deposits into the ancestral Mediterranean, the ancient original life of Africa found its

[1] See "Flint Implements of the Fayûm, Egypt," by Heywood Walter Seton-Karr. Rept. U. S. National Museum, 1906, pp. 745-751.

[2] If Napoleon, under the shadow of the Pyramids, said to his troops, "Forty centuries look down upon you," the geologist might say with equal spirit, "Two thousand centuries look down upon our exploration."

From a photograph by the Egyptian Geological Survey

FOSSILIZED TREES ON THE BONE-BEARING LEVEL, SOME OF THEM BEING SEVENTY FEET LONG

Restoration by Charles R. Knight, under the direction of Professor Osborn

THE LIBYAN GIANT ROCK CONY (MEGALOHYRAX) OF THE EOCENE PERIOD COMPARED WITH ITS DIMINUTIVE MODERN REPRESENTATIVE, THE SYRIAN CONY

burial-place in the shifting sands and has lain for perhaps two million of years awaiting the evolution of man and finally the development in man of the spirit of inquiry and exploration.

So long ago as 1879, the German explorer Schweinfurth had obtained in the Fayûm desert some bones of the great whale-like animal named *Zeuglodon,* which swam along the Mediterranean shores during the Eocene period. In 1898 came the first evidence of the existence of land animals, and in 1901, when Mr. Beadnell was accompanied by Dr. C. W. Andrews of the British Museum, the discovery of land animals in the Fayûm desert was announced. It has proved to be epoch-making, marking a turning-point in our knowledge of the history of the earth, and arousing such wide-spread interest that for the time north Africa becomes the storm-center of paleontology. Between 1901 and 1905 the exploration and collection of these fossils continued under Messrs. Beadnell and Andrews. One unexpected discovery succeeded another. Africa, far from being a continent parasitic upon Europe, was proved to be a partly dependent, but chiefly independent center of a highly varied life; a great breeding-place not only of animals which subsequently wandered into Europe, but of animals belonging to types hitherto unknown and undreamed of. Ancestors of the two great groups which it had been predicted might be found here—namely, the Proboscidea and the Hyracoidea—were successively found; the Sirenia, or sea-cows, were traced back to primitive forms; then the ancestors of the archaic whales, or zeuglodonts, were found, as recorded by Dr. Eberhard Fraas of Stuttgart.

The reader can imagine with what intense interest were received the announcements by Mr. Beadnell and chiefly by Dr. Andrews, in whose hands all the collections were placed for description, and with what very special personal keenness this brilliantly successful exploration was followed by myself. The temptation to go to the desert at once was very great, but the well-earned prior claims of the English precluded any thought of our visiting this region so long as the English exploration continued. Finally, in 1906, the British Museum published a work written by Dr. Andrews[1] in which the history and significance of the discoveries up to the year 1905 are most ably set forth. This in a sense released the Fayûm district to other explorers, and almost immediately came to mind the possibility of an expedition of our own into the Fayûm desert. Now that many of the great extinct animals in the American Museum paleontological collections had proved to be of remote African origin, what a temptation to secure some of the diminutive ancestors, to place beside their

[1] Andrews, C. W., "A Descriptive Catalogue of the Tertiary Vertebrata of the Fayûm, Egypt." London; 1906.

American descendants, the majestic mammoths and mastodons! What a temptation to bring back the great *Arsinoïtherium*, the two-horned monster of Eocene Africa, to rival its four-horned American contemporary *Uintatherium*, named after our own Uinta Mountains! How it pleased the fancy to take a caravan of camels, animals which were the gift of our Western American plains; to bring forth the remains of the elephants, which were the gift of Africa to all the other continents! Moreover, why should not further discoveries be made in the Fayûm by dint of very energetic search and the prolonged training gained by our young explorers in the deserts of the Rocky Mountain region? These thoughts chased one another about as fascinatingly as "castles in Spain," until they had shaped themselves into the resolve to go, and this led to the starting of the expedition from the museum, aided by the ever-ready generosity of President Morris K. Jesup, who determined to defray the chief expenses.

As head assistant, I selected Mr. Walter Granger, a young Vermonter of fourteen years' experience in the Western Eocene of the United States, and, from his boyhood training as an ornithologist, specially keen in the discovery of fossils of the smaller animals. As second assistant I chose Mr. George Olsen, a sturdy Dane, who had also demonstrated his love for the chase of extinct animals and his ability in handling fragile fossils. Through correspondence with Dr. Andrews I learned how very fragile some of our finds were likely to be, and how difficult it would prove to take them out of the sand without breakage. It was therefore evident that technical skill would figure largely in our success.

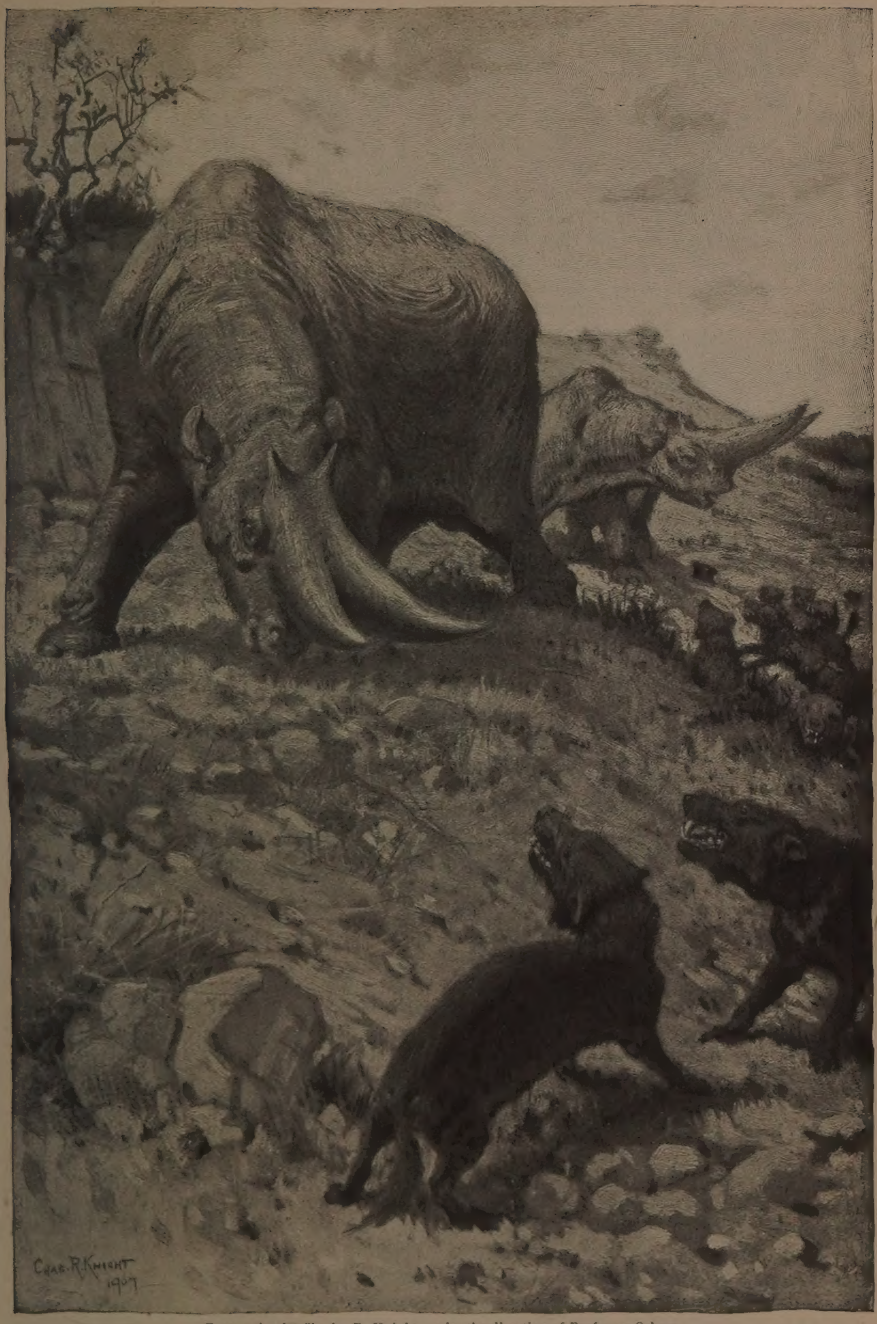
We sailed on the *Cedric* on January 5, and on January 23 reached Alexandria and Cairo. I presented to Lord Cromer a characteristically personal and enthusi-

NATIVES FROM HELOUAN WORKING IN QUARRY A

NATIVES FROM KUFT WORKING IN QUARRY B

PROFESSOR OSBORN AND MR. FERRAR IN THE ZEUGLODON VALLEY

BENDING OVER THE JAW OF ONE OF THE ANCESTRAL ELEPHANTS

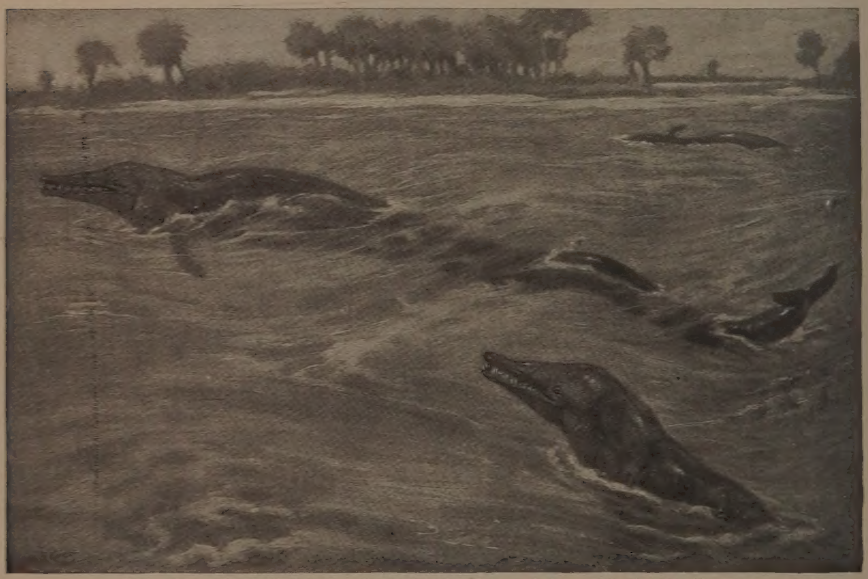


Restoration by Charles R. Knight, under the direction of Professor Osborn

ARSINOÏTHERES STANDING AT BAY BEFORE A PACK OF HYÆNODONTS

astic letter from President Roosevelt, and another from the Hon. Joseph H. Choate. The famous representative of Great Britain in Egypt is a man of impressive but unaffected manner, and in a few cordial words he intimated that everything would be done to facilitate our objects. Early on the morning of arrival, Capt. H. G. Lyons, the Director of the Geological Survey, called to assure me that the Survey would coöperate to the fullest extent with advice, information, maps, tenting caravan, a member of his Survey staff, Mr. Hartley T. Ferrar, a graduate of Cambridge, and geologist of the recent British Antarctic expedition of the *Discovery*, under Captain Scott. Mr. Ferrar's desert experience and knowledge of Arabic, but still more his penetration of the mysteries of Arab psychology and morals, proved to be of the greatest service in several of the minor crises of our journey.

Our preparations began at once: all the



Restoration by Charles R. Knight, under the direction of Mr. F. A. Lucas of the Brooklyn Museum

THE WHALE-LIKE ZEUGLODON OF THE ANCESTRAL MEDITERRANEAN

equipment, and especially with an unlimited number of steel water-tanks, or "fantasses," the constant companions of the desert geologist. Best of all, came the offer to give us the unrestricted right to excavate in the richest localities for fossils which had been discovered by Mr. Beadnell, and hitherto reserved for the exclusive work of the Survey. This most cordial and hospitable personal and scientific spirit extended to every matter, large or small, connected with our Egyptian exploration, and contributed largely to the results which it is the object of this article to describe.

On the following day, Captain Lyons strengthened our plans still further by detailing to accompany us, with a special

environment seemed strangely unfamiliar for the outfitting of a paleontological expedition; mosques and bazaars, in place of the Methodist chapels, corner groceries, and saloons of small Western towns in America; Egyptians who have been taking life with repose for five thousand years, in place of lively Western cowboys and teamsters of our American explorations. There is no translating the American words "hurry up" into Arabic. We could not interview some of our native guides and workmen from the great stone quarries at Helouan at once because, as pious—or pleasure-loving—Mussulmans, they were celebrating the great festival of Bairâm. In the desire to start as early as possible there was little time for more

than fleeting impressions of manners and customs.

We found Cairo in January cold and blustering, sunny and seductive by turns: it reminded us of the Sicilian saying: *"Marzo e pazo"* ("March is crazy"). Similarly in alternation, the street life is intensely European, Oriental, and half and half—the amusing mixture which one observes in the official class. Despite all delays, thanks to the Survey, our preparations proceeded apace. While in our home program fully ten days had been allowed for departure, in exactly five working days after arrival we were at the Mena House, under the great pyramids of Giza, ready to start. We were delayed a day by a high westerly wind and sandstorm driving down from the Libyan desert, and turning toward evening into torrents of rain. Thursday, January 31, dawned gloriously bright and clear, and our caravan of seventeen camels, six donkeys, with twenty-three Bedouin, Arab, and Egyptian attendants in motley array and the highest spirits, began to move southward along the sandy strip which sharply borders the fertile alluvium of the Nile.

THE JOURNEY TO THE FAYÛM

Our route (see map, page 826) lay due southward along the base of the sandstone desert terraces which the Egyptians for six thousand prehistoric and historic years have sought for burial, dry at all seasons and secure in autumn from the rising waters of the Nile. A heavily laden camel caravan moves so regularly and precisely at the rate of four kilometers, or two and a half miles, per hour that all distances in desert Egypt are measured in "caravan hours." A long day's journey is seven hours, or seventeen and a half miles, and our short opening day led only to Sakkara, five hours' caravan, or twelve and a half miles, yet it took us past thirteen pyramids, and was the best introduction to history, because it put us at once into the spirit of ancient and modern Egypt.

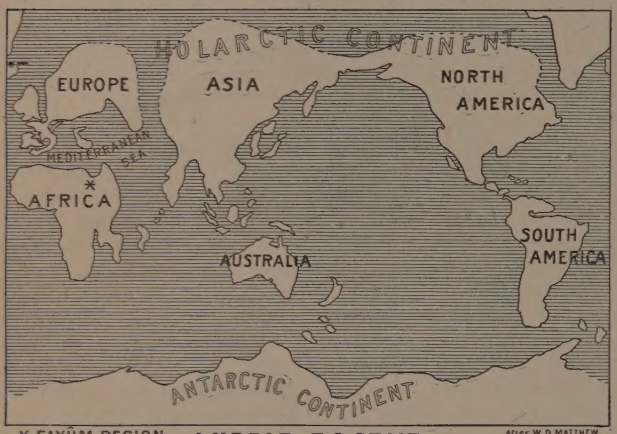
Two more short five-hour caravan days following, calls at sunrise brought us past the Dashûr pyramids to the workings recently opened at Lisht, thirty-two miles south of Cairo, for the Metropolitan Museum of Art, under the direction of Dr. Albert Lythgoe. Toasts were drunk and fraternal good wishes interchanged for the prosperity of the undertakings of the two great New York museums. On the following morning our large caravan started, with Mr. Ferrar's file of eight camels bringing up the rear. Dr. Lythgoe photographed us with the southerly pyramid of Usertesen I in the distance (page 816). We were in an unusual parade formation, and the camels soon broke into the customary long single file as we moved southwest across the desert to the northern edge of the fertile Fayûm to Tamia, our base of communication and supplies for the desert camps.

News of the approach of an important caravan under government patronage had preceded us, and in the village of Tamia, on the Sunday evening of our arrival, began a display of Oriental hospitality, with formal visits of respect, and presentation of gifts, which continued throughout our whole stay in the desert to the north. An elderly sheikh, Harun Talasun, called in the evening with ten attendants, and in the morning returned with a donkey, led by a slave and bearing a fine sheep. The corpulent Mamour of the district at frequent intervals sent mounted men to inquire after our comfort, and invited us to a feast. An Arab, Mahmud Abd-el-Baqui, visited us in the desert, accompanied by two brothers and an armed escort, bringing us a sheep and turkeys, and on the casual expression of a desire, returned to camp with five spirited and perfectly trained horses, each with its attendant. These hospitable phases of fossil-hunting in the Libyan desert were in delightful contrast to former experiences in America. Imagine the mayor, or the sheriff, or the aldermen of a Western town showing such solicitude for a party of "Eastern bug-hunters" or "bone-diggers!" One must find coal, or oil, or gold, to command the admiration of our good-hearted, but too practical-minded countrymen. Throughout our prolonged stay in Egypt we learned to love and admire these simple people. They are ignorant and somewhat crafty, through ages of misrule, but perhaps we have more to learn from them than they from us. As I told Lord Cromer on my return, the kindly attitude toward us always exhibited by the common people was to my

mind the strongest proof of the popularity of English rule among the masses of the people of Egypt.

From Tamia the start into the waterless desert began. Our route was in a northwesterly direction, skirting the brackish Birket-el-Qurûn. We rose to the clearly defined former shore lines and sandy ridges of the ancient Lake Mœris, 300 feet above the existing lake, on the beaches of which boys of the Greco-Roman colonies disported with their little Egyptian playmates 2,200 years ago.

How even a rudimentary knowledge of geology—earth knowledge—adds to the pleasure of the traveler! Among the loose shingle of the sea-beaches of the ancestral Mediterranean we picked up the hard fossilized ribs of the Sirenians or sea-cows, our first discovery, and realized that we were walking on the edge of the vast inland sea which for a long period isolated Africa from Europe. The ruins of the ancient city of Dimê came into distant view on the horizon; the long line of camels disappeared in a hollow, and then began to climb the heights beyond; the cliffs rose directly before us, step above step, like the seats of a long and vast amphitheater, overlooking the northern shores of the lake and reaching to a height of 1000 feet. In these noble formations of the Upper Eocene of the Libyan desert the sharp vertical ascents are composed of seams of softer rock, while the broadly inclined horizontal steps, or tiers, are the great protecting platforms of the harder rock. (See page 827.) On the edge of one of these lower tiers we passed the ancient Greek temple Qasr-el-Sagha, after which one of the fossil animals had been named *Saghatherium*. This temple was situated on the very shores of Lake Mœris. Our caravan climbed these steep ascents with difficulty. One camel with a weak pair of hind legs had to be pushed from behind by all the drivers together; every now and then a load came off, and this mugwump among quadrupeds, which always does its duty, but with a wry face, filled the ravine with its roar of disapproval as the load was readjusted.



MAP OF THE WORLD IN THE PERIOD REVEALED BY THE AMERICAN MUSEUM EXPLORATIONS

On the next tier above we found myriads of exquisite shells in a compact limestone, which proved that here the ancestral Mediterranean held its own for a long period. The northward growth of the continent into the great Mediterranean was caused by the discharge of rivers and streams, making new land; but as fast as the new land was made, the northern edge of the African continent sank, so that the filling and sinking processes nearly balanced each other for a long period. Sometimes the sea and sometimes the land would gain more rapidly. This accounts for our finding along the ancient seashore the remains of sea-living animals in close proximity with those living in estuaries, in rivers and on land.

As we ascended, we noted suddenly the entire disappearance of the sea-shells, and entered purely freshwater deposits, where the land-filling process gained supremacy. We climbed tier above tier, and finally reached the great, partly level, partly rolling, platform stretching off in each direction as far as the eye could reach. Here we saw the sandy delta deposits of a river system which was much older than the Nile.

This was our destination.

We slowly recognized this as the level on which all our explorations were to be made. The giant trunks of fossilized trees began to appear—trees that were borne down the rivers from the great forests of the south, their petrified trunks, from thirty to seventy feet in length, protruding from the sand, which was an auspicious sign of the proximity of the remains of quadrupeds, for both were washed down together. Remains of crocodiles, also, and of great turtles, began to be seen, and we were convinced that we were in the very fossil-bearing tier itself. It consists of sandy deposits only forty feet in thickness, but miles in horizontal extent, formerly very near sea-level, but now elevated 480 feet above the sea. There were also exposed occasional stretches of harder, underlying limestones, impermeable by water.

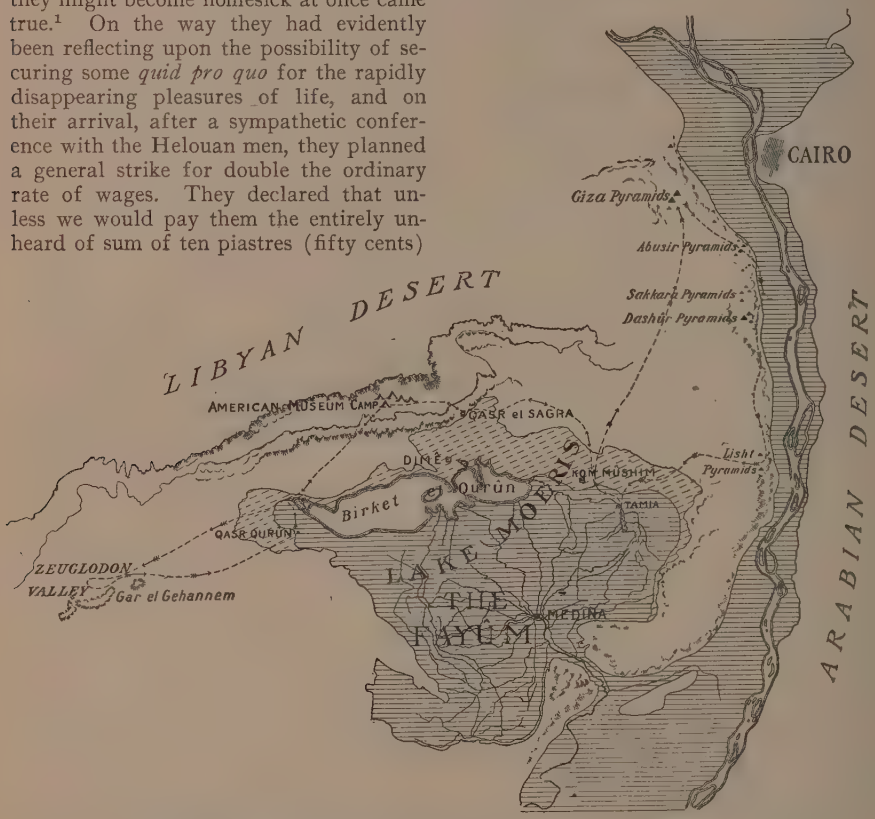
Suddenly the whole caravan ahead of us stopped, and men and boys fell on their knees, as if the hour of prayer had sounded; the camels and donkeys crowded in; and we realized that we had suddenly come upon a few rain-pools. Refreshed by this unexpected draft, two hours more brought us at sunset within view of the tents of our advance party, consisting of the seven natives of Helouan whom I had sent ahead with some of the heavy supplies and tools. We thus arrived on February 5, exactly one month after leaving New York. No one who has not experienced the sensation can imagine the keen pleasure of the long-anticipated first survey of this famous locality, which is playing such an important part in the history of science.

The tents were pitched in a little hollow between two of the quarries which had been discovered and worked by the Survey. The tent ropes were weighted with logs of fossilized trees, to resist the occasional violence of the wind. The surface of the bench was slightly rolling, the sand was covered with pebbles, and there was no vegetation. Near the quarries lay the heaps of bones which had been rejected in previous excavations. One quarry was about seventy-five feet in diameter, and great heaps of sand bore witness to the extent of previous excavation. The larger quarry was on a gentle hillside, and extended several hundred feet, like a long rifle-pit. Great cornerstones marked the supposed extent of the bone layers about these quarries, which had hitherto been reserved by the government, but were now opened to our workers. The bone layer was composed of loose rusty-brown or reddish sand in which a number of scattered bones were seen embedded.

On the following morning we were keen to attack these quarries and ascertain whether they had been exhausted. Careful examination showed that the bone layers were from four to six feet below the surface and that large quantities of overlying sand must be removed before we could reach them. They were at points where the river current had been checked by a sand-bar. The animals had evidently drifted some distance down-stream with the sand and gravel, all the bones floating apart or having been pulled apart by turtles and crocodiles, so that the entire skeleton of an animal could never be found associated. Thus animals of every kind, large and small, herbivorous and carnivorous, in every degree of preservation, some being hard and perfect, others soft and powdered, had been brought together. In every case the bones were only partly petrified, or fossilized, a very exceptional condition. Good and important specimens were rare, and it soon became evident that work must be done rapidly, on a very large scale, and also with the utmost care.

In handling our native workers, labor, speed, and skill made a difficult combination. At the time of our arrival the Helouan party had been at work two days under the direction of Daoud, a merry and impulsive little Egyptian who had accompanied Messrs. Beadnell and Andrews on all their trips and knew the country well. They were most zealous and impatient of immediate results; we found them as impetuous and difficult to control as children, and my assistants at first despaired of training them. Unless we could do this, our special plans would be defeated, all the smaller animals would be lost, and all the delicate remains, wherein lay our chief opportunities for fresh discovery, scattered or destroyed. In this labor crisis, and during my absence on a reconnaissance, twelve men from Kuft arrived. They had trudged

along for two days' caravan distance from water and entered the absolutely barren desert. They had been persuaded to leave the "flesh pots of Egypt," the lentils and greens of the Nile; and as none of them had ever been far from the valley before, Dr. Quibell's prediction that they might become homesick at once came true.[1] On the way they had evidently been reflecting upon the possibility of securing some *quid pro quo* for the rapidly disappearing pleasures of life, and on their arrival, after a sympathetic conference with the Helouan men, they planned a general strike for double the ordinary rate of wages. They declared that unless we would pay them the entirely unheard of sum of ten piastres (fifty cents) a day, they would all leave the following morning, and perhaps that very night.



MAP OF THE REGION EXPLORED BY THE EXPEDITION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM

The horizontal lines indicate the fertile lands of the Nile and the Fayûm; the oblique lines, the area of Lake Mœris. The caravan and exploration routes are indicated by dotted lines.

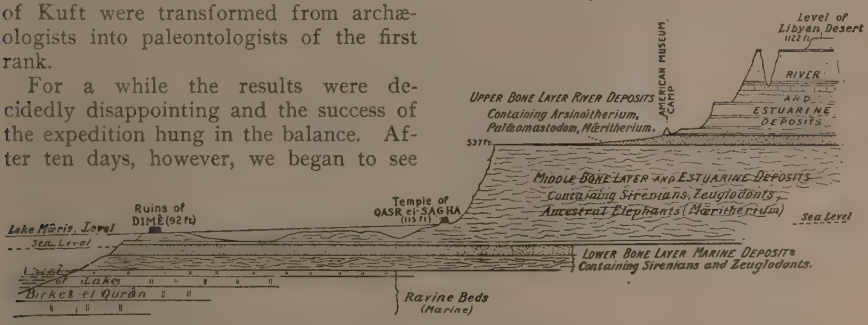
Our surrender would upset the entire archæological labor-market; their departure would set us back for weeks at least. In this fresh crisis Mr. Ferrar came to the rescue as intermediary, translator and psychologist. As "*el Mudir*" (the Governor), I sat smoking in the conference tent, outwardly composed and indifferent, inwardly solicitous, for four hours, until eleven P.M. Then the tall leader, Ibrahim Salim, signed for the entire party at eight piastres a day (forty cents), with an additional inducement of one holiday and a fat-tailed sheep every fortnight. Nothing could exceed the picturesqueness of this struggle between capital and labor in the Libyan desert—the group of weird figures lighted by a dim candle, the dignity of Ibrahim as he drew his seal from the inner folds of his robe to affix his signature to the contract.

The following morning broke bright and clear. The entire force was cheerily working under Olsen, wielding their mat-

[1] Dr. J. E. Quibell, in charge of the government excavations at Sakkara, had kindly sent us these men.

tocks, dumping the loose sand from their baskets, and singing their refrains. They were quickly impressed with due reverence for the supreme value and delicate character of a fossilized bone. As soon as one was exposed, they folded up like jackknives, with their faces between their knees in the attitude of the Mussulman at prayer, and gently blew away the sand. Then it was a delight to see the enthusiasm over a discovery displayed by smiling white rows of teeth, to hear the welcome "good morning, honored Sir," which came out with military precision on the first arrival of "el Mudir" on a morning inspection. The labor problem was solved, and in a week these men of Kuft were transformed from archæologists into paleontologists of the first rank.

For a while the results were decidedly disappointing and the success of the expedition hung in the balance. After ten days, however, we began to see


Level of Libyan Desert
1125 ft.
AMERICAN MUSEUM CAMP
RIVER AND ESTUARINE DEPOSITS
Upper Bone Layer River Deposits Containing Arsinoitherium, Palæomastodon, Mœritherium.
537 ft.
Middle Bone Layer and Estuarine Deposits Containing Sirenians, Zeuglodonts, Ancestral Elephants (Mœritherium)
Sea Level
Ruins of DIMÈ (92 ft)
Temple of QASR el-SAGHA (115 ft)
Lake Mœris, Level
Sea Level
Lower Bone Layer Marine Deposits Containing Sirenians and Zeuglodonts.
Level of Lake Birket-el Qurûn
Ravine Beds (Marine)

SECTION OF THE AMPHITHEATRE BLUFFS RISING ABOVE LAKE BIRKET-EL-QURÛN, SHOWING THE SUCCESSION OF MARINE, FRESHWATER, AND LAND ANIMALS

exposed in the quarries the first promising signs of the jaws and teeth of the ancestral elephant, the chief object of the expedition, and in a fortnight a fine skull of a young Arsinoïtherium came into view. A few days later one of the prospecting party was rewarded by finding a splendid skull of a Palæomastodon, belonging to the second stage in the remarkable history of the evolution of the elephant. A week later the same prospector discovered a skull of a Mœritherium ("the beast of lake Mœris"), which represents the oldest known or first distinctive stage in the evolution of the elephant. The finding of these two heads (see page 833) was the chief object of the expedition from the purely museum standpoint, and the discovery of both within thirty days of our arrival was an extraordinary piece of good fortune. The Palæomastodon head is the most perfect which has been found; the Mœritherium is not quite so perfect as that in the Cairo Museum.

THE ANCIENT LIFE OF EOCENE LIBYA

It will be interesting to see how we may journey into the past and conjure back to existence the landscape as well as the animals of the African shores of the ancestral Mediterranean. Such restorations are partial pictures of past realities. In restoring Eocene Libya, we depended largely on the observations and reflections of Mr. Beadnell and Dr. Andrews, and partly upon our own.

As to the original animal supply of Africa, we should first clearly understand that it did not rise from the soil, but that at some period still more remote than that of Eocene Libya, or over 2,000,000 years ago, the continent had received its share of the primitive world stock of mammals. Whence this stock came and what it was like is at present as mysterious as the place of origin of the human race. From the Fayûm desert explorations of the last five years we have a vista into the midst of the molding period of this undisturbed North African stock, probably only a limited vista at present. Proofs of contact with the life of other continents such as Asia or South America may become more apparent as we are able to extend this vista by exploration.

Even with this limited vision we are certain that the landscape of Eocene Libya was in wide contrast to that of modern Libya. The northern Africa of to-day is one of those vast earth areas which have suffered from progressive dessication and aridity, and are inhabited by a purely desert fauna capable of existing with little or no water. To the desert jerboas, water is even fatal. We our-

selves observed the tracks of gazelles, jackals, hyenas, and jerboas, or jumping mice. We believe from evidence of many different kinds that all of North Africa at that remote time was comparatively well watered; chiefly because our present glimpses of the life, as known from the fossilized remains, included no desert living animals whatever, but exclusively animals which might have lived in a fairly well watered delta or estuary country bordering the sea, partly open, partly wooded, but not densely forested, with stretches of sandy plains or muddy and clayey bottom-lands traversed by large streams, with currents of considerable velocity. As Beadnell observes, the enormous quantities of silicified wood which occur among these sands, and the hundreds of trees of great length and girth, together with the numerous remains of land animals as well as of crocodiles, turtles, and tortoises, indicate that rivers of considerable size emerged from the land to the south. While the trunks of the trees may have been floated a long distance, for the branches are all torn off, the perfect contours of the bones of the animals prove that they had not been transported very far.

The country was certainly not heavily forested, however, because the close proximity of the sea, as well as the number of very large animals, precludes the existence of a continuous and densely tropical forest in the immediate environment. Large quadrupeds cannot find food in the shade of a dense forest; they need the food which is developed on the ground by sunlight. Even now in the thick forests of the Congo both the hippopotamus and the elephant are dwarfed in size as compared with those of eastern Africa.

We judge of the nature of the soil from the structure of the limbs and feet. In contrast with the finely drawn limbs of the desert-living animals of modern Libya, the animals of Eocene Libya had feet fitted for walking on soft if not moist and sinking ground. Thus the soil of the period was certainly not dry and hard, although it was partly sandy. There are, however, some evidences of the proximity of great stretches of dry land, because we find giant land tortoises (*Testudo ammon,* named after the Egyptian god Ammon) resembling those of Madagascar. There were also giant pythons (*Gigantophis*) thirty feet in length. There were ostrich-like birds, but these may have been partly forest-dwellers, like the emus of New Zealand.

In the rivers were found not only the sea-cows (*Eosiren*), but also the broad-snouted crocodiles, as well as the slender-snouted, gavial-like forms (*Tomistoma*), similar to those found in Borneo. Curiously enough, the river turtles are related to those found to-day only in South America. Farther seaward, in the estuaries there ventured the sea-cows, also certain large sea-snakes (*Pterosphenus*); and in the sea inlets and high seas there swam the archaic whales (zeuglodonts) of many kinds, as well as great floating, leather-back sea-turtles, closely similar to modern forms.

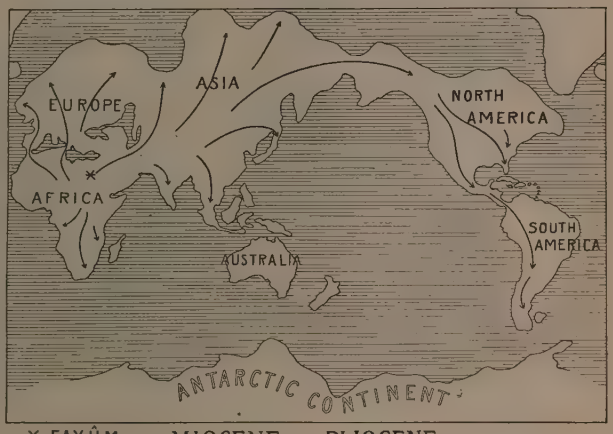
Making up the ancient group were twenty-seven kinds or species of land mammals which have been discovered by the Egyptian Survey, besides several new animals which we have discovered. These include the giant Arsinoïtheres, the smaller and larger ancestral elephants, the large and small rock conies, as well as certain piglike animals. Among all these animals only two swift-running types are known, one of which is the carnivore type, all the others being relatively short-footed and slow-moving. It is further noteworthy that with one exception all these slow-moving animals had a pair of front teeth enlarged as tusks, probably for defense against the actively running carnivores of the period. The exceptional animals without these tusks were the Arsinoïtheres, which defended themselves by sharply pointed horns.

So far, therefore, as animals mirror their surroundings, Eocene Libya was a savannah country, partly open, partly thicketed or jungled, partly forested, of about the same temperature as to-day, fairly well watered, and subject to occasional freshets and floodings from the south.

Such a general picture of the landscape may at least be drawn from the discoveries of the Egyptian Survey. Our own explorations will enable us to put more details and perhaps some new large features into this picture after our fossils have been unpacked and carefully studied.

When we examine the life of Eocene

Libya more closely, we are first struck by the entire absence on land of many forms familiar to us from childhood as pictured in African scenes of travel. Among beasts of prey there are no lions, leopards, jackals, or hyenas; among herbivora there are no hippopotami in the rivers; no rhinoceroses in the river jungles. On the plains there are to be seen no wild asses or zebras; no antelopes, buffalo, or giraffes. Not even the ancestors of these familiar African animals are discernible. The natural inference is that none of these quadrupeds had as yet reached Africa; that they were evolving elsewhere, either in Europe, Asia, or North America, and preparing for the great interchange of life which would occur when Africa should again be connected with the other continents. In fact, among all the animals which we find in Eocene Africa, only four are certainly represented by relatives or descendants in modern Africa: these are the elephants, the hyraces, or rock conies, the mice, and the sea-cows. The modern affinities of all the other forms still await proof.



THE WORLD-WIDE TRAVELS OF THE ELEPHANTS. (COMPARE WITH THE MIDDLE EOCENE MAP ON PAGE 824)

As indicated by the arrows starting from the center star, in Miocene times the elephants crossed three land bridges to Europe and Asia. They entered Japan, crossed the Behring Isthmus into North America, and the Isthmus of Panama into South America.

In looking over this ancient population as a whole, we are confronted by the somewhat puzzling fact that it is not purely and exclusively African; it gives evidence of a previous land connection with Europe. Like modern Cairo, Eocene Libya had its mixture of nationalities, for certain of the smaller herbivorous animals were living at the same period in France and Switzerland. And still more striking is the fact that all of the flesh-eating mammals of Eocene Libya belong to a family which flourished not only in Europe, but in North America. How or when this family reached Africa no one knows. Despite this European element, the population is chiefly or about 70 per cent. native; that is, made up of types which were in Eocene times peculiarly African and evolving as Africa's distinctive future contribution to the world of quadruped life.

Around these purely African animals centers our chief interest.

The carnivores of Eocene Libya were all variations of a single archaic family type known as Hyænodonts, ("hyena-toothed") although in no way related to the modern hyenas. They had bodies shaped like the Tasmanian "wolf" of Australia. I am myself inclined to believe that these Hyænodons were not recent invaders, but had grown up with the rest of the ancient African fauna. In fact, it appears probable that they had been on the African continent a long time, for we have never yet discovered that animal Utopia in which there are no beasts of prey to harry the herbivorous quadrupeds. Again, the fact that the true Hyænodons were among the later arrivals in Europe and North America lends probability to the theory that they originated in Africa. But perhaps the strongest evidence of prolonged residence and struggle for existence is their astonishing diversity of size and of fitness to capture both land and water-living prey. Dr. Andrews finds some proofs that among them were otter-like river-living forms.

The absence of all the modern families of carnivora on land is no more striking than the entire absence of seals, dolphins, or whales in the seas bordering Eocene Libya. Their place was filled by the archaic whales, or zeuglodonts, of the marine inlets, seashores, and open ancestral Mediterranean. Since Schweinfurth's discovery, in 1879, zeuglodonts have been found in every part of the Fayûm region, as well as farther north in the Mokattam hills overlooking Cairo. The most famous fossil locality in the Fayûm is known as Zeuglodon Valley. With a very light outfit, I made a forced three days' journey with Mr. Ferrar to the southwest of our camp, in order personally to observe this most interesting deposit. Directing our course toward the Gar el Gehannem, a geographical point which, being translated into Western phrase, would be known as "Hell Butte," we climbed over some high sand-dunes which the camels with difficulty crossed, and finally reached the famous valley. We found it strewn with the remains of monster zeuglodonts, including heads, ribs and long series of vertebræ, most tempting to the fossil-hunter, yet too large and difficult of removal from this very remote and arid point. This expedition was specially impressive as forcing upon our minds the enormous abundance of these zeuglodonts, the height of their evolution, as well as their wide geographical distribution to the Southern United States region.

Our restoration on page 822 is made under the direction of Mr. F. A. Lucas, the chief authority on the American zeuglodonts. The extraordinarily long and snakelike bodies are more slender than those of any of the existing whales.

Such proofs of transition among beasts of prey from the land-living carnivores to the amphibious and marine whales are duplicated among the herbivores of Eocene Libya by strong evidence that the Sirenia,[1] or sea-cows, represent an aquatic offshoot from the very stock which gave rise to the elephants. The possible affinity of the sea-cow to the elephant was shrewdly surmised by the great French anatomist De Blainville long before the days of Darwin. Since his time, facts favoring his bold conjecture have been slowly accumulating, but the strongest confirmation it has yet received now lies in the resemblances between the most ancient sea-cows (Eotherium) and the most ancient of the elephants (Mœritherium), so numerous as to be almost conclusive of very distant cousinship. When one contrasts the existing elephant with the manatee of Florida or with the dugong of Africa, and is told of this possible community of parentage between these very antipodes of structure, one is reminded of the opening sentence of prayer by a noted professor of logic: "Paradoxical as it may appear, O Lord, it is nevertheless true." But in evolution all things are possible, and the nascent elephant and nascent sea-cow of Eocene Libya are by no means so far apart that a faithful Darwinian cannot conceive of possible modes of derivation of both from a common ancestral stock. They represent the extremes of fitness produced by the search for food in the grasses of the river bottoms, by the sea-cows, and of the grasses and shrubs of the plains by the elephant.

The little sea-cows of Eocene Libya, the Eotherium and Eosiren (see page 831), or sea Proboscidea, as they may possibly in future be called, had already a far advanced structure for browsing along the river bottoms. Exactly like their modern descendants, they were weighted down to the bottom by the exceptional solidity of their bones, which were the heaviest known in the animal kingdom. This weight and solidity especially favored the preservation of the ribs, and we found the remains of these were very abundant in the desert sands. The fore limbs were probably modified into flippers; the hind limbs were still present but very small, whereas in the modern sea-cows the hind limbs have disappeared entirely. The tail may even have had a horizontal flattening, or rudder, to steer them down to the bottom or up to the surface, but this is a pure conjecture. In the existing manatee (page 831) there is a broad horizontal tail fluke and the hind limbs have entirely disappeared.

The conies were probably a conspicuous feature of the hillsides of Eocene Libya.

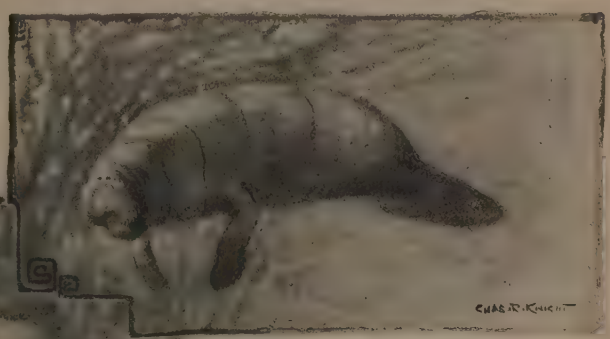
[1] The name Sirenia refers to the fanciful conception of the sea-cows as "sirens" (that is, mermaids) so quaintly illustrated by Gesner and other early naturalists.

The bones of these animals are very numerous. We may imagine from their numbers that they ran in varied herds composed either of large varieties (Megalohyrax, or giant hyrax) equalling a small tapir in size, or of the smaller and still more abundant Saghatherium (beast of the Sagha Temple). It is noteworthy that all have a pair of enlarged fighting tusks, which in Megalohyrax reached a great size. The coney of the Sinaitic Peninsula which I saw in the Zoölogical Gardens of Cairo is a fierce little animal, as if standing up for the prerogatives of its extremely ancient pedigree.

Restoration by Charles R. Knight under the direction of Professor Osborn

THE LIBYAN SEA-COW (EOSIREN) OF THE EOCENE PERIOD

There thus remains no doubt that the conies had their period of power, of wide distribution, and of great variety; that they became an important group, which subsequently spread north into the Mediterranean and Ægean regions and became fitted for many kinds of life, including possibly water-living forms. We find them in Greece and in Samos. But now the group shows evidence of having suffered a severe check in its evolution, because the existing conies are without exception small animals, well characterized by the two references to them in Proverbs and Psalms.[1]



THE EXISTING MANATEE OF THE FLORIDA RIVERS, IN WHICH THE HIND LIMBS HAVE ENTIRELY DISAPPEARED

These great Arsinoïtheres played the part in Eocene Africa which is now performed by the rhinoceroses. They are fittingly named after Queen Arsinoë, the second wife of Ptolemy II (285–227 B.C.), who became patron goddess of the Fayûm, although lacking the beauty of that famous woman. The discovery of these beasts by Mr. Beadnell furnished one of the greatest surprises of modern paleontological exploration, and enriches the picturesque side of the science. These are the giant mammals of the period. The dominant feature of the head is a pair of enormous upwardly projecting bony horn cores over the snout, which in life were sheathed with horn, sharply pointed in the old bulls, and blunted or rounded in the calves. A small pair of horns are seen to rise above the eyes. As restored by Dr. Andrews, a moderate-sized bull (*A. zittelli*) stands five feet nine inches at the withers, and measures nine feet nine inches from snout to rump. Remains have been found of a much larger

[1] The conies are a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks. Proverbs xxx, 26.

The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the rocks for the conies. Psalms civ, 18.

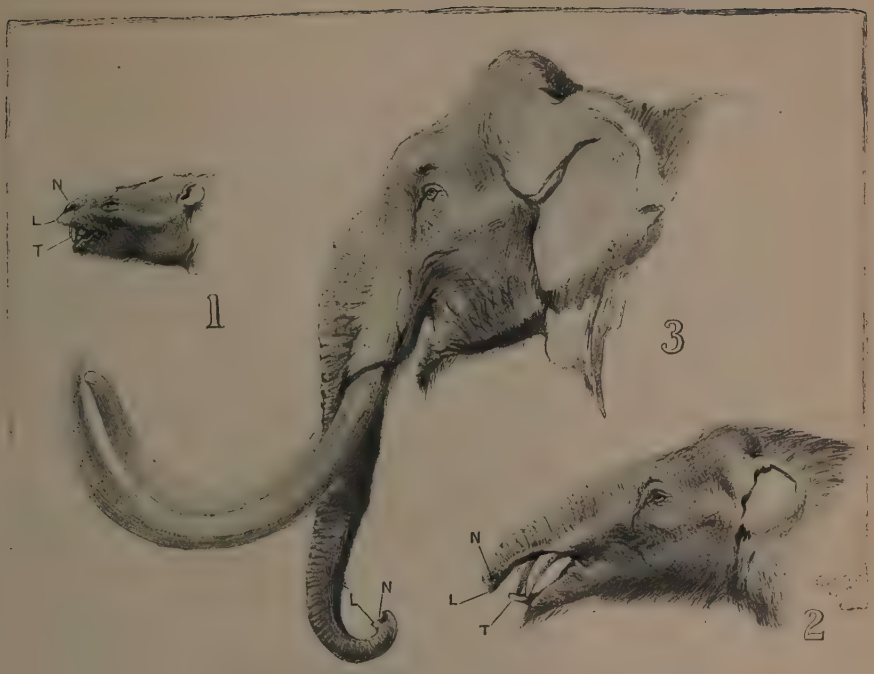
There is a third reference in Leviticus xi, 5: And the coney because he cheweth the cud, but divideth not the hoof; he is unclean unto you.

Arsinoïthere (*A. andrewsi*), which stood over seven feet at the withers. The neck is rather short, the limbs are long, the feet are short and spreading and terminate in five toes like those of the contemporary elephants. The teeth, however, are entirely different from those of the Palæomastodon, consisting of high-crowned, sharply crested grinders adapted to grazing upon the harder kinds of herbage. The entire absence of tusks in the anterior part of the jaw is amply compensated for by the sharply pointed horns. There is nothing among the Mammalia more effective as fighting weapons than these horns, which are sharp in the males and blunted in the females. The head could be moved freely up and down, and the horns were thus well adapted to tossing an enemy in the air. As the bones are massive and the body is heavy and elephantine, these animals were capable of charging with prodigious power in their combats with each other.

The climax of interest among the animals of this period is reached in the ancestors of the elephants, including the more primitive Mœritherium, or "beast of Lake Mœris," and the larger and more obviously elephantine animal called Palæomastodon. As already announced, we have fortunately secured numerous characteristic remains of both these animals.

In respect to pedigree, we cannot regard the little Mœritherium as the direct ancestor of the elephants; it is rather a type which constitutes a missing link between the elephants and other quadrupeds, and stands near the true and direct ancestral line. It was of the size of a tapir and lived on soft ground. The neck was apparently long enough to enable the head to reach the ground or to browse along the banks of rivers with the body partly immersed, because there is no evidence in the bones of the face that it was provided with a long protrusile upper lip, such as that of the tapir, and much less with a real elephantine proboscis. Our reason for this opinion is that the eyes as well as the bony roofing of the nostrils are set very far forward, whereas in animals in which there is a proboscis the eyes and the bony openings of the nostrils are carried very far back, so as to allow free muscular retraction play either of a long proboscis-like upper lip, such as we observe in the tapir, or of a true proboscis, as in the elephant. Thus the Mœritherium was not a proboscidean in the descriptive

MR. FERRAR LEADING CAMELS OVER A STEEP SAND-DUNE



Restoration by Charles R. Knight, under the direction of Professor Osborn

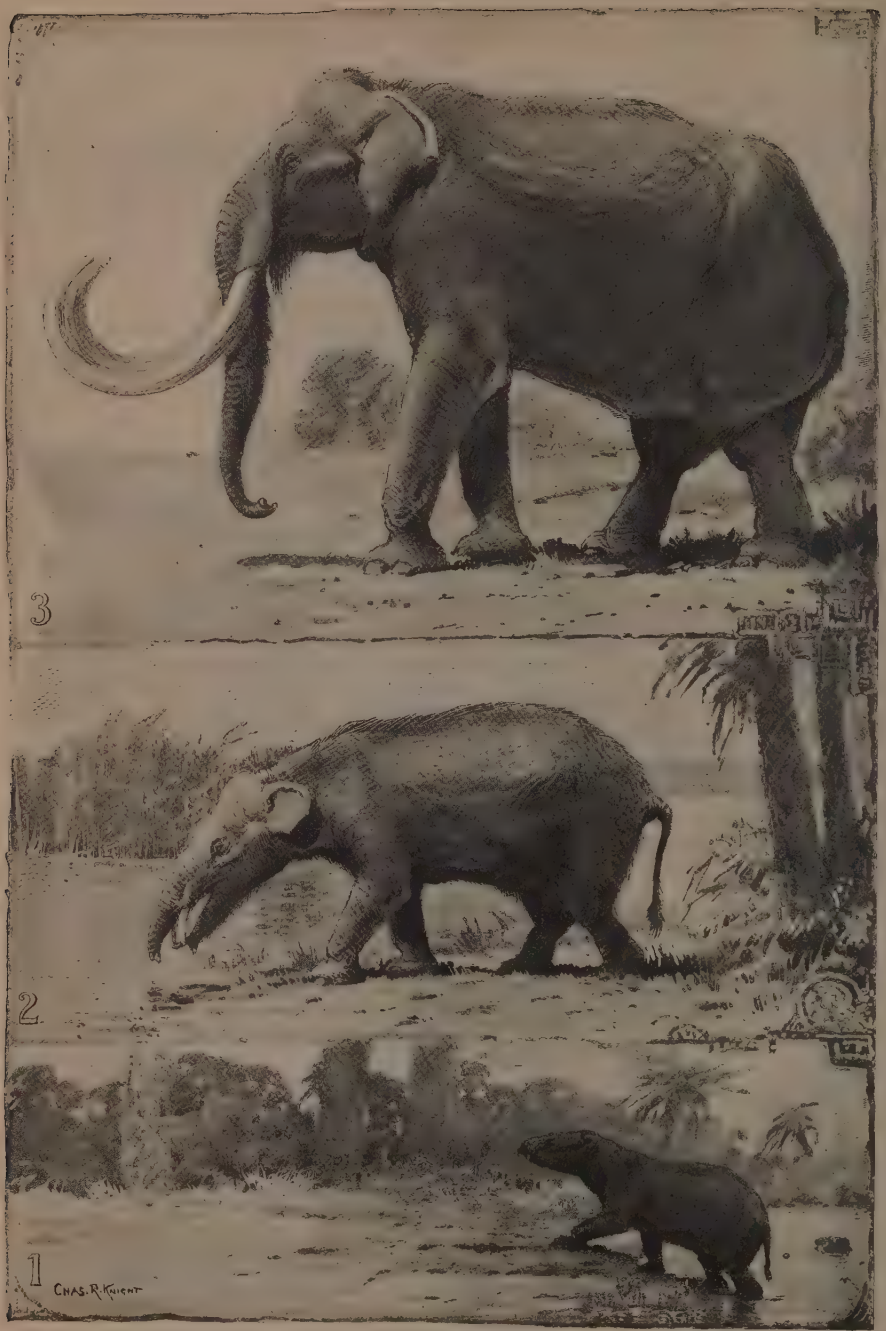
EVOLUTION OF THE HEAD, PROBOSCIS, NOSTRILS, AND TUSKS OF THE ELEPHANT

The drawings are to the same scale, the nostrils indicated by the letter N, the upper lips by L, and the tusks by T.

1. *Mœritherium* of Eocene Libya, with a flexible upper lip and the small incisor tusks.
2. *Palæomastodon* of Eocene Libya, with a short proboscis and powerful upper and lower tusks.
3. Mammoth (*Elephas Columbi*) from the State of Indiana, with gigantic upper tusks or ivories and long proboscis with nostrils at the tip.

sense of the word, yet one convincing indication of its actual cousinship to the primitive elephants consists in the enlargement of the same pair of anterior teeth above and below into incipient tusks (namely, the second incisor or cutting teeth), as the more highly developed upper and lower tusks of the Palæomastodon, and the gigantic "ivories," which in the mammoth and the elephants attain a length of thirteen feet. Further evidence of affinity to the elephants is found in the structure of the grinding teeth, which, although simpler in form and far more numerous, closely resemble those of the mastodon.

While the Mœritherium fascinates us as representing the very act of transition from an ordinary typical mammal into the nascent form of an elephant, the Palæomastodon is no less important because it is certainly the direct forerunner of the elephants. Both the teeth and skull are prophetic, as well as the limbs. The upper tusks, which are composed of ivory or dentine, are now large and extend downward and forward with a slight recurvature. Along the sides we see only a ribbonlike band of enamel, presaging the entire disappearance of this glistening outer covering of the teeth in the modern elephants. The lower tusks point directly forward at the end of the long, shallow chin. This pair of upper and lower tusks have already usurped the places of all the other front teeth, but ocasionally survive as vestiges, as seen in one of the American Museum specimens. Evolution nearly always proceeds by such absolute sacrifices of some parts to others; thus out of the sixteen front teeth of a typical mammal there remain only twelve in the Mœritherium, and only four in the Palæomastodon. Similarly the chewing function in the Mœritherium is divided between twenty-four grinders, each of which pos-



Drawn by Charles R. Knight

EVOLUTION OF THE ELEPHANT. (DRAWN TO THE SAME SCALE)

3 The Mammoth (*Elephas Columbi*) of the State of Indiana. (Based upon a specimen in the American Museum of Natural History.) 2. The *Palæomastodon* of Eocene Libya. (Based upon the restoration by Dr. Andrews.)
1. The *Mæritherium* of Eocene Libya. (Based upon a skull figured by Dr. Andrews.)

sesses not more than four simple rounded cusps, whereas in the Palæomastodon the chewing function is distributed among twenty-two grinders, with a maximum of six partly crested cusps. In the adult mastodon, such as that of the comparatively recent American forests, there are only eight grinders in use at one time, and in the aged modern elephant there are only four.

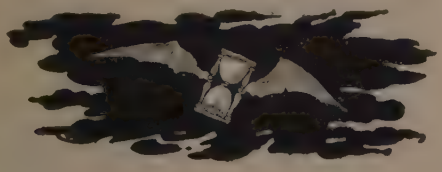
In studying the head of the Palæomastodon, we are struck with its long and depressed profile, which is widely different from the prominent and sagacious-looking forehead of the elephant. The bony openings of the nostrils are set very far back, and since the eyes are also set much farther back than in the Mœritherium, there is abundant space for the muscular insertion, retraction, and play of a proboscis. The chin and lower tusks are extended very far forward. Since the fore and hind limbs are elongate, with proportions much like those of a young modern elephant, it was probably difficult for this animal to reach the ground with its head. We are thus forced to the conclusion that the Palæomastodon possessed a proboscis which extended at least some little space beyond the forwardly protruding tusks, because without this most unique and marvelous prehensile modification of the upper lip and nostrils combined, the animal could not have seized its food. The palæomastodon is thus truly a proboscidean, and constitutes the first definitely known member of this great order. Its chief habitat was on land, whereas the Mœritherium may have been partly a water-living animal.

THE INVASION OF EUROPE, ASIA, AND THE AMERICAS

In the lower Miocene and Pliocene, as indicated by the map (on page 829) the elevation of the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea formed one land bridge after another, and the great exodus from pent-up Africa began. The sea-cows, the giant conies, the mastodons, and several other African autochthones entered Europe in great numbers.

What the results would have been if the elephants had been released from Africa in an earlier stage of evolution can only be guessed at, but that they were superbly equipped for foreign travel and conquest when they actually did emerge is absolutely demonstrated. As secure as the Romans with their phalanxes and their legions, these quadrupeds marched over one or other of the land bridges as soon as they were formed. They suddenly appeared in the Lower Miocene of Europe in the vicinity of modern Paris. The race spread so fast and multiplied so rapidly in the Northern Hemisphere that in the Middle Miocene they reached the geographical point in North America now known as eastern Colorado. By the upper Miocene, or perhaps earlier, they were found in Texas and Mexico. Most opportunely in the Lower Pliocene the Isthmus of Panama rose out of the sea, connecting North and South America, which had been separated for an enormously long period, and the mastodons invaded South America, and, following the line of the Andes, pushed as far south as the Pampean region.

As time went on, the elephants began to evolve and replace the mastodons in various parts of the world. Their geographical range, which extended from the British Isles all over Europe, along the northern shores of Siberia, into Texas and Mexico, is equally marvelous. In the whole history of creation no other animal, with the single exception of the horse, accomplished such feats of travel.



THE SURPRISES OF THE LOTTERY

BY OWEN JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF "ARROWS OF THE ALMIGHTY": "IN THE NAME OF LIBERTY", ETC.

PICTURE BY LEON GUIPON

I

THE Comte de Bonzag, on the ruined esplanade of his Château de Keragouil, frowned into the distant crepuscle of haystack and multiplied hedge, crumpling in his nervous hands two annoying slips of paper. The rugged body had not one more pound of flesh than was absolutely necessary to hold together the long, pointed bones. The bronzed, haphazard face was dominated by a stiff comb of orange-tawny hair, which faithfully reproduced the gaunt unloveliness of generations of Bonzags. But there lurked in the rapid advance of the nose and the abrupt, obstinate eyes a certain staring defiance which effectively limited the field of comment.

At his back, the riddled silhouette of ragged towers and crumbling roof reflected against the gentle skies something of the windy raiment of its owner. It was a Gascon château, arrogant and threadbare, which had never cried out at a wound, nor suffered the indignity of a patch. About it and through it, hundreds of swallows, its natural inheritors, crossed and recrossed in their vacillating flight.

Out of the obscurity of the green pastures that melted away into the near woods, the voice of a woman suddenly rose in a tender laugh.

The Comte de Bonzag sat bolt up-

right, dislodging from his lap a black spaniel, who tumbled on a matronly hound, whose startled yelp of indignation caused the esplanade to vibrate with dogs, that, scurrying from every cranny, assembled in an expectant circle, and waited with hungry tongues the intentions of their master.

The Comte, listening attentively, perceived near the stable his entire domestic staff reclining happily on the arm of Andoche, the Sapeur-Pompier, the hero of a dozen fires.

"No, there are no longer any servants!" he exclaimed, with a bitterness that caused a stir in the pack; then angrily he shouted with all his forces: "Francine! Hey, there, Francine! Come here at once!"

The indisputable fact was that Francine had asked for her wages. Such a demand, indelicate in its simplest form, had been further aggravated by a respectful but clear ultimatum. It was pay, or do the cooking, and if the first was impossible, the second was both impossible and distasteful.

The enemy duly arrived, dimpled and plump, an honest thirty-five, a solid widow, who stopped at the top of the stairs with the distant respect which the Comte de Bonzag inspired even in his creditors.

"Francine, I have thought much," said the Comte, with a conciliatory look. "You were a little exaggerated, but you were in your rights."

"Ah, Monsieur le Comte, six months is long when one has a child who must be—"

"We will not refer again to our disagreement," the Comte said, interrupting her sternly. "I have simply called you to hear what action I have decided on."

"Oh, yes, M'sieur; thank you, M'sieur le Comte."

"Unluckily," said Bonzag, frowning, "I am forced to make a great sacrifice. In a month I could probably have paid all—I have a great uncle at Val-le-Temple who is exceedingly ill. But—however, we will hold that for the future. I owe you, my good Francine, wages for six months—sixty francs, representing your service with me. I am going to give you on account, at once, twenty francs, or rather something immeasurably more valuable than that sum." He drew out the two slips of paper, and regarded them with affection and regret. "Here are two tickets for the Grand Lottery of France, which will be drawn this month, ten francs a ticket. I had to go to Chantreuil to get them; number 77,707 and number 200,013. Take them—they are yours."

"But, M'sieur le Comte," said Francine, looking stupidly at the tickets she had passively received. "It 's—it 's good round pieces of silver I need."

"Francine," cried de Bonzag, in amazed indignation, "do you realize that I probably have given you a fortune—and that I am absolving you of all division of it with me!"

"But, M'sieur—"

"That there are one hundred and forty-five numbers that will draw prizes."

"Yes, M'sieur le Comte; but—"

"That there is a prize of one quarter of a million, one third of a million—"

"All the same—"

"That the second prize is for one half a million, and the first prize for one round million francs."

"M'sieur says?" said Francine, whose eyes began to open.

"One hundred and forty-five chances, and the lowest is for a hundred francs. You think that is n't a sacrifice, eh?"

"Well, Monsieur le Comte," Francine said at last with a sigh, "I 'll take them for twenty francs. It 's not good round silver, and there 's my little girl—"

"Enough!" exclaimed de Bonzag, dismissing her with an angry gesture. "I am making you an heiress, and you have no gratitude! Leave me—and send hither Andoche."

He watched the bulky figure waddle off, sunk back in his chair, and repeated with profound dejection: "No gratitude! There, it 's done: this time certainly I have thrown away a quarter of a million at the lowest!"

Presently Andoche, the Sapeur-Pompier, the brass helmet under his arm, appeared at the top of the steps, smiling and thirsty, with covetous eyes fastened on the broken table, at the carafe containing curaçao that was white and "Triple-Sec."

"Ah, it 's you, Andoche," said the

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'YOU GAVE HIM—THE TICKETS! THE LOTTERY TICKETS!'"

Comte, finally, drawn from his abstraction by a succession of rapid bows. He took two full-hearted sighs, pushed the carafe slightly in the direction of the Sapeur-Pompier, and added: "Sit down, my good Andoche. I have need to be a little gay. Suppose we talk of Paris."

It was the cue for Andoche to slip gratefully into a chair, possess the carafe and prepare to listen.

II

At the proper age of thirty-one, the Comte de Bonzag fell heir to the enormous sum of fifteen thousand francs from an uncle who had made the fortune in trade. With no more delay than it took the great Emperor to fling an army across the Alps, he descended on Paris, resolved to repulse all advances which Louis Napoleon might make, and to lend the splendor of his name and the weight of his fortune only to the Cercle Royale. Two weeks devoted to this loyal end strengthened the Bourbon lines perceptibly, but resulted in a shrinkage of four thousand francs in his own. Next remembering that the aristocracy had always been the patron of the arts, he determined to make a rapid examination of the *coulisses* of the opera and the regions of the ballet. A six-days' reconnaissance discovered not the slightest signs of disaffection; but the thoroughness of his inquiries was such that the completion of his mission found him with just one thousand francs in pocket. Being not only a Loyalist and a patron of the arts, but a statesman and a philosopher, he turned his efforts toward the Quartier Latin, to the great minds who would one day take up the guidance of a more enlightened France. There he made the discovery that one amused himself more than at the Cercle Royale, and spent considerably less than in the arts, and that at one hundred francs a week he aroused an enthusiasm for the Bourbons which almost attained the proportions of a riot.

The three months over, he retired to his estate at Keragouil, having profoundly stirred all classes of society, given new life to the cause of His Majesty, and regretting only, as a true gentleman, the frightful devastation he had left in the hearts of the ladies.

Unfortunately, these brilliant services to Parisian society and his king had left him without any society of his own, forced to the consideration of the difficult problem of how to keep his pipe lighted, his cellar full, and his maid-of-all-work in a state of hopeful expectation, on nothing a year.

Nothing daunted, he attacked this problem of the family bankruptcy with the vigor and the daring of a D'Artagnan. Each year he collected laboriously twenty francs, and invested them in two tickets for the Great Lottery, valiantly resolved, like a Gascon, to carry off both first and second prizes, but satisfied as a philosopher if he could figure among the honorable mentions. Despite the fact that one hundred and forty-five prizes were advertised each year, in nineteen attempts he had not even had the pleasure of seeing his name in print. This result, far from discouraging him, only inflamed his confidence. For he had dipped into mathematics, and consoled himself by the reflection that, according to the law of probabilities, each year he became the more irresistible.

Lately, however, one obstacle had arisen to the successful carrying out of this system of finance. He employed one servant, a maid-of-all-work, who was engaged for the day, with permission to take from the garden what she needed, to adorn herself from the rose-bushes, to share the output of La Belle Etoile, the cow, and to receive a salary of ten francs a month. The difficulty invariably arose over the interpretation of this last clause. For the Comte was not regular in his payments, unless it could be said that he was regular in not paying at all.

So it invariably occurred that the maid-of-all-work from a state of unrest gradually passed into open rebellion, especially when the garden was not productive and the roses ceased to bloom. When the ultimatum was served, the Comte consulted his resources and found them invariably to consist of two tickets of the Lottery of France, cash value twenty francs, but, according to the laws of probability, increasingly capable of returning one million, five hundred thousand francs. On one side was the glory of the ancient name, and the possibility of another descent on Paris; opposed was

the brutal question of soup and ragout. The man prevailed, and the maid-of-all-work grudgingly accepted the conditions of truce. Then the news of the drawing arrived and the domestic staff departed.

This comedy, annually repeated, was annually played on the same lines. Only each year the period intervening between the surrender of the tickets and the announcement of the lottery brought an increasing agony. Each time as the Comte saw the precious slips finally depart in the hands of the maid-of-all-work, he was convinced that at last the laws of probability must fructify. Each year he found a new meaning in the cabalistic mysteries of numbers. The eighteenth attempt, multiplied by three, gave fifty-four, his age. Success was inevitable: nineteen, a number indivisible and chaste above all others, seemed specially designated. In a word, the Comte suffered during these periods as only a gambler of the fourth generation is able to suffer.

At present the number twenty appeared to him to have properties no other number had possessed, especially in the reappearance of the zero, a figure which peculiarly attracted him by its symmetry. His despair was consequently unlimited.

Ordinarily the news of the lottery arrived by an inspector of roads, who passed through Keragouil a week or so after the announcement in the press; for the Comte, having surrendered his ticket, was only troubled lest he had won.

This time, to the upsetting of all history, an Englishman on a bicycle trip brought him a newspaper, an article almost unknown to Keragouil, where the shriek of the locomotive had yet to penetrate.

The Comte de Bonzag, opening the paper with the accustomed sinking of the heart, was startled by the staring headlines:

RESULTS OF THE LOTTERY

A glance at the winners of the first and second prizes reassured him. He drew a breath of satisfaction, saying gratefully: "Ah, what luck! God be praised! I 'll never do that again!"

Then, remembering with only an idle curiosity the one hundred and forty-three mediocre prizes on the list, he returned to the perusal. Suddenly the print swam before his eyes, and the great esplanade seemed to rise. Number 77,707 had won the fourth prize of one hundred thousand francs; number 200,013, a prize of ten thousand francs.

III

THE emotion which overwhelmed Napoleon at Waterloo as he beheld his triumphant squadrons go down into the sunken road was not a whit more complete than the despair of the Comte de Bonzag when he realized that the one hundred and ten thousand francs which the laws of probability had finally produced was now the property of Francine, the cook.

One hundred and ten thousand francs! It was colossal! Five generations of Bonzags had never touched as much as that. One hundred and ten thousand francs meant the rehabilitation of the ancient name, the restoration of the Château de Keragouil, half the year at Paris, in the Cercle Royale, in the regions of art, and among the great minds that were still young in the Quartier Latin—and all that was in the possession of a plump Gascony peasant, whose ideas of comfort and pleasure were satisfied by one hundred and twenty francs a year.

"What am I going to do?" he cried, rising in an outburst of anger. Then he sat down in despair. There was nothing to do. The fact was obvious that Francine was an heiress, possessed of the greatest fortune in the memory of Keragouil. There was nothing to do, or rather, there was manifestly but one way open, and the Comte resolved on the spot to take it. He must have back the lottery tickets, though it meant a Comtesse de Bonzag.

Fortunately for him, Francine knew nothing of the arrival of the paper. Though it was necessary to make haste, there was still time for a compatriot of D'Artagnan. There was, of course, Andoche, the Sapeur-Pompier; but a Bonzag who had had three months' experience with the feminine heart of Paris was not the man to trouble himself over a Sapeur-Pompier. That evening, in the dim dining-room, when Francine arrived with the steaming soup, the Comte, who had waited with a spoon in his fist and a

napkin knotted to his neck, plunged valiantly to the issue.

"Ah, what a good smell!" he said, elevating his nose. "Francine, you are the queen of cooks."

"Oh, M'sieur le Comte," Francine stammered, stopping in amazement. "Oh, M'sieur le Comte, thanks."

"Don't thank me; it is I who am grateful."

"Oh, M'sieur!"

"Yes, yes, yes! Francine—"

"What is it, M'sieur le Comte?"

"To-night you may set another cover—opposite me."

"Set another cover?"

"Exactly."

Francine, more and more astonished, proceeded to place on the table a plate, a knife and a fork.

"M'sieur le Curé is coming?" she said, drawing up a chair.

"No, Francine."

"Not M'sieur le Curé? Who, then?"

"It is for you, Francine. Sit down."

"I? I, M'sieur le Comte?"

"Sit down. I wish it."

Francine took three steps backward and so as to command the exit, stopped and stared at her master, with mingled amazement and distrust.

"My dear Francine," continued the Comte, "I am tired of eating alone. It is bad for the digestion. And I am bored. I have need of society. So sit down."

"M'sieur orders it?"

"I ask it as a favor, Francine."

Francine, with open eyes, advanced doubtfully, seating herself nicely on the chair, more astonished than complimented, and more alarmed than pleased.

"Ah, that is nicer!" said the Comte, with an approving nod. "How have I endured it all these years! Francine, you may help yourself to the wine."

The astonished maid-of-all-work, who had swallowed a spoon of soup with great discomfort, sprang up, all in a tremble, stammering with defiant virtue:

"M'sieur le Comte does not forget that I am an honest woman!"

"No, my dear Francine; I am certain of it. So sit down in peace. I will tell you the situation."

Francine hesitated, then, reassured by the devotion he gave to his soup, settled once more in her chair.

"Francine, I have made up my mind to one thing," said the Comte, filling his glass with such energy that a red circle appeared on the cloth. "This life I lead is all wrong. A man is a sociable being. He needs society. Isolation sends him back to the brute."

"Oh, yes, M'sieur le Comte," said Francine, who understood nothing.

"So I am resolved to marry."

"M'sieur will marry!" cried Francine, who spilled half her soup with the shock.

"Perfectly. It is for that I have asked you to keep me company."

"M'sieur—you—M'sieur wants to marry me!"

"Parbleu!"

"M'sieur—M'sieur wants to marry me!"

"I ask you formally to be my wife."

"I?"

"You."

"M'sieur wants—wants me to be Comtesse de Bonzag?"

"Immediately."

"Oh!"

Springing up, Francine stood a moment gazing at him in frightened alarm; then, with a cry, she vanished heavily through the door.

"She has gone to Andoche," said the Comte, angrily to himself. "She loves him!"

In great perturbation he left the room, promenading on the esplanade, in the midst of his hounds, talking uneasily to himself.

"*Peste,* I put it to her a little too suddenly! It was a blunder. If she loves that Sapeur-Pompier, eh? A Sapeur-Pompier to rival a Comte de Bonzag—faugh!"

Suddenly, below in the moonlight, he beheld Andoche tearing himself from the embrace of Francine, and, not to be seen, he returned nervously to the dining-room.

Shortly after, the maid-of-all-work returned, calm, but with telltale eyes.

"Well, Francine, did I frighten you?" said the Comte, genially.

"Oh, yes, M'sieur le Comte—"

"Well, what do you want to say?"

"M'sieur was in real earnest?"

"Never more so."

"M'sieur really wants to make me the Comtesse de Bonzag?"

"*Dame!* I tell you my intentions are honorable."

"M'sieur will let me ask him one question?"

"A dozen even."

"M'sieur remembers that I am a widow—"

"With one child, yes."

"M'sieur, pardon me; I have been thinking much, and I have been thinking of my little girl. What would M'sieur want me to do?"

The Comte reflected, and said generously: "I do not adopt her; but, if you like, she shall live here."

"Then, M'sieur," said Francine, dropping on her knees, "I thank M'sieur very much. M'sieur is too kind, too good—"

"So, it is decided then," said the Comte, rising joyfully.

"Oh, yes, M'sieur."

"Then we shall go to-morrow," said the Comte. "It is my manner; I like to do things instantly. Stand up, I beg you, Madame."

"To-morrow, M'sieur?"

"Yes, Madame. Have you any objections?"

"Oh, no, M'sieur le Comte; on the contrary," said Francine, blushing with pleasure at the twice-repeated "Madame." Then she added carefully: "M'sieur is quite right; it would be better. People talk so."

IV

THE return of the married couple was the sensation of Keragouil, for the Comte de Bonzag, after the fashion of his ancestors, had placed his bride behind him on the broad back of Quatre Diables, who proceeded with unaltered equanimity. Along the journey the peasants, who held the Comte in loyal terror, greeted the procession with a respectful silence, congregating in the road to stare and chatter only when the amiable Quatre Diables had disappeared in the distance.

Disdaining to notice the commotion he produced, the Comte headed straight for the courtyard, where Quatre Diables, recognizing the foot block, dropped his head and began to crop the grass. The new Comtesse, fatigued by the novel position, started gratefully to descend by the most natural way, that is, by slipping easily over the rear anatomy of the good-natured Quatre Diables. But the Comte, feeling the commotion behind, stopped her with a word, and, flinging his left leg over the neck of his charger, descended gracefully to the block, where, bowing profoundly, he said in gallant style:

"Madame, permit me to offer you my hand."

The Comtesse, with the best intentions in the world, had considerable difficulty in executing the movement by which her husband had extricated himself. Luckily, the Comte received her without yielding ground, drew her hand under his arm, and escorted her ceremoniously into the château, while Quatre Diables, liberated from the unusual burden, rolled gratefully to earth, and scratched his back against the cobblestones.

"Madame, be so kind as to enter your home."

With studied elegance, the Comte put his hat to his breast, or thereabout, and bowed as he held open the door.

"Oh, M'sieur le Comte; after you," said Francine, in confusion.

"Pass, Madame, and enter the dining-room. We have certain ceremonies to observe."

Francine dutifully advanced, but kept an eye on the movements of her consort. When he entered the dining-room and went to the sideboard, she took an equal number of steps in the same direction. When, having brought out a bottle and glasses, he turned and came toward her, she retreated. When he stopped, she stopped, and sat down with the same exact movement.

"Madame, I offer you a glass of the famous Keragouil Burgundy," began the Comte, filling her glass. "It is a wine that we De Bonzags have always kept to welcome our wives and to greet our children. Madame, I have the honor to drink to the Comtesse de Bonzag."

"Oh, M'sieur le Comte," said Francine, who, watching his manner, emptied the goblet in one swallow.

"To the health of my ancestors!" continued the Comte, draining the bottle into the two goblets. "And now throw your glass on the floor!"

"Yes, M'sieur," said Francine, who obeyed regretfully, with the new instinct of a housewife.

"Now, Madame, as wife and mistress of Keragouil, I think it is well that you

understand your position and what I expect of you," said the Comte, waving her to a seat and occupying a fauteuil in magisterial fashion. "I expect that you will learn in a willing spirit what I shall teach you, that you may become worthy of the noble position you occupy."

"Oh, M'sieur may be sure I 'll do my best," said Francine, quite overcome.

"I expect you to show me the deference and obedience that I demand as head of the house of Bonzag."

"Oh, M'sieur le Comte, how could you think—"

"To be economical and amiable."

"Yes, indeed, M'sieur."

"To listen when I speak, to forget you were a peasant, to give me three desserts a week, and never, madame, to show me the slightest infidelity."

At these last words, Francine, already overcome by the rapid whirl of fortune, as well as by the overcharged spirits of the potent Burgundy, burst into tears.

"And no tears!" said De Bonzag, withdrawing sternly.

"No, M'sieur; no," Francine cried, hastily drying her eyes. Then dropping on her knees, she managed to say: "Oh, M'sieur—pardon, pardon."

"What do you mean?" cried the Comte, furiously.

"Oh, M'sieur forgive me—I will tell you all!"

"Madame—Madame, I don't understand," said the Comte, mastering himself with difficulty. "Proceed; I am listening."

"Oh, M'sieur le Comte, I 'll tell you all. I swear it on the image of St. Jacques d'Acquin."

"You have not lied to me about your child?" cried Bonzag in horror.

"No, no, M'sieur; not that," said Francine. Then, hiding her face, she said: "M'sieur, I hid something from you: I loved Andoche."

"Ah!" said the Comte, with a sigh of relief. He sat down, adding sympathetically: "My poor Francine, I know it. Alas! That 's what life is."

"Oh, M'sieur, it 's all over; I swear it!" Francine cried in protest. "But I loved him well, and he loved me—oh, how he loved me, M'sieur le Comte. Pardon, M'sieur, but at that time I did n't think of being a comtesse, M'sieur le Comte. And when M'sieur spoke to me, I did n't know what to do. My heart was all given to Andoche, but—well, M 'sieur, the truth is, I began to think of my little girl, and I said to myself, I must think of her, because, M'sieur, I thought of the position it would give her, if I were a Comtesse. What a step in the world, eh? And I said, you must do it for her! So I went to Andoche, and I told him all—yes, all, M'sieur—that my heart was his, but that my duty was to her. And Andoche, ah, what a good heart, M'sieur—he understood—we wept together." She choked a minute, put her handkerchief hastily to her eyes, "Pardon, M'sieur; and he said it was right, and I kissed him—I hide nothing. M'sieur will pardon me that,—and he went away!" She took a step toward him, twisting her handkerchief, adding in a timid appeal: "M'sieur understands why I tell him that? M'sieur will believe me. I have killed all that. It is no more in my heart. I swear it by the image of St. Jacques d'Acquin."

"Madame, I knew it before," said the Comte, rising; "still, I thank you."

"Oh, M'sieur, I have put it all away—I swear it!"

"I believe you," interrupted the Comte, "and now no more of it! I also am going to be frank with you." He went with a smile to a corner where stood the little box, done up in rope, which held the trousseau of the Comtesse de Bonzag. "Open that, and give me the lottery-tickets I gave you."

"Hanh? You—M'sieur says?"

"The lottery-tickets—"

"Oh, M'sieur, but they 're not there—"

"Then where are they?"

"Oh, M'sieur, wait; I 'll tell you," said Francine, simply. "When Andoche went off—"

"What!" cried the Comte, like a cannon.

"He was so broken up, M'sieur, I was so afraid for him, so just to console him, M'sieur—to give him something—I gave him the tickets."

"You gave him—the tickets! The lottery-tickets!"

"Just to console him—yes, M'sieur."

The lank form of the Comte de Bonzag wavered, and then, as though the body had suddenly deserted the clothes, collapsed in a heap on the floor.

"MOTHER"

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

I 'm gittin' old—I know,—
It seems so long ago—
    So long sence John was here!
He went so young!—our Jim
'S as old now 'most as him,—
    Close on to thirty year'!

I know I 'm gittin' old—
I know it by the *cold,*
    From time 'at first frost flies.—
Seems like—sence John was here—
Winters is more severe;
    And winter I de-spise!

And yet, it seems, some days,
John 's here, with his odd ways . . .
    Comes soon-like from the corn-
Field, callin' "Mother" at
Me—like he called me that
    Even 'fore Jim was born!

When Jim come—(La! how good
Was all the neighberhood!—
    And Docter!—when I heerd
Him joke John, kind o' low,
And say: Yes, folks could go—
    "Pa" need n't be afeard!)

When Jim come,—John says—'e—
A-bendin' over me
    And baby in the bed—
And jes us three,—says 'e,
"Our little family!"—
    And that was all he said. . . .

And cried jes like a child!—
Kissed me again, and smiled,
    'Cause *I* was cryin', too.
(And here I am again
A-cryin', same as then—
    Yet happy through and through!)

The old home 's most in mind
And joys long left behind! . . .
    Jim's little h'istin' crawl
Acrost the floor to where
John set a-rockin' there!
    (I 'm *gittin' old*—That 's all!)

I 'm gittin' old—no doubt!—
(Healthy as all git-out!)
    But, strangest thing I do,—
I cry so easy now—
I cry jes anyhow
    The fool-tears wants me to!

But Jim *he* won't be told
'At "Mother" 's gittin' old! . . .
    Hugged me, he did, and smiled
This morning, and bragged *"shore"*
He loved me even more
    Than when he was a child!

That 's *his* way; but ef John
Was here now, lookin' on,
    He 'd shorely know and see:
"But, 'Mother'," s'pect he 'd say,
"S'pose you *air* gittin' gray,
    You 're younger *yet* than *me!*"

I 'm gittin' old,—because
Our young days, like they was,
    Keeps comin' back—so *clear,*
'At little Jim, once more,
Comes h'istin' 'crost the floor
    Fer John's old rockin'-cheer!

O *beautiful!*—to be
A-gittin' old, like me! . . .
    Hey, Jim! Come in now, Jim!
Your supper 's ready, dear!
(How more, every year,
    He looks and acts like *him!*)

OF LAURA-MATILDA

BY DOROTHEA DEAKIN

Author of "Georgie"

"I HATE a Laura-Matilda girl!"—Rosette's tone was scornful in the extreme.

"A woman should be womanly," said I doggedly.

"You don't mean *womanly*. You mean Early Victorian, lackadaisical, sentimental, useless, fragile, clinging—"

"Don't stop," I said mildly.

"Perhaps you *like* a girl to be clinging?"

"Perhaps I do," said I gently. "I 've never seen *you* in a clinging mood, Rosette."

"You never will," she returned smartly.

"Alas, no." I sighed.

"There was Doris Lee. *She* was your kind of girl. She stayed with us once when my cousin Georgie was here, and nearly drove him mad. She clung to *him.*"

"A nice, gentle girl, Doris Lee," I said affectionately. "The sort of a girl a man can idealize."

"The sort of girl a man runs away from in six months," cried Rosette.

"You 're too advanced for me," said I sadly.

"That 's what *her* husband did. She was just the same at school, Laura-Matilda all through, hanging round our necks, leaning on our arms when we went for walks, holding our hands till she nearly drove us mad. All her books were full of dried flowers; all sacred memories; only she 'd forgotten what of. I hate sentiment."

"I know you do," said I mournfully.

"I was fond of her in a way," Rosette said. "And I used to have her here with me for the holidays, because she had such a wretched home, full of whining children, and a complaining, peevish mother. I 've since thought that she might have tried to do something to brighten that home up, if she 'd been any good, instead of spending her holidays in floods of tears. I hate a fool!"

"Poor Doris Lee," said I softly.

"Poor Doris Fiddlesticks!" cried Rosette. "I ought to have known better than to encourage her. I had to send her away at last, because Daddy said he would n't stand the way she sat and held my hand—or anybody's hand who 'd let her. He said it made him sick. So I gave up asking her in the end. She married the kind of serious young man with ideals, who likes a woman to be gentle and womanly, and dependent, and *clinging!* And you see the end of it. She 's gone into a sisterhood now to wear gray serge for ever, and she always looked impossible in gray."

"I 've never known you so vindictive," said I, "so spiteful. What is the matter with you to-day, Rosette?"

Her face was flushed adorably; her eyes sparkling with unshed tears. This my calm, immovable Rosette?

"You said you liked a woman to be *womanly*, Jerry. You said you *admired* the Laura-Matilda kind of girl. You were talking *at me* all the time!"

I stared at her in amazement.

"You are the most womanly woman I have ever known," said I slowly. "But I did n't mean what you mean, Rosette."

"Yes, you did. Besides, how do you know exactly what I meant that you meant? You said you liked a woman to be clinging! You know you did. I 'll take jolly good care that I never cling to—" She stopped in time.

"To me?" I asked. "I 'm afraid not."

"I 'd be ashamed to be dependent and

irresolute and bullied and—and—'thank you very much for wiping your shoes on me, dear Sir!' Oh!"

"Rosette!" I caught her hand and held it firmly for an instant. "Listen to me! You *shall* listen to me, you little fury. I *hate* Laura-Matilda and always did. The things I like best in you, are your resourcefulness, and your self-sufficiency." I lied boldly, but I dare n't tell her the truth. "I admire you tremendously for your pluck, and your presence of mind, and your independence,—and all the rest of it. I—I do really."

She took her hand away and eyed me suspiciously.

"All you men like the Early Victorian girl best," said she with a disdainful sniff. "You like a woman to sit at home waiting for you, warming your cross-stitch slippers, with some church embroidery in one hand and a vinaigrette in the other. You like a woman to faint with joy when you throw her a kind word. It shows her sensibility."

"I 'm going home," said I quietly. "I shall not stay here to be abused and libeled. *You* know the kind of woman I like best. I 'm going home."

She broke into a pretty, infectious laugh.

"Don't go, Jerry. I 'm better now. And I want to tell you about Primula and my brother Myles."

I sighed, that as usual she was prepared to point her moral, and adorn it with a tale.

"I 've never heard of your cousin Primula," said I feebly. "I believe you 've invented her for the occasion. I don't believe there 's no sich person."

"She 's a missionary in Borneo now," said Rosette promptly. "But she was a splendid little girl when she was sixteen. Not pretty; but strong, and jolly, and athletic, and the most capable person I have ever known. You should see her take a bicycle to pieces."

"Any one can take a bicycle to *pieces*," said I inoffensively. "Even I can do that. It 's the putting it together again afterward that—"

"Well, she could anyhow. And she was the best hockey player in the school. When she stayed with us she used to play cricket with my cousin Georgie, and Myles, and bowled them out over and over again. And the runs she got! Even Georgie allowed that she bowled straighter than nine men out of ten."

"After she 'd bowled him?" I asked mildly.

"I don't know, but she found out what was the matter with the lawn-mower, and it was more than any one else could do."

"Oiled it?" I asked.

"Don't be silly. She could do everything the boys could do, just a little bit better, and it was then that Myles (he was just twenty-one) found out that women ought to be womanly. His pride was wounded and he began to snub Primula and make her life a misery to her. She hated sarcasm and did n't understand it, and she began to fret about it."

" 'Myles hates me,' said she to me one day. 'What can I do to make him like me again?' 'Turn Laura-Matilda,' said I. Poor child she looked completely in the dark.

" 'I don't know what you mean,' she said.

" 'Laura-Matilda,' said I, 'is a general name for everything silly and sentimental and helpless and useless and die-away and lackadaisical.'

" 'Oh!' Poor Primula stared at me. 'I do like Myles,' said she. 'He 's ripping good fun, and the boys won't let me join in at anything now. I 'm sure I don't play so *very* badly.'

" 'On the contrary,' said I, 'you play everything too well. Women should always do things a tiny bit worse than a man, Primula. *You* play Laura-Matilda, my dear, and every one will be pleased. Only don't go about putting your arm round *my* neck, because I won't bear it, and Daddy won't, either.'

" 'I 'd rather die than do such a rotten thing,' said she, and I was a tiny bit hurt. 'I can't *pretend*,' she said in her stiff, pig-headed way. 'I 'm not a beastly hypocrite.' Her language was quite schoolboyish, you see. I expect she talks Chinese now and Malay and whatever kind of language the Dyaks talk, poor dear.

" 'A woman's first duty is to please,' I said, and I looked so solemn that she was n't sure that it was n't a bit from the Bible I was hurling at her head. She did n't dare dispute it however deeply she really

disagreed. 'If you want to please Myles you must become the kind of woman he admires, or thinks he admires. Don't be a little goose,' said I, and then I explained more fully what I meant. And to do us both justice she was charmed with the idea when she grasped it.

"A great diplomatist is lost to the world in me, Jerry."

"Oh, Rosette, Rosette!" said I sadly.

"We went for a bicycle ride next day." Rosette smiled. "*I* rode with Georgie in front. I heard Myles telling Primula in a perfectly brutal way that if she wished to scorch like she did last time she could go on alone and order lunch. Primula did n't answer him, but when they came to the first hill (she takes the steepest hills in the county like a bird) she got off at the very foot and walked. Myles was annoyed because he 'd got his pace well up, but he had to stop and ask if anything was wrong. She smiled at him, and handed over her bicycle, quite as a matter of course. That was the beginning. Every blessed hill they came to, that girl made him walk, and when they met some inoffensive sleepy cows in a lane, she shrieked and ran into *his* bicycle. She made him stop for milk and soda every time they passed an inn, and then to crown everything she got a puncture. I 've always believed that she did it with a hat pin, but I could never get her to confess."

"Poor Myles," said I.

Rosette laughed.

"Myles was raging. She looked at her flat tire with a helpless little giggle and asked him to mend it. Said she 'd rest while he did it, because she felt exhausted with the pace and the heat. The pace! Myles never could do things with his hands and it was hours before they started again.

"That sort of thing went on the whole day and we did have a time. She pretended to be faint once when they were miles from everywhere, and that wretched boy had to go four miles out of his way to get some brandy for her. She threw it in the hedge when he was n't looking. Myles said he 'd never go out with girls again as long as he lived, and before he went to bed that night he told Georgie that the ideal woman was a man's helpful comrade, strong and self-reliant. Primula cried herself to sleep and said she 'd never felt so bitterly ashamed, or spent such a wretched day in her life, but it did Myles a power of good."

"There is," said I sententiously, "always a golden mean."

"Yes?" Rosette refused the hand I offered to help her from her low chair. "But if you have to choose—"

"It will not be Laura-Matilda," said I.

O BROTHERS BLIND!

BY MARY MURDOCH MASON

ST. LUCY, sightless, gave to God her eyes;
Thereafter lived in darkness, but great calm.
God set within her hand the martyr's palm,
And crowned her head with light that never dies.

O brothers blind, lift up your spirit gaze!
The light that shines in darkness dawneth clear;
The things erstwhile invisible appear,
The sun now shines by night, stars fill the days.

The blind of heart can sign and symbol see,
But recognize alone their hue and form.
'T is Truth's fine flame, burning at heart of storm,
That glows with peace. Most happy, then, are we
Who, in the blessed sunlight of the mind,
Perceive eternal love, O brothers blind!

THE OUTLOOK FOR TARIFF REFORM

BY SAMUEL W. McCALL, M. C.

IN advocating a revision of the tariff, it is prudent to remember the inherent difficulty of the work, which, under our system, is quite as apt to be political as economic, and also to keep in mind the conditions under which it can most safely be undertaken. One who has witnessed an attempt to effect a general reduction of duties is hardly justified in cherishing illusions as to the ease with which the process may be accomplished. To revise the tariff in the sanctuary of the editor or in the quiet of a remote library is perhaps not a difficult undertaking; but it is not so easy or so safe a task actually to lay one's hands upon the sacred schedules themselves in the committee-room, in the presence of the clashing interests of sections, each commanding congressional votes, and of alarmed manufacturers whose existence may depend upon the action taken, and amid the din, too, of some hundred-handed sons of Enceladus, labeled "infant industries."

When you come to cut it down, the tariff approaches the awful dignity of what General Hancock called it—"a local issue." The greater number of the three hundred and eighty representative districts of the country are each sure to have some particular interests affected by the tariff, and however broadly and dispassionately a member may wish to view the industries of the country as a whole, so far as those of his own district are concerned, he is quite apt to take the attitude of Sir Robert Peel's fish-dealer, who believed in free trade in everything except herring. And after a tariff bill has passed the House, with here and there a reduction of duty, it has still to run the gauntlet of the Senate, a perilous feat for any tariff having the smell of free trade upon it. The Wilson bill was speedily transformed into a measure of "party perfidy and party dishonor," if one may repeat again that often-quoted characterization by President Cleveland; while even the Dingley duties were not so high when they left the House that the Senate was not able, in some cases, to make them still higher, putting, for instance, a round tax upon hides, which before were free.

I refer to the difficulties in the way of tariff reduction, not for the purpose of discouraging anybody, but to make it clear that they can be surmounted only by a firm resolution supported by a genuine public opinion, which will be the indispensable factor in bringing about any reduction. When that shall be thoroughly aroused, a revision will come, and it will be thoroughly aroused when the tariff in important particulars shall have become burdensome and oppressive. The people may not perceive the burden the day after its development, or, if they perceive it, they may ascribe it to the wrong cause; but in matters affecting their financial welfare they are reasonably sensitive, and will not for a long time follow a losing game. When the burden certainly exists, as I believe it does to-day, they may be trusted, with more or less delay, to discover it, and also to discover the cause; and when that shall be done, there will be developed a public opinion which will be satisfied with nothing less than action that is likely to be extreme according as it has been delayed.

I do not think there was any decisive public sentiment in favor of tariff reduction at the only time when it has been attempted on a large scale since the Civil War, although a firm resolution to accomplish it was not wanting to Mr. Cleve-

land and those immediately associated with him. I venture this opinion because I do not believe it was clear that the tariff was generally oppressive. Of all the influences contributing to the result in the election of 1892, perhaps the factor of prime importance was indifference. Mr. Cleveland received hardly as many votes as had been cast for him four years before, when he was defeated, and nearly a million votes fewer than Mr. Bryan, who was decisively beaten, received four years afterward. The issue was largely a forced one, and the result was undoubtedly affected by the appalling condition of the currency, which trembled upon the brink of the precipice over which it would have fallen from the gold to the silver standard.

Men who were then young had seen new enterprises spring up and attain a high degree of strength—enterprises the first crude and wasteful operations of which would have been disastrous to their promoters if the strong and long-established industries of foreign countries had been permitted to compete with them unchecked. They had witnessed the development of new industries upon a gigantic scale, the enlarged employment of labor, the wonderful inventive genius of the American mechanic brought into play, and the discovery of new processes which cheapened production the world over; and they saw the cost of many articles necessary to the consumer lowered as a result of the development of our manufacturing and of the internal competition of many independent concerns which the stimulus of the tariff had brought into being. To a certain extent it was a forced growth, but a growth which—in important lines of production that we were highly fitted by nature to carry on—soon became well-rounded, and reached proportions that, without the forcing process, it might have required half a century to attain. The day of stifled internal competition was only just dawning, and the evils it had in store were not commonly foreseen. While the height of a duty was, in the first instance, an important factor in fixing the price of a given article, the profits of manufacturing would induce new concerns to embark in the enterprise, and soon the effect of the duty in raising the price would entirely disappear before the resulting competition.

But this was true only so long as genuine competition existed. When combination struck it down, the tariff duty again became an important element in fixing the price to the consumer. But, in 1892, the evils of combination had not appeared. I am of the opinion, therefore, that there was no strong and impelling public sentiment behind the revision begun in that year.

The public sentiment which was not strong enough genuinely to demand revision at that time, has, I believe, an existence to-day. That the basis for it exists certainly cannot be denied. It is no longer a mere matter of theory or inference, but a subject of demonstration that some tariff duties now levied enforce contributions upon the people generally for the benefit of a few manufacturers. One who cannot see that, in some important lines of production, the tariff, without answering any purposes of protection, swells the profits of enormous combinations, cannot see anything. In certain articles of prime necessity great combinations have destroyed internal competition, and with reference to such articles the tariff wall serves the purpose of shutting out the succor that might come from abroad. Those who are interested in that sort of discourse may discuss the genealogy of the trusts, but the man whose pockets the law has just helped monopoly to pick, cares little whether the tariff is called the mother or the grandmother of the trusts. It matters little to him whether the law creates the implements of plunder or whether it only seizes the victim and delivers him over, bound for the operation. But the fact cannot be doubted that in some lines of manufacture in which we are able to compete and do compete with foreign producers in their own or neutral markets, a combination, in the absence of internal competition, is able to require the American consumer to pay the full foreign price, with the duty added. In such a case the simple effect of the duty is to make it necessary for the consumer to pay a tribute to the manufacturer.

In some instances the tariff has been capitalized and vast fictitious issues of stocks have been floated, based not upon the property, but upon what is called the

"earning power" of the business, of which the tariff duty is an important element, and an attempt is made to attach a mortgage or lien upon a public tax. It would be difficult to conceive of anything more unjust than for the governmental power, for no public purpose whatever, and in defiance of the fundamental principle of equality upon which our institutions are reared, to delegate to a few men the authority to exact from the people a tribute, small perhaps in the case of each individual, but enormous in the aggregate and mass of the imposition.

The public has been alive to the evils of the trusts ever since they reached a state of maturity approaching that which they enjoy to-day. It has been put on more than one false scent in its endeavor to run them down. We have tilted at many a windmill, and the applause of the crowd has gloriously resounded, and we have put forth spectacular efforts, which have resulted splendidly in the ballot-boxes, but have brought little if any relief to the consumers in the shape of reduced prices. And during all this time it has been apparent that there are colossal trusts with which the Government is in alliance, and that a direct result of the exercise of the taxing power has been to compel the people to swell the profits of these trusts. We have been attempting to discover and employ legal weapons for the destruction of institutions which we ourselves have nourished, and which our laws favor by granting direct subsidies, and we have been generous in violent language, if not in real effort, against concerns in the interest of which we each day pass around the contribution-box and take up a collection from the people.

That condition of things being apparent, the obvious thing to do is to make an end of the inconsistency and to terminate the partnership between the Government and the trusts. To that extent we shall secure, what has thus far been apparent only to the imagination, some practical relief from trust exactions. So long as the people permit the partnership to continue, it will be most ungentle in them to launch hard names against their partners and beneficiaries. The gentlemen who manage the steel trust, for instance, do not take more than they can get; but they display the usual amount of human moderation, and get what they can. Being patriots, they could not be so treasonable and so untrue to the demands of good citizenship as to refuse what the law forced upon them. And so long as we permit our laws to remain as they are, we must bear the full responsibility.

Inasmuch as the greatest development of internal combinations, in the ten years that have elapsed since the passage of the Dingley bill, has made the tariff oppressive in certain particulars, it should in those particulars undoubtedly be revised. When should revision take place? As a general rule, any deviation from legal morality should be corrected at once. The tariff should have been revised in the last Congress, when every evil was apparent that is now known. But it happens that the next session of Congress will be held with a presidential campaign impending, and it may possibly continue during the campaign itself. As I have attempted to make clear, a revision made under the most favorable conditions is apt to be sufficiently political; but a revision carried on in the throes of a Presidential campaign would be likely to be of the worst possible character. The sought-for end would be, not the ultimate good of the country, but the next electoral vote. The schedules would become mere footballs between the parties. An unpopular interest, or an interest the managers of which were at the moment obnoxious, would be virtuously battered beyond all recognition. The industries of doubtful States would be surfeited with protection, duties would be used as bribes to buy votes,—always, of course, with the loftiest pretense,—and our taxation laws would be prostituted to secure the debauchery of our electorate. Since nothing could be worse than a revision accomplished under such conditions, the earliest practicable time will be immediately after the next Presidential election.

Mr. McKinley called a special session of Congress to assemble within two weeks after his first inauguration for the purpose of passing a tariff bill. The Republican party in its national platform next year should announce itself for immediate revision, and should indicate the principles upon which that revision should be based. And if it should recog-

nize that the time had at last come for a reduction of duties in order to make our tariff in any sense a modern institution and to keep it abreast of the changed commercial and economic conditions of the times, it will be wise to say so frankly and withdraw from service certain well-worn phrases which were designed to soothe the friends and satisfy the critics of the present schedules. By frequent iteration such phrases as "Correction of schedules along protective lines must be made by the Republican party," "Revision should be made by the friends of protection," "When conditions have so changed as to require revision," and similar vague platform promises, have become a trifle tiresome, and, followed as they have been by the complete immunity of the tariff schedules, have lost their power to deceive, if not their power to charm. Frankly to "stand pat" or to promise revision unequivocally seems to be the only alternative for the Republicans, with the latter by far the more probable and the only reasonable action. The Democratic party will doubtless declare for a lowering of duties, and the country will thus very likely have an opportunity to choose between a revision upon Republican and one upon Democratic lines.

Undoubtedly revision, when it does come, will produce some disturbance. Our tariff duties are an important element in fixing prices, and manufacturers and importers would take in sail and proceed with caution while the readjustment was going on. This slackening of trade has been likened to the checking of the speed of a fast-flying train. If the brakes are applied and the train of prosperity is made to rush along less madly, there will be a loss of momentum which it will require a certain period of time to regain. And it is argued that the friends of protection should do nothing to impede even temporarily the velocity of the train—that to apply this checking process is a responsibility which goes with revision, and is properly a function of the party historically standing for low duties, and that revision from a standpoint hostile to protection would cause so great a disturbance as speedily to produce a reaction and bring about another high tariff bill. Thus the Wilson bill, which was passed during the depression of 1894, became identified in the public mind with that era of disaster, and was repealed almost before it was put in force.

But such a program would cause us to vibrate helplessly between extremes. The real question is, Does our tariff law under the conditions existing to-day give shelter to any glaring wrong, and is it the effective ally of gross monopoly? If so, the architect of the law makes himself responsible for the wrong unless he shall endeavor to correct it the moment it becomes known. The temporary disturbance likely to be caused by a revision conducted by a party friendly to protection cannot be permitted to weigh against the deliberate continuance of a grave injustice.

I shall not attempt to indicate the lines a new tariff bill should follow. There would be a difference of opinion even among Republicans as to the extent and character of the revision, but I imagine there would be little serious difference as to certain of the schedules. The present steel duties, for instance, are substantially those of the Wilson law. That measure was very friendly to the iron and steel interests, and the Dingley law adopted with no very material change the Wilson schedules which dealt with them. The sudden rise in prices of eight dollars a ton and upward which took place not long after the passage of the Dingley law can be largely ascribed to the combination of the steel interests, although undoubtedly the products of iron would to some extent have advanced, in common with most other commodities. But no one can question that the art of manufacturing iron has attained such a degree of development in this country that if iron ore were put upon the free list and the other duties in the schedule reduced at least fifty per cent., no advantage that any sane advocate of protection ever ascribed to it would be thrown away. The difference in labor cost, the danger of foreigners "dumping" their surplus upon us in slack times, everything would be most amply provided against. And if dividends were not made more certain for that portion of capitalization which represents almost anything except actual property, the payment of dividends upon issues of water, and even of atmosphere, has never yet been avowed to be one of

the objects of protection. Such a reduction as I have indicated would do no harm to the industry as such, and it would relieve many great lines of business and the consumers they represent from the exaction of a tribute.

The destruction of our forests has gone so far that the crude forms of wood should be made free. The lumber interests put an end to the Elgin treaty of reciprocity with Canada, and undoubtedly the process of sweeping away our forests and making a few men rich was thereby hastened. But it may well be questioned whether any of the Washington statesmen who contributed to that policy, if they were alive to-day, would wish to claim glory on account of it. Extraordinary geographical and other relations between Canada and ourselves would amply justify a special scale of duties for the trade between the two countries. According to her population, she buys more from us than any other country in the world. Canada's long and narrow stretch of habitable territory is shut in by the winter on the one side and by our own frontier upon the other. Trade would naturally follow the degrees running north and south, from the one country into the other, and, in spite of artificial tariff obstacles, a great deal of it now follows those lines. But having for a long time sought in vain a special trade arrangement with this country, Canada now seems to be seeking an independent development, and is specially cultivating relations with Europe. Artificial contrivances have come to be very potent, and she may succeed in sending a greater volume of her trade through the long thin artery running from east to west, and in forcing the growth of a nation with a vast stretch of longitude and little latitude; but she will gratify her national aspirations only by violating the plainest decrees of nature. For our part, we should reverse our policy toward Canada and put ourselves in an attitude of friendliness toward any reasonable trade policy between her and us. We can at least secure access to her vast forests, and it is reasonable to expect that we can do away with the coal duties. We have great populations near to Canada's coal-fields and remote from our own, and the same is true of Canada with reference to our coal deposits. If each country should reciprocally strike off the duty upon the coal of the other, New England would have free access to the near-by coal-fields of Nova Scotia, and Ontario to those of Ohio and Pennsylvania, and, while much useless hauling of freight would be dispensed with, the consumer and the coal-miner of both countries would be benefited.

Then the tax upon works of art should be absolutely done away with. It would be as enlightened to impose a duty upon sunshine. Instead of setting up obstacles in the way of works of art, the Government should rather put a premium upon their importation.

There are, without doubt, other parts of the tariff which need revision, but popular criticism has been directed chiefly against a few schedules. All duties should be fearlessly scrutinized, and it is my individual view that they should be revised from the standpoint of a moderate protection.

But the principal aim of the tariff law should be to provide revenue for the Government sufficient to meet our fast-rising expenditures, which, omitting pensions, have virtually doubled in the last ten years, as against an increase in population of about twenty per cent. The chief burdens of the expense of legitimate government are borne by States and municipalities, and their usual sources of revenue should be left untouched. But if, in addition to the extravagance with which the national Government conducts its own operations, it is to invade the functions of the local governments and is also to enter the arena of social questions, it will incur an expenditure which will cause it to go galloping through every field of revenue. If there were no other objection, expense may well lead us to hesitate to transform government into a circus and to put it into a close alliance with the yellow newspapers and magazines. In what we call our prosperity, governmental expense has not been a matter of serious public consideration. Surplus revenue begets extravagance and extravagance in turn will make more revenue necessary.

The proximate cause of the next far-reaching change in the policy of our Government is likely to be the magnitude of public expenditure.

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THE MAID OF THE MANOR. FROM THE PAINTING BY DOUGLAS VOLK

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

ST. JULIEN OF LE MANS

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL

AN enormous square full of a confusion of farmers and peasants in blouses, cattle, carts, women in white caps; on one side, a line of cafés; on the other, a line of trees; at the far end, high above the busy market, silent and serene in the bustle and stir and noise, gray with age, splendid in beauty, the buttressed, pinnacled east end of a mighty church—this is always the first picture that rises before me when I hear or read the name of Le Mans.

The town of Le Mans is only as far away from Chartres as Chartres is from Paris. It is close to Brittany. It is the ancient capital of the ancient province of Maine, which gave its name to one of our oldest States, and was the convenient battlefield for the long fight of France with England. But like so many other places, memorable, charming, interesting, Le Mans still belongs, as far as the tourist goes, to undiscovered France.

However, if one should set out to discover it; if Chartres, in its wonder and glory, should fire one with the desire to see more of the churches of northern France, then my advice would be to take a late afternoon train through the peaceful land between these two ancient cities, and, arrived at Le Mans, to wait until the next morning, especially if it be the morning of market-day, for the first view of the cathedral. Up till then, Le Mans, after Chartres, will no doubt have struck one as commonplace. A big, prosperous town, with modern boulevards and modern shops and modern trams, it will have shown itself on one's drive from the station to the hotel, with nothing to remind one that it was not built yesterday except an old church—Notre Dame de la Couture—opening disconsolately on the sidewalk. Nor will it seem less modern when one walks from the hotel toward the cathedral, along shop-lined streets, between windows hung in emulation of Paris. But presently a street, less Parisian, with fewer shops, ends abruptly in the great square, and of a sudden, above the market and the people and the cattle, one sees a vision out of the earth—the apse, with its buttresses and pinnacles and curving chapels.

It is as lovely at all hours. Indeed, when I went back to Le Mans last spring and, after several years, saw the Cathedral of St. Julien again, now, for the first time, in the tranquil, golden light of a May evening, the tremendous apse circling upward from a delicate flowering of lilac and laburnum in the strip of bishop's garden at its base, I thought it had never been lovelier and more majestic. But the market gives scale to its age and its beauty, just as a figure will give scale to a drawing of architecture. Besides, the market is the most characteristic foreground to this most characteristic view of the cathedral, which, while you are in the square, one might almost think begins and ends in its amazing apse.

To the south, from the market-place, a broad flight of curving steps goes up to the level of the cathedral. Mount it, and one is in another town—the town to which the cathedral belongs. It is not Le Mans of to-day, with modern boulevards, modern trams, modern shops, but Le Mans of the days when its lords and burghers were building their dark and narrow streets, their sculptured and gabled houses. And the cathedral in this Le Mans is so ancient that the huge east-

ern end above the square seems young. For the apse and the transepts belong to the glorious period of Gothic. But the lower part of the tower flanking the southern transept,—and the cathedral has no other,—the nave, the west front, all go back to the period of Romanesque, which in the North was so much more austere than in the South.

And the nave is so much lower than the apse, so much more insignificant in size, that it really looks, as it has sometimes been described, like the porch, the mere approach, to the body of the church. It seems impossible for a cathedral ending at the east with such splendor to face the west with a modesty many a parish church would disdain—three doors, low, heavy, round-arched, almost devoid of decoration, in the place of the lofty portals, charged with sculpture, kings and saints in their well-ordered rows, everywhere the gray stone breaking into a rhythmical tangle of flowers, foliage, figures, and interwoven tracery, by which a great Gothic cathedral is usually entered.

The nave, so ruggedly old without, is now distressingly new within. I found, to my regret, last spring that, since my first visit to Le Mans, it had been done up until to-day it might pass for the newest instead of one of the most ancient parts of the building. Walls and columns are as clean and white as if the stone had only just been brought from the quarries. Even the glass, which is the oldest in St. Julien, older than that of any other church in France, has been patched and repaired until only here and there, by a deeper tone in a passage of blue, can you make sure which are the twelfth-century windows, the pride of Le Mans. To the architect, the nave, of course, has still much to tell of the way cathedrals were built and decorated in the ages of the barbarism we try so hard, and in vain, to equal in beauty. But now that its history in the interval has been wiped out, it is to me a sadder ruin than if the blue sky shone through its broken roof, and the grass grew between its shattered columns.

It is not so, however, in the choir, which is as supremely beautiful, as dramatically pictorial, as one knew it must be when he looked up to the buttresses that support its walls and the chapels that curve round its curving line. More marvelous it was, no doubt, before the usual fate of the French cathedral befell it—before the Huguenots sacked it; before the eighteenth century tried first to reduce it to eighteenth-century standards, and then to get rid of it altogether; before the nineteenth century began by turning it into a historical monument, and finished with the endeavor to make it look like one.

It may seem cold and empty while Chartres is fresh in your memory,—Chartres, with its screen of carven stone enclosing the choir, and its holy shrine afloat with golden lights. But you feel this only for a moment. The two aisles still encircle the choir at Le Mans, the chapels still open from the outer aisle, the old thirteenth-century glass still fills many of the windows, the ceremonies of the cathedral church still have something of the old gorgeousness. Even Chartres could never be more impressive than Le Mans as I have seen it at solemn high mass,—the *messe capitulaire*,—the bishop, in his gold-and-purple robes, seated on his throne in the choir, behind him a glorious succession of arches, one opening beyond the other as if into infinity; the wonderful windows rising in tier over tier, somber with deep, glowing blues and purples below, kindling above into smoldering fires of gold and scarlet, as if the artist who placed them there, like the artist who designed the ascending lines of pillars and arches, had sought ever to lead the eye higher and higher heavenward. As at Chartres, so at Le Mans, in the light of those fervent windows, of those rows upon rows of saints and prophets, bishops and donors, in shining garments, the choir, had the vandal stripped it bare, would be transfigured.

II

In the south transept there is a tomb that one could not well overlook. It is not as beautiful as its date—it belongs to the thirteenth century—should make it. Indeed, in the chapel opening into the north transept there are two others, much later, but far lovelier. The name of Berengaria, however, gives a special interest to the earlier monument, and one wonders idly, as one stops before it, why a queen of England should be buried in a French cathedral; why it was not to an English

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

"HIGH ABOVE THE BUSY MARKET . . . THE BUTTRESSED, PINNACLED EAST END OF A MIGHTY CHURCH"

town she was carried when, not a hundred years ago, her tomb was brought away from the Abbey of L'Epau, where it had stood through the ages. Leaving the cathedral by the transept door just beyond, one is almost at once in the *Grand' Rue* of the old town, where a Renaissance house restoration cannot make altogether unlovely, also bears the name of Berengaria. She could never have lived in it: for she had been in her grave many a long day before it was built; but house and tomb together show there must be some reason why her memory is held dear in Le Mans.

And there is a reason—the best. The cathedral had been founded, and had grown greater and greater, in the fashion of all old cathedrals, centuries before she was born. In the very first of the Christian era, they say, a Christian altar had been raised there, on the highest ground in Le Mans. And it had developed into a chapel, the chapel into a church thought worthy to receive the body of St. Julien, and the church into an important cathedral.

And the cathedral had survived fire and the carelessness of builders, who were not always so holy in their work as in the books now written about them: it had survived the endless wars and raids of Normans and Bretons; the endless interference of kings of England, who saw a menace to themselves in the house of God when it occupied so commanding a position on the high-road between Normandy and Aquitaine. But though, by much rebuilding and repairing, the cathedral had survived, it bore the marks of the trials through which it had come. By the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century there were springing up in the Ile-de-France and all the near provinces the churches of the new school of builders, of the young men of the day with wonderful new ideas and genius soaring to masterpieces hitherto undreamed of. And in Maine were ambitious bishops and pious people who did not wish to be outdone by their neighbors in Chartres or Amiens, in Rouen or even in Paris. They, too, wanted to set up on their hill one of the new great churches; but if they had the will, if they knew they could get the money, they were without the first essential of all—the space for it. The Cathedral of St. Julien stood close to the city walls, where no room was left for the simple Romanesque apse to expand into a labyrinth of buttresses, nor were the times yet so peaceful that even a lord bishop could tamper with the fortifications.

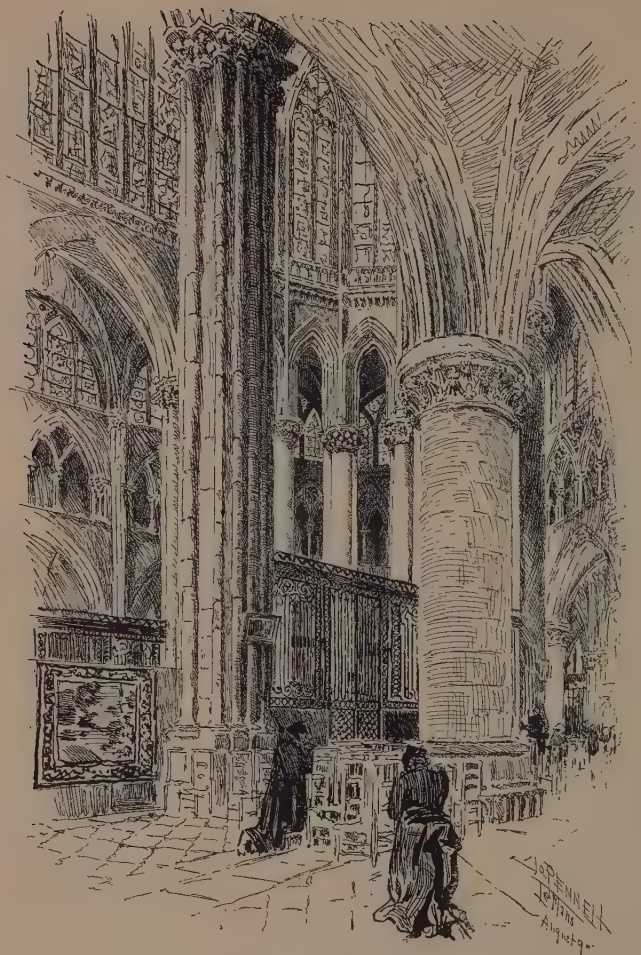
It was at this crisis that Berengaria made her name forever beloved in Le Mans; for she interested herself, and put the case before Philip Augustus so well that he, being an enthusiast in these matters, gave the royal order to carry out the new design, though, in so doing, the cathedral must extend beyond the ramparts. Berengaria might be a more showy figure in history than she is for me, but I would think no honor too great to pay to one to whom the world owes the apse which is the glory of Le Mans to this day.

Some say that the architect got his idea for the apse from Bourges, so like is it to the east end there. But if the architect did borrow his model from Bourges, and improved upon it, or if, as it is also said, he borrowed from churches here, there, and everywhere, he only showed he had the intelligence to understand that half of genius is the knowing how to carry on great traditions. The choir was finished; the transepts dragged on to later centuries, to the time of Adam Chastelain, Bishop of Le Mans, who shines in splendor from the great rose of the northern transept; the nave never got rebuilt at all.

And so almost every architectural step, from the beginning of the big church that replaced the first timid crypt, can be traced, though largely through the restorer's version. For though Le Mans succeeded in escaping Viollet-le-Duc, it was only to fall into the hands of an industrious rival. From the day that Merimée came to it, as inspector of national monuments, the history of the cathedral is the record of its restoration, except for the one bitter season of new trial when French soldiers were quartered in aisles that had seen the passing of so many armies, and, worse sacrilege, Prussian soldiers held their Lutheran rites in the choir, as Huguenots had done three hundred years before. What the next stage will be, what new history secularized France will make for Le Mans, and for all its cathedrals, only the generations who come after us can know. But I have a vivid

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE NAVE, OR WEST FRONT OF LE MANS, FROM THE NORTHWEST



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

WITHIN THE APSE OR EAST END

memory of the Cathedral of St. Julien on a first-communion day and of hundreds of little girls veiled in white, and little boys with the white badge on their arms, marshaled by nuns and priests, marching up and down the aisles in solemn procession, and filling the old building with the religious Marseillaise, *"Je suis Chrétien."*

III

It was by some stroke of good fortune that, while all the rest of Le Mans was prospering and developing into a modern town, the little old quarter on the crest of the hill, close to the cathedral, was left in its medievalism. In the dark streets,—one of them that *Grand'Rue* which the modern Haussmann would not dignify with the name of alley—the houses almost meet overhead. Some are carved with fantastic figures that give them their name (*Aux Bons Amis, Maison Adam et Eve*); others are called after the associations that have clung to them for centuries. There is not only the House of Berengaria, but the house where Scarron, who was, though heaven knows why, a dignitary of the chapter, lived during his residence at Le Mans, and spent some of those cruel

wakeful hours that made him, in the epitaph he wrote for himself, pray all those who passed by his tomb to step lightly and not wake him from his first night of sleep.

But the pleasure in these old houses is, above all, because of the way they complete the medievalism of the cathedral when, from the end of a narrow street, or with its turning, one sees the gray walls and the great apse. And if a funeral passes,—and funerals were forever passing during the hot summer of my first visit to Le Mans,—the last touch of medievalism will be added; for the horses in their funeral trappings, were it not for the somber scheme of black and silver, might have walked out of the tournament in some old print or faded tapestry.

One does not have to go far in this little quarter before one finds himself on a railed roadway above a deep tunnel leading to the river, and for the first time realizes that it is no mean hill upon which the cathedral stands. The ascent, slight and gradual from the railway station, is much more abrupt from the banks of the Sarthe, and as one wanders on, one has glimpses of the town spreading on the opposite shores and of the stretch of green country beyond. Long flights of steps lead to the quays, or one can go down by the wide streets that Le Mans now prefers to gabled, narrow alleys.

And once at the foot of the hill, it is worth while crossing to the other side of the river, if only to see the old Romanesque church, older than the cathedral, in the suburb there, or to saunter along the poplar-lined road to the graveyard of the town—the graveyard I remember as a fitting sequel to the endless passing of horses in medieval trappings up on the hill. For there was a never-to-be-forgotten August afternoon when I walked to it, hunting for a view, and found rows upon rows of freshly dug graves ready for the morrow, as grisly a spectacle as ever it presented in the days of pest and plague, and all the grislier when I discovered later on that cholera was raging in Le Mans that summer.

But something else I saw on my walk. There, opposite, crowning the hill above the river, was the cathedral, commanding the town so well that it is no wonder kings of England feared to see strong towers rising from a building already so formidable. But if you climb back to the square at its east end, you will say that never is it mightier and more majestic than when, beyond the crowd of farmers and peasants, cattle and carts, one looks to the buttressed, pinnacled apse, above the noise and bustle and stir of the market-place.

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

LE MANS FROM THE RIVER

COME AND FIND ME

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

Author of "The Magnetic North"

XIV

HILDEGARDE wrote to Madeleine Smulsky, now Mrs. Jacob L. Dorn. Madeleine's husband, being a Pacific coast importer in a large way, might be able to advise in which of the fleet of steamers advertised to sail from San Francisco, and certain to be the first boat of the year to reach Nome—in which should a traveler put trust.

The answer brought Mr. Dorn's somewhat scornful profession that he knew nothing whatever about the hastily formed San Francisco lines, and little good about the mushroom companies of his own city, but if Hildegarde thought of sailing from Seattle, he would look into the matter for her. Seattle was the better port, being the Natural Gateway to the North (Hildegarde could hear Mr. Dorn saying that), in witness whereof the bustling, booming city swarmed already with more prospective passengers than there were ships to float them, all wisely laying in their provisions, buying machinery and outfit in that best of all places—San Francisco? Oh, dear, no! in Seattle, the City of the Future. Hildegarde must at all events come and visit the Dorns. Under the guidance of Madeleine's husband, she would probably find out that, at best, the journey to Nome was impracticable for a lady.

The middle of April found Miss Mar a guest of the Dorns. Jacob L. seemed presently to abandon all idea of dissuading his wife's friend from carrying her wild scheme into execution, but he pointed out the little need there was to rush blindly into avoidable difficulties. Better ships were in process of being chartered for the Northern service, in view of the undreamed-of demand. The season, moreover, was late this year. Those earlier, inferior vessels (schooners and what not) that got off before the middle of May would only spend the time "knocking about the North Pacific among the icebergs."

So Hildegarde waited while Mr. Dorn looked thoroughly into the question. Even looking into it seemed perilous. It told on the gentleman's health, as one might suppose. When Hildegarde had been only a few days under his roof, her host took to his bed with congestion of the lungs.

Madeleine, absorbed in nursing the husband, had little time for the friend. Hildegarde was suddenly thrown on her own resources. But she felt it would be impolitic to write that fact to Valdivia. From one shipping-office to another, from Southwick's great Outfitting Emporium to the Baumgarten Brothers' Wholesale Provision House, she went in quest of information, threading her way through the bustling streets, where among the featureless thousands, day by day she oftener saw the figure of the frontiersman in broad-brimmed hat and brown boots laced to the knee; or the weather-beaten miner, in "waders" and brown duck or mackinaw. "*They 're* coming to Nome!" she would say to herself, looking on them already as fellow-travelers. One feeling much with her was perhaps really rather new in woman's experience—among the many things called new that are yet so old. It seems as if never before her generation could it have been a matter of course to a girl like Hildegarde Mar that she should feel instinctively it would be as absurd to treat these bearded frontiersmen with condescension as to be terrified by them. Not that she analyzed the situation. It was too simple for that. Her feeling was merely that these uncouth fellow-crea-

tures were possible friends of hers. As she met and passed them, or in imagination "placed" them in her coming experience, her mental attitude was singularly untarnished by the age-old anxiety of the unprotected female, casting about for a champion. Something less self-centered than that, something kindlier, less the child of fear. Cheviot might have qualms, but man was not for Hildegarde her natural enemy. A woman alone was not obliged to peep furtively about for shelter, or for some coign of vantage, like one pursued in a hostile land. Not his immemorial prey, she; but like him the possibly prey of circumstance, with Ignorance for her arch-enemy as well as his. Those booted and sombreroed men—some of them at least—had already met and overcome the common enemy. They would be masters of the situation up there. Herself the mere ignorant human being, eager to learn, innocent of class illusion, intensely alive to differences, yet knowing which of them were only skin-deep, or, rather, education-deep; young, yes; attractive, too; a girl going into a strange new world who yet goes fearlessly, hopefully, carrying faith in human nature along for her shield and her buckler. If this is an apparition new upon the earth, then perhaps the modern world has something to be proud of beyond the things it has celebrated more.

Not that she encountered no difficult moments. She was stared at and she could see that she was speculated about. Well, that was no killing matter. She told herself it was partly because she was so tall. When in the thronged and noisy offices she was crowded and pushed by an excited horde, though shown no special disrespect as a woman, she was certainly not comfortable and was even a little forlorn. When a browbeating passenger-agent vented his ill temper upon her refusal to buy a ticket forthwith without waiting "to inquire further," she felt the man's rudeness keenly, absurdly. But it was not till some "masher" of a clerk spoke to her with a vulgar familiarity that discomfort went down before humiliation in the thought: "What would Louis say if he knew?" However, the clerk soon saw his error, and the tall, quiet girl was taken at a different valuation. Men, even the most ignorant men, learn these lessons more quickly than they are given credit for. But, oh, it was n't easy to do the work of preparation alone, comparing, eliminating, deciding all by oneself! For at every step, upon every question, one encountered conflicting testimony. Every store window that one passed displayed things "Indispensable for Nome." Every ship that sailed was the best, and bound to be first at the goal. Now and then to some one of the besieging hundreds at the offices Hildegarde would put a question. The women looked askance. The men answered civilly enough; but if they knew little more than Hildegarde, they entertained darker fears. And still and always testimony was in conflict. The firm that impressed her most favorably, whose office she had just left "to think it over," why, they, it seemed, were a set of thieves. Passage on one of their ships meant from ten to twenty days' starvation on short rations of sour bread and salt horse. Heavens, what an escape! But that other firm that she was on her way to interrogate—they were traffickers in human life! Did n't she know they had been buying disabled craft of every description, even hauling up abandoned wrecks out of the sea, sweeping the entire Pacific for derelict and rotten craft that they might paint and rename and make a fortune out of crowding such crazy vessels full of ignorant human cattle for Cape Nome?

But these people, proprietors of the new line, in whose offices they stood—their ships, if starting later, were at least seaworthy. Seaworthy? 'Sh! Their ships did n't so much as exist. These men only waited, postponing sailing dates on one pretext or another, till they had got your money and filled, and over-filled, the lists of their phantom ships. When they 'd done that, you 'd see! They 'd pocket their thousands and abscond into Canada.

While Hildegarde waited hesitating, even on the smallest and least faith-inspiring boats the passenger-lists rapidly filled. And still every train that thundered into the Seattle station disgorged its hundreds clamoring to be taken to Nome. Already, since Hildegarde's arrival, a number of schooners and several steamers, with flags flying and bands playing, had gone forth to meet the early ice-floes. Would these daring ones get any farther, after all, than the Aleutian Islands before June?

Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

HILDEGARDE'S MOTHER AND MR. BLUMPITTY

"You 'll see; they 'll have to put in at Dutch Harbor for a month." Hildegarde saw men, standing in dense crowds on the wharves, shake their heads as they watched each ship go forth on the great adventure.

"All my life," thought the girl, "I shall remember the port of Seattle when the first boats went to Nome."

There were those who might seem to have more cause than Hildegarde Mar to remember that unprecedented spectacle. For to the wonderful water front sooner or later every creature in Seattle found his way, commonly to suffer there some strange, malignant change. Even the quiet ones began to emit strange sounds, and to tear about as if afflicted with rabies; the most self-controlled went mad among the rest. They fought their way through the barriers, men and women alike; they screamed about their freight upon the docks; hurrahing and gesticulating, they saw maniac friends off on ships whose decks were black with people, whose rigging even swarmed with clotted humanity, like bees clinging in bunches to the boughs of a tree.

In the orderly streets of a great city a girl like Hildegarde Mar would have been remarked, followed, probably accosted. She had had experience of that even in Valdivia, where nearly every creature knew who she was. In the vast and eager crowd on the Seattle water front she passed with little notice and wholly unmolested. Every one had business of his own. If the man who pushed against you till he nearly knocked you down was not an excited passenger for the next ship, he was a company agent seeing off a hundred thousand dollars' worth of machinery; or he was the gentleman, in a smaller way of business, who was beating up trade in the neighborhood of the "Last Chance Bazar." Here and there on a tiny temporary platform, nearly swamped by the crowd, or standing insecurely on a jostled barrow, merchants, whose ages ranged from eight to eighty, offered you something you 'd bless them for every hour of your life at Nome. Here an improved sort of prospecting-pan—you had only to carry it up to latitude 62° to fill it full of gold all day long. There was a Nome mosquito-mask, fastened like a gallows-cap on the face of a stiff, pale figure of wax, lifted high in air, rigid, travestying death, horribly arresting. There was every kind of waterproof, hat, coat, and boot, for that summer at Nome meant nothing but rain was the one point upon which every one agreed. By way of object lesson, "rockers" for separating Nome gold from Nome sand were being jogged to and fro upon the wharves; venders of patent medicine were crying one another down; a different concentrated food was proclaimed at every corner; a new gold "process" every ten feet; and Bedlam all around you. Copper plates, pickaxes, shovels, and—"Here y' are! The last thing out! Compound corkscrew, screw-driver, monkey-wrench, 'n' can-opener. All yer grub goes to Nome in cans. Ye 'll starve to death right plumb in the middle o' plenty, unless ye get this yer noo compound-corkscrew-screw-driver-monkey—" The rest was drowned by the *dernier cri* in "Nome sto-o-o-ves! Burn-oil-burn-wood-burn-coke-burn-anything-in-hell-and-never-burn-the-dinner! Nome sto-o-o-ves!" Other hawkers, so hoarse you heard nothing but "Nome! Nome!" as if they had it there—a nostrum you might buy at home.

Hildegarde's mind went back to the old reconnaissance map in the dining-room. She so little she must climb upon a chair to read in her father's fine, clear writing the name opposite a little projection in the coast line. It had been a place only he seemed to know about. Now on every sign, on every lip, Nome! Nome! Nome!

Overheard fragments among newcomers at the shipping-offices, no more "Which boat?" but, "Can you—even by paying some feller a bonus—get anything before June?"

The element of chance was not to be eliminated. It must be faced. On her way to the office of the Line she had first affected, she saw swinging on in front of her, hands in overcoat pockets, shouldering his way through the throng, one of those same high-booted, wide-hatted men of whom she had said at first, "He 's going, too!" But this man had been marked out by his air of enjoying the enterprise. Most people even away from the maddening water front bore about with them a harassed or at best preoccupied counte-

nance, the majority sallow and seamed and wary. This wide-mouthed young giant, with the fresh complexion, he was one of whom you felt not only "he knows," but "he knows it 's all right." Now, if he should be on his way to secure a passage at this same office, Hildegarde would take it as a lucky omen. But he carried his tall figure swinging by. His back seemed to say: "No, thank you. I know too much to be taken in by the Golden Sands Company." Hildegarde went past the Golden Sands Company herself, without quite intending to. The ruddy-complexioned one was stopped by a fussy, little middle-aged man, who said: "Wonder if you can tell me where the Centrifugal Pump Company's offices are?"

"What?" said the red-cheeked giant as Hildegarde went by: "You mean Mitchell, Lewis & Staver?"

"Y-yes," said the fussy man. "Are they all right, do you think?" The rest was lost. What a pity she could n't go up as simply as that, and ask his giantship about the boats. But no. He was a rather young giant, a little too enterprising-looking. No, better not. He stared at people. That was n't the sort of man she 'd ever spoken to.

She had n't analyzed it, but with all her simplicity and all her sense of freedom, she was acutely sensitive about making any avoidable move that might be misconstrued. The unfortunate women of the world had spoiled things. Not only for themselves; for others, too. She crossed the street and went back toward the "Golden Sands." Glancing over her shoulder, she saw the giant part from his interlocutor and disappear in the office of Hankin & Company. So that was the best line! Slowly she retraced her steps, turning over in her mind all she 'd heard about Hankin & Company. Perhaps even without this last indication the evidence did point Hankinward. She went in. Craning over heads, and peering across shoulders, she saw the huge young man talking to the agent. She edged her way nearer.

"You 'll have plenty o' time to load your stuff. The *Congress* 'll be at the docks Toosday."

"Sure?"

"Dead certain."

The giant nodded and strode out on seven-league boots. A moment later Hildegarde had laid $125 down before the alcohol-reeking, red-eyed, nervous agent, who seemed to feel called on to explain that he 'd been up all night "on the water front, seeing off the *Huron*." While he made out the voucher, huskily he congratulated the young lady that an intending passenger by this best of all ships had had a fit on the water front the night before, and was probably dying now "over at the Rainier Grand." His wife had been in half an hour ago about reselling the ticket. And that was it. Number twenty-one. He handed Hildegarde the slip of gray-blue paper which transferred to her the dying man's right to a first-class berth on Hankin & Company's Steamer *Congress,* sailing from Seattle to Cape Nome on the 19th of May.

Now for decision among the contending outfitters and provision dealers.

She had studied well the prospectuses, the "folders" and the hand-books. She had made notes and lists. She knew she must provide herself with "a tent and two pair dark-blue Hudson Bay blankets. Waterproof boots. Several yards stout netting. Leather gaiters. Cowboy's hat. Canvas bag, with shoulder strap. Oil-stove, and oil." To this, upon her mother's initiative, she purposed to add a pistol; on her own, four pounds of chocolate and a handsome supply of peppermints.

She had culled from newspapers, books, and advertisements, at least six different lists of the kind and quantity of food one would need. Already she had ordered several cases of mineral water, but she was still pondering "evaporated eggs," "desiccated potatoes," "malted-milk tablets," and "bouillon capsules," as she stood in one of the great provision houses that very day she had got her ticket.

The place was crowded. Here as elsewhere a few women among the many men, both sexes equally bent on business. While she waited in the throng, a clerk who with difficulty had been making his way to her, interrupted a query modestly preferred by a little weather-beaten woman in black. As if he had not heard the one who spoke, of the one who had said nothing he asked: "Is anybody looking after you?"

"As soon as the lady has finished," began Hildegarde. The rusty one glanced at her fellow-woman in some surprise, and said again to the clerk: "I just stepped in to ask you to be sure to have a keg of witch-hazel ready to go out with our stuff. You ran out of it last year."

"Oh, are you Mrs. Blumpitty?"

"Yes."

"Have you given your order?" the clerk's manner had changed; he had plenty of time now.

"Mr. Blumpitty will step in to-morrow about it. He is quite a little rushed to-day, hunting around for a place to sleep in."

"There 's a good many doing that," said the clerk. "There has n't been a room vacant at a hotel for a week."

"I guess that 's right. And we got a party of twenty-eight this time. I only wanted to jog you about that witch-hazel." She was moving off.

Hildegarde stood in the way.

"Are you going to Nome?" asked the girl.

"Yes."

"Do you mind telling me what you are going to do with witch-hazel up there?"

"A person wants witch-hazel everywhere."

"Why do they?"

"Best doctor in the world."

"What 's it good for?" Typhoid was in the ignorant mind.

"Good for anything. Burns, cuts, bruises, anything."

"Oh." Down at the foot of the list after peppermints went witch-hazel. Again the little woman showed signs of moving on; but she looked back at Hildegarde over her shoulder, and as if to imply: this much I leave you, even if you *are* too good-looking to inspire confidence: "Witch-hazel ain't like those noo things they advertise. It 's been tested."

"Oh, has it?"

She did n't know much, this young lady. "Guess it *has*," said the little woman. "In every country store in my part of the world, you 'll find a keg of witch-hazel." And with that she would have been gone, but the crowd pressed her back.

"What is your part?" asked Hildegarde.

The woman looked round at her suspiciously. "Maine."

"You come all the way from Maine to go to Nome?"

She nodded. "Guess everybody here but you is goin' straight to Nome." Her eye fell on Hildegarde's pencil suspended above the list—held too high for the little woman to know its exact nature. "Noospaper woman?" she said, putting the most charitable construction on the presence here among the hard-featured horde of a person like this.

Hildegarde had been asked that question before. "No," she said, and saw her credit fall in the rusty one's eyes. "But I 'm going to Nome, too," the girl hastened to add, wishing to recover ground. But it was plain she had only further damaged herself.

"Oh," said the witch-hazel advocate, moving off with some precipitation through a momentary opening.

Hildegarde found the clerk who had seemed to know Mrs. Blumpitty. "Have you heard what boat she 's going by?"

"No," said the clerk; "but she 'll go by the best, I bet."

"Why do you say that?"

"Well, she 's one o' the few that knows the ropes. She was there last year." Then he was called away.

She might even know Hildegarde's father.

Early the next day the girl reappeared at Baumgarten's. No, she was n't going to give her order just yet. She was waiting to see Mrs. Blumpitty. So the Baumgarten brother turned from her to advise a customer against taking saccharine instead of sugar. "You 'll come to hate the taste even in tea and coffee, and as for eating it sprinkled on anything, you 'll find you simply can't." A group of people were hotly discussing vegetables, and whether to take them desiccated or "jest as they are." The new ones "not in yet," the Baumgarten brother admitted, "and the old ones sure to sprout," said some one else. A Klondiker gave his views: "Take 'em dried. Lot less freight on the boat. Lot easier packed about afterward." A babel of voices rose: "Tasteless." "No good left in 'em." "No feedin' power." Another voice: "Who cares about how easy it is to take somethin' that 's no good?" "People go on about evaporated food

jest as if it was the Klondike and the Chilcoot Pass all over agin. 'T ain't. Nome 's a different proposition!" The Baumgarten brother was instructed to put down half the order in dried and half in fresh. Then a detachment went away to see opened and to taste a new brand of canned cooked sausages. People stood about with pickles and shavings of "chipped beef" and cheese samples in their hands, nibbling and looking thoughtful. Others ate butter off the end of a penknife, and said: "It was n't no better 'n 'margarine, an' cost more." When for two hours and ten minutes Hildegarde had stood there against the low columnar wall of piled tomato-cans (a kind of basaltic formation, showing singularly regular "fracture" and wide range of color-stain), the clerk of yesterday gave her a stool to perch on in the corner. Many of the crowding faces were grown already familiar. There was the fresh-complexioned giant. He came in with a pleasant, towering briskness and stood talking to one of the Baumgartens. As Hildegarde watched him, she told herself she was glad that man was going on "her" ship. Then reflecting: "Why, I 'm staring at *him* now!" she turned away her eyes, and there suddenly was Mrs. Blumpitty, with a thick-set, dun-colored husband, his face a grayish yellow, his hair a yellow-gray, his eyes yellow with pale gray irises.

Hildegarde descended from the high stool and made her way to the couple. "Is it true you were at Nome last summer?"

"Yes." Mrs. Blumpitty drew closer to the dun-colored husband, as if more than ever mistrustful of the tall young lady.

But Hildegarde took no notice of that. "I wonder," she said, "If you met a Mr. Mar up there?"

The woman looked at her husband, and he looked straight along his nose. It was a long nose, and it seemed to take him a great while to get to the end of it.

Hildegarde could not wait. "Yes, Mr. Mar," she said eagerly—"Mr. Nathaniel Mar."

"I don't think—" began the woman.

"Oh, please try to remember! He is very thin and tall, with bushy hair. I feel sure you 'd remember him if you thought a moment. He is the kind people remember."

Something in the trembling earnestness of a person who looked as self-possessed as Hildegarde had its effect.

"You can know people up there pretty well and never hear their names. Nome is like that. I may have seen him."

Oh, how close it brought him to hear the dun-colored husband saying, "I may have seen him!"

"A young man?" asked the wife.

"No," said Hildegarde, and she was shaking with excitement. "He is gray and he—he is very lame." This bald picture of her own drawing suddenly overcame her. "Try,"—she found herself catching at the rusty arm,—"try to remember. He is my father."

"Oh, your father," said the woman in a different tone, and the vague man turned his pale eyes on Hildegarde as though only now fully aware of her.

"Lame? There was a lame man. No, I never spoke to him."

"We were n't much in Nome," the woman explained. "Our claims are out on Glaysher River, and we were at our camp there most of the time." Hildegarde leaned against the brilliant dado of "Delicious Tomato Soup," and she looked so disheartened the man said, "Was you thinkin' o' goin' out?"

"Yes; I 'm going to him."

"Big party?"

"No; no party at all."

"You 're not goin' alone?"

"Yes; I 'm the only one of my family who has time."

The pale eye fell on Hildegarde's list, which she still had in her hand. "If your father 's there, you won't have to take supplies."

"I must go prepared for—anything." She turned her face away.

After a pause: "You got anybody to advise you?" said the man.

"No."

The rusty woman looked at the vague man, and the vague man looked at the canned soup.

"Where are you at?" he said presently.

Hildegarde stared.

He pushed back his black slouch-hat and sadly mopped his yellow-gray brow. It was warm to-day. The crowd at

Baumgarten's made it seem warmer still.

"Which hotel?" asked Mr. Blumpitty.

"I 'm not at any hotel. I am at Mr. Dorn's."

"Jacob L. Dorn's?"

"Oh, do you know him?"

"No; I don't know him, but I know his firm." It was plain the name had impressed both Blumpittys.

"What boat you goin' in?" asked the yellow-gray man.

"The *Congress.*"

"Oh."

"What 's the matter with the *Congress?*"

Blumpitty shook his head, murmured "Pretty hot," and slowly divested himself of his overcoat. That done, he stood revealed in black from head to heel. Something inexpressibly funereal about him now, which the dun-colored coat had masked. "Pity you did n't know about the *Los Angeles,*" he said, dolefully.

"What is there to know about her?"

"She 's goin' to be fitted up in style."

"Oh, I shan't mind style."

"We 're goin' on the *Los Angeles,*" said the little wife.

"I do mind that—not going with you." Hildegarde looked into the woman's weather-beaten face, and felt regret deepen.

From columns of canned soup Mr. Blumpitty raised his weary eyes and they fell on an acquaintance in the crowd. You saw that even the teeth of the dun-colored husband were yellow-gray. But the effect of his watery smile was altogether gray, and without suspicion of any hue less somber. It made you think of a dripping day in November, with winter all before you. But, lo! it was the cheerful giant Blumpitty had recognized. How long had he been there at Hildegarde's elbow?

"What 's that I heard you sayin' against the *Congress?*" he demanded of Blumpitty. "*Congress* is the best boat goin'."

"We could n't get passage for all of us on the *Congress,*" said Blumpitty, meekly.

"And we did n't want to be divided," contributed Mrs. Blumpitty. "We 're sure the *Los Angeles* is all right."

"What makes you sure?"

"Becuz she 's jest fresh from the Govermint service."

The giant laughed and took out a big silver watch. Hildegarde saw with a start of surprise that it was past luncheon-time.

"They *do* keep you hangin' around here." Blumpitty looked wearily at the crowd. "Guess I 'll go and make an appointment with Baumgarten for right away after breakfast to-morrow." He moved off with the giant at his side and the small wife at his heels.

Hildegarde hurried back to Madeleine's, where behold Mrs. Mar and Harry!

"The boys began to fuss when they read in the papers about Mr. Dorn being ill."

"Oh, it 's all right—about me, I mean," said Hildegarde.

"I told you it would be," Mrs. Mar said to Harry. "Now here we are in a town where every hotel is full to overflowing, and Jacob Dorn dying—to judge by the way Madeleine behaves. But she always was a little theatrical, that girl."

"No, her husband is very ill. I feel I ought n't be here myself, really." Obvious enough Hildegarde's dismay, at the apparition of her family. Ignorant as she was, already she had learned how little help the average person could be about this undertaking. The Blumpittys were different. She told about them.

Mrs. Mar no sooner heard of their existence than she said: "Now if you could travel with a respectable couple!"

In vain Hildegarde pointed out she was going on another ship. Anyhow, those people could tell Hildegarde things; they could advise. Anybody but Hildegarde would have had them here and pumped them well. The girl in a subdued voice reminded her mother that it was a house whose owner lay dangerously ill.

"The very reason! Mr. Dorn is n't advising you, as he promised. You must find some one who will. Oh, you *are* slow-witted! Where are those people staying with their foolish name? You don't even know their address? Well, upon my soul; it 's a good thing we did come, after all! How you 'll ever be able to get on by yourself, *I* don't know."

In a trice Mrs. Mar had despatched Harry to scour Seattle, to ransack every hotel register in the place. "And don't come back here without those Blumpittys."

When, at four o'clock, there was no news either of Harry or of them, Hildegarde and her mother set out together, having told the Japanese servant to keep anybody who called, as they 'd be gone only half an hour. It was Mrs. Mar's idea. If the Blumpittys, he said, were not among the crowds in the principal street, they 'd very probably be on that Water Front Hildegarde had written about. But no; not a Blumpitty to be seen. On their way home, the giant.

"He might know—he 's a friend of theirs," Hildegarde said.

Without an instant's hesitation Mrs. Mar accosted him.

XV

"My daughter thinks you know a man and his wife of the name of Blumpitty."

"Yes, ma'am," said the giant, pulling off his broad hat.

"Do you know where they are to be found?"

"I just now left Blumpitty up in the Stevens House bar."

"In the bar! The man drinks?"

"Oh, no; not to say *drinks,*" said the cheerful one, smiling broadly.

"What 's he doing in the bar, then?"

"Just talkin' to the boys."

"Then will you go right away and ask him—"

"There 's Harry!" Hildegarde was making signals.

"Well, *you 're* not much good at finding people," his mother greeted him. "But we 've got Blumpitty."

"Oh, how d' you do," said Harry, prepared to accept the giant in this rôle.

Hildegarde explained, and the final move in the mission was committed to her brother. The ladies were to go home and trust Harry to "bring Blumpitty along." They were reassured when they saw the giant disposed to accompany the expedition.

Within an hour, there was Blumpitty haled before Mrs. Mar like a criminal before his judge.

"Well,"—Mrs. Mar glanced from her son to the clock,—"you would n't have found him even at this hour but for Hildegarde and me."

Harry's answer to this, and to Hildegarde's "Remember we must speak low; Mr. Dorn's room is just above," was to whisper, as if divulging some tremendous secret: "Mr. Blumpitty." Then still more significantly: *"My mother."*

My mother fastened her bright eyes upon the stranger, who had obliged her by responding to her call. Plainly she was not prepossessed. The giant had either been wrong, and Blumpitty *did* drink, in which case Mrs. Mar was wasting her time, or else the man naturally looked "logy"—a fatal way of looking.

"Please sit down, Mr. Blumpitty," said Hildegarde, speaking very low.

Mr. Blumpitty, more than ever with the air of a mute at a funeral, deposited himself on the extreme edge of a chair.

"You see," said Harry, by way of breaking the chill of his mother's reception—"you see, Mr. Blumpitty was n't on any hotel register."

"Why were n't you?" demanded Mrs. Mar, as though this were a damning charge.

"No room anywhere," said Blumpitty, sadly.

"Oh, I hope you found a place to sleep in," began Hildegarde.

"Wa-al, yes, after huntin' around two whole days."

"Two days!" said Mrs. Mar, ready to nail him for a liar at the start and so save time. "There 's a night in the middle of two days."

"Ya-as. We wished they was n't."

"Where did you sleep?"

"Did n't sleep much."

"Where did you stay?"

"In the station."

"Station!" Visions of his being "run in" assailed Mrs. Mar. "What station?"

"The G. N. W.," he said indistinctly.

"The Great North Western Railroad Station," Harry translated, with a reassuring look at the man.

"You slept in the waiting-room?"

"Some of us slept."

"Oh, dear, I hope you 've got nice quarters at last?" said Hildegarde.

"Wa-al, we got three rooms. But"—gloomier than ever—"we got to pay for 'em."

"What do you want of three?" demanded Mrs. Mar.

"Three ain't too many fer twenty-eight people."

"Twenty-eight! What are you doing with so many?"

"Takin' 'em to Nome." Had the destination been the Nether Regions, he could n't have said it more as one who had left all hope behind.

"Bless my soul!" said Mrs. Mar, with a vision of the crowded train she 'd come by, and the yet more crowded streets she 'd hunted through for this same Blumpitty. "What are they all going to do there?"

Blumpitty smiled a faint world-weary smile. "They kind o' think they 'd jest natchrully like to get a share o' this gold that 's layin' around up there."

"Oh, you 're a prospecting party."

"I guess we 'll do some lookin' around."

"Twenty-eight of you," exclaimed Hildegarde under her breath, "in three rooms!"

The man nodded slowly, and his yellow-gray eyes seemed to have a vision of them. "Layin' in rows," he said sadly.

"How dreadful!" breathed Hildegarde. In truth it had a morgue-like sound.

"No-o," he drawled—"no-o; me and Mrs. Blumpitty we do kind o' miss it, not havin' any winder. It 's only a closet, though," he said, as if not wishing to hurt the feelings of anything so small and unpretentious. "And the rest of our people are all right. Some parties have had to mix up, but I been able to get a room for the men *and*"—he spoke with a weary pride— "*and* one for the ladies."

"Ladies in your party!" exclaimed Harry.

"Ya-as. Five, not countin' Mrs. Blumpitty."

"What kind?" demanded Mrs. Mar at the same moment that Harry asked, "What are *they* going to do up there?"

"Oh, they 're all right," said Blumpitty, thinking he answered both. "Miss Leroy Schermerhorn 's goin' to keep the books, and be secretary and business woman to the company."

"What company?" said Mrs. Mar.

"Blumpitty & Co.," said Mr. Blumpitty.

"Bless my soul!" said Mrs. Mar.

"Remember Mr. Dorn!" whispered Hildegarde.

"Do I understand your wife is going along?" Mrs. Mar began on a lower note.

"Yes; oh, yes. I could n't do it without Mrs. Blumpitty."

"Where does she come in?"

"Everywhere. Little bit o' woman so high. You 've seen her." He turned to Hildegarde. She nodded smiling. "Don't weigh more 'n ninety-six pounds. Worth twenty or'nary-size people."

"What does *she* do up there?"

"Everything. Keeps it all together." He looked round with a melancholy wistfulness, as if he felt keenly the need of Mrs. Blumpitty to keep the present situation together.

"And the other women?" said Mrs. Mar.

"Well, Mrs. Tillinghast is the wife of the baker."

"What baker?"

"The company's."

"Blumpitty & Co.'s?"

"Yes, ma'am. Then there 's Miss Cremer. She 's a tailor; goes along to keep us mended up till our clo'es get wore out. Then she 'll make us noo things. Mrs. Blumpitty had to do it all last year. Pretty heavy fer a little woman no bigger 'n—"

"The baker's wife and the tailoress—that makes two besides Mrs. Blumpitty."

"Yes, ma'am. An' there 's Miss Estelle Maris. Very nice young lady. She *says* she can cook." He sighed, and then recovered himself. "Even if she can't, Mrs. Blumpitty can. Yes,"—he allowed a pale eye to wander toward Miss Mar,—"we got very nice ladies along, and I mean 'em all to have claims."

Mrs. Mar glinted at him, as much as to say, "Oh, that 's the bait. Poor wretches!"

"It 'll be very nice for them," said Hildegarde, a little hurriedly.

"How do you expect them to get claims?" said Mrs. Mar, with severity.

"The company's got some valyerable property up on Glaysher Crick."

"What company?"

"Blumpitty & Co."

"And are they giving claims away?"

He looked at Mrs. Mar, quite unruffled by her tone. "The company's got more 'n

it can work. And the company knows where there 's good property nobody 's taken up yet."

"Who 's in the company?"

"Me and Mrs. Blumpitty, and her folks and my folks, and most of our party."

"Oh, just a family affair," said Mrs. Mar, with a slighting intonation.

"Very few besides jest ourselves. We don't want a lot of outsiders."

From Harry's covert smile you gathered this was a new view of the way to float a mining company. "Why don't you?"

"We seen what happens too often," said Blumpitty, warily.

"What does happen?" asked Mrs. Mar.

"The people that 's the first to locate ain't often the ones that gets the benefit."

"Why don't they?"

"They get froze out. I mean to hold on to the bulk o' the stock myself jest as long 's ever I can. Keep things in my own hands." He looked anxious.

"Not let other people take up the stock you mean?" inquired Harry, smiling openly now.

"It 's the only way," said Mr. Blumpitty, and then, as though to change a dangerous topic, "We got a nice party." He looked toward Hildegarde. "Pretty near all the perfessions. We got a smart young lawyer and two practical miners. We got a' nengineer an' a noospaper-man. An' we got a' nex-motorman—used to drive a 'Frisco street-car, and a very bright feller. Ya-as, we got a carpenter, too, an' three doctors an' a boat-builder an' a dentist. We got pretty near everything!"

"How long were you up there before?" asked Mrs. Mar, still feeling her way with this queer character, who, with his wife, might, after all, be decent fellow-passengers for Hildegarde.

"We was in two summers an' one winter."

"Your wife, too?"

"Oh, yes; she kep' us alive. If ye wuz to see her, ye would n't think she looked like she—"

The discreet Japanese servant opened the door, and seemed to whisper, "Mis' Bumble Bee."

"Oh, how do you do!" Hildegarde went quickly forward and shook hands with a tiny weather-beaten woman.

"I heard on the water front you was askin' for me," said the new-comer, looking very shy and embarrassed.

"Oh!"—Mrs. Mar was on her feet,—"is this Mrs. Blumpitty?" Before that little person knew what had happened she was on the other side of the room, shrinking into the extreme corner of a big red satin sofa—not unlike some sort of insect hiding in the heart of a poppy. But it was idle trying to escape from Mrs. Mar. She prodded her prisoner with pointed questions, and there was no manner of doubt but poor "Mis' Bumble Bee" was intensely frightened. But she must have come out of the ordeal uncommon well, for the catechist rose at the end of a quarter of an hour, breaking in upon Harry's glib exposition of the huge difficulty in these days of floating a gold mining scheme. "Your wife and I have been arranging things," said Mrs. Mar, with a suddenness that made Blumpitty blink. "My daughter must go on your ship."

"But, mama—"

"Mrs. Blumpitty says she will look after you on board."

"Yes," agreed the rusty wife, a little breathless. "And if she does n't find her father just at first, she can stay with us, can't she?"

Blumpitty, thus appealed to, said, "Ya-as," so entirely without enthusiasm that his wife added: "He says to me after we 'd talked with your daughter: 'It 's a pity she ain't goin' on the *Los Angeles*. We could 'a' helped her.' "

"Well, she *is* going on the *Los Angeles*."

"No, mama; the *Congress*—"

"Don't be pig-headed, Hildegarde. Why should you insist on the *Congress* when here are Mr. and Mrs. Blumpitty ready to look after you on the *Los Angeles*?"

"I don't exactly insist; but I 've paid $125—"

"You can change your ticket, if that 's all, can't she?" Mrs. Blumpitty appealed to the repository of wisdom on the edge of the chair.

"Oh, ya-as," said Mr. Blumpitty.

"Why are you so sure?" said Hildegarde. "Is it because the *Congress* is so

much the better boat, as your big, tall friend said?"

"He ain't right about that, though he 's a mighty smart feller. Been to Harvard College," he said, for Mrs. Mar's benefit. Then, as one adducing a destiny higher still: "The *Los Angeles* has been a Manila Transport."

"But why does everybody seem to want to go in the *Congress?*"

"Sails four days earlier," said Blumpitty, unmoved. "But,"—he glanced—or, no, Blumpitty never glanced; with apparent difficulty he rolled his pale eye heavily over to Mrs. Mar—"settin' out 's one thing; gettin' in 's another. 'T ain't likely the *Congress* 'll see Nome 'fore we do."

"Anyhow, what are four days compared to—" Mrs. Mar turned briskly upon her daughter. "Mrs. Blumpitty is going to see that you have all the necessary things—and if you 're sick, she 's going to look after you."

As Mrs. Blumpitty did not instantly corroborate this result of the fifteen minutes in the red satin corner, "You promised me that," said Mrs. Mar with a suddenness that sounded less like maternal solicitude than truculence; "and *I* promised you should n't be a loser by it."

"Yes, oh, yes, ma-am; I 'll do all I said." Merely looking at Mrs. Mar seemed to galvanize Mrs. Blumpitty into heroic mastery of her shyness. She clasped her thin hands in their gray cotton gloves tightly together, and felt herself called upon instantly to prove her present knowledge and prospective usefulness.

"H-have you got a boy's rubber coat comin' to the knees?" she inquired of the younger lady.

"No," said Hildegarde. "Ought I—"

"Yes, you must have that, must n't she?"

"Ya-as."

"And waterproof boots?"

"I 've got them."

"With asbestos soles?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"They 're the best."

"Get them," commanded Mrs. Mar.

"And one thing you can't do without is a blue denim prospecting-dress."

"I think I have something that would do, though I don't expect to go—"

"Has yours got knickerbockers and skirt to the knee?" She saw Miss Mar and her mother exchange glances, but she felt instinctively the elder lady would see the reasonableness of the provision.

"No," said the young lady. "My skirts are ankle-length."

"Ought n't to be a hairbreadth below the knee," said Mrs. Blumpitty, with more firmness than she had yet shown.

"No skirt at all is best," observed Mr. Blumpitty, dryly.

"What!" said Harry Mar, whom every one had forgotten.

"Jest full knickerbockers," said Blumpitty, without so much as looking at the objector.

"Oh, that won't be necessary for me," said Miss Mar.

" 'T will if you want to go prospectin'." Valiantly Blumpitty supported his wife's view. "You can't wear a skirt on the trail."

"I don't think I shall go on the trail," said the pusillanimous Hildegarde, "unless my father—"

"Better be ready," said Blumpitty.

"What else do you advise?" said Mrs. Mar, glancing at the clock.

"She ought to have a sou'wester, don't you think?" said Mrs. Blumpitty to Mr. Blumpitty.

"Ya-as; and a tarpaulin to lie on in the swamp."

"Well," said Mrs. Mar, "nobody can accuse you two of over-coloring the delights of life up there."

"Oh, it 's a splendid place, Alaska is, if you go with the right things," said Mrs. Blumpitty.

"And if you come away with the right things," supplemented Mrs. Mar.

"Oh, she must bring back a claim, must n't she?" Mrs. Blumpitty appealed to her husband.

Harry and his mother exchanged looks.

"Well, never mind about that," said Mrs. Mar. "But if you see after my daughter and do what you said, you won't be losers by it."

"No, indeed," said Harry, with emphasis.

"Mrs. Blumpitty," quoted Mrs. Mar—"Mrs. Blumpitty says she 'll see that Hildegarde is properly cooked for, and she 'll even get her washing done."

"Oh, yes. I can do that myself. I 'm used to it."

"You don't look very strong," said Hildegarde.

"I was n't before I went to Alaska," she answered proudly.

"Ya-as," agreed her husband; "always terrible sickly till she went up there. Ruth 's jest the same."

"Who 's Ruth?" demanded Mrs. Mar.

"That 's my niece," said Mrs. Blumpitty.

"You had her along last year?"

"Yes, and she 's comin' again. She would n't miss comin' fer anything. Ruth 's twenty-five," Mrs. Blumpitty explained to Miss Mar. "Reel nice girl. Been a nurse. You 'll like Ruth."

It was as if the "reel nice" Ruth finally settled things.

"Give Harry your *Congress* ticket, Hildegarde, and he 'll see about changing it. Even if he can't I 've made up my mind you must go on Mrs. Blumpitty's ship. Don't let the grass grow, Harry! We must catch the night train home."

When Harry had ceased to cultivate grass in Jacob Dorn's parlor, the Blumpittys seemed to think their audience, too, was at an end. They stood close together and muttered embarrassed leave-taking.

"Wait till my son gets back," interrupted Mrs. Mar. "He ought n't to be more than twenty minutes. There are one or two things I 'd like to know." The fact did not elude Mrs. Mar that when she had headed off their escape, Mrs. Blumpitty had taken refuge in the chair nearest her husband, and was edging it as close to him as she could conveniently get—for protection, it would appear. And Blumpitty himself, as feebly he resumed his perch, looked more than ever depressed and vague. Mrs. Mar needed no reminder that few husbands and wives are as communicative together as either may be apart. "Hildegarde," she said, "take Mrs. Blumpitty up to your room, and see how much of your outfit 's right. Show her your list, and take notes of what she tells you."

Having cleared the deck, Mrs. Mar, by a cross fire of questions, drew forth a story—no, queer fragments, rather, of the history of the Blumpittys' fight for existence during sixteen months spent in a tent upon the icy tundra, with a few Eskimo neighbors and no white soul for many a mile. Mrs. Mar forgot to look at the clock, even grew strangely friendly with Blumpitty, in her absorption in so congenial an occupation as drawing out and clarifying an inarticulate, rather muddled male. Finally: "The papers," quoted Mrs. Mar—"the papers say that all the claims are staked."

Without the smallest emphasis, "I know that ain't so," said the man, dully.

"How do you know?"

"I been there." Mrs. Mar digested this. "I know," Blumpitty went on, "a place where no white man but me and one other has set foot, rich in gold."

"Where 's that other man?"

"Under the tundra 'long o' the gold."

She tried not to betray her interest. She even succeeded. "And that 's the place you 're going up now to work?"

"No, ma'am; I ain't talked to folks about *that* place."

Mrs. Mar waited to hear why.

But Blumpitty seemed to have no intention of enlightening her. "The property we 're goin' to work this summer is the nineteen claims belongin' to Blumpitty & Co., up on Glaysher Crick. They 're already located an' recorded an' surveyed, an' a year's 'sessment work done."

"How much have people put into this company of yours?"

"Right smart," he said cryptically, "what with my folks and my wife's folks. So 's to keep it among ourselves 's much as possible. They ain't any of us rich—not *now*, but—" he smiled a pale, pale smile all to himself that seemed to say the future was beyond peradventure golden. "We all been workin' people," he said, as grave again as ever; "but we 've all saved a little somethin'."

"And you 're putting your savings into this?"

"Every cent. We know $250 put into Blumpitty & Co.'s this spring 'll be a thousand 'fore long." But instead of rejoicing, he sighed. "We 've worked mighty hard, but we got our chance now." He rested on the thought a moment. "They 's a fortune fer us up on Glaysher Crick—'nough fer us all." His pale eyes seemed inadvertently to take in Mrs. Mar.

That lady presented her most baffling surface. Absolutely nothing you could

take hold of. Whether her aspect discouraged Mr. Blumpitty or not, certainly he seemed to have no more conversation.

Mrs. Mar was obliged herself to break the silence. "So *you 're* pretty well satisfied, anyhow?"

"Ya-as," he said, "if only I can keep out o' the hands o' the fy-nance-eers."

"What 's to prevent you?"

"Oh, I guess it 's all right." But his look was dubious,—"I got a good many mouths to feed an' a lot o' developin' to do."

"You mean you have n't got enough capital." She felt she had caught him. She was both disappointed and rather relieved.

"I got some capital, like I told you. An' I could get plenty more if I was n't so afraid o'—" He paused and seemed to envisage afresh some vast and ticklish business. Mrs. Mar's sharp eyes pecked him all over. If they had left a mark wherever they had been, Blumpitty would have presented no surface the size of a cent that was not pitted as with virulent smallpox. It might well have inspired confidence that he bore up as well as he did.

"What is it you 're 'afraid' of?" demanded Mrs. Mar.

"Losin' personal control. But I 'm all right s' long 's I keep hold o' 51 per cent. o' the stock."

"Why 51 per cent.?" She must understand this.

"So 's to have the decidin' vote. So 's I can do the directin' myself. *Watch it*" —his pale eyes brooded—"an' manage it an' make a real success of it." You got the impression that the scheme was bound up not only with his fortune, but with his pride. "If I 'm at the head o' the thing, I can see that the 'riginal investors don't get froze out by the fy-nance-eers."

"Well, have n't you kept 51 per cent. of the stock?"

"Yes, I got more 'n that *now*. Blumpitty & Co. 's only jest started."

Mrs. Mar had a moment's thrill out of the sensation of being there "at the start." But she sternly repressed any glimmer of betrayal. "I suppose," she said, with an intention of irony, "that you 're ready to let in a few more private subscribers?"

"I 'm in favor o' lettin' in one or two." He fell into thought, undisturbed by Mrs. Mar's silent pursuit, pecking here, pecking there. "I was thinkin' I 'd like your daughter to have somethin'."

"Oh, my daughter 's putting all she has into her expenses."

But Mr. Blumpitty was doing some more thinking. Gravely he brought out the result. "It ain't many young ladies would want to take that journey jest to nurse their fathers."

Mrs. Mar looked at him coldly. "She has n't got anything to invest in gold mines." And then she was sorry she had admitted this. If the man thought of Miss Mar or, say, Mrs. Mar, as a probable investor, it might make a difference.

But apparently quite unchilled, Mr. Blumpitty was drawling: "Wa-al, if she comes with us, I could very likely help her to locate a claim of her own."

Even that handsome offer seemed not to affect Mrs. Mar. Still, he was not daunted. "I said to Mrs. Blumpitty, 'That 's the kind o' young lady I 'd like to help.' "

No sort of direct acknowledgment out of the young lady's mother. But presently: "I would n't mind putting something into your company myself," she said; "but just at this juncture I want to give my daughter all I can spare."

You might think he heard only the end of the sentence. "It 's a good investment," he said.

"It 's quite possible that *later*"—Mrs. Mar threw in, feeling herself very diplomatic—"Just at present the only funds I have in hand are what my eldest son has sent to supplement his sister's—"

"Ya-as I was thinkin'," said Blumpitty, as though in complete agreement, "when she buys her stuff at Baumgarten's, she 'd better get it through me, and then she 'll pay only wholesale rates. That 'll be a savin'. I could save her freight charges, too."

"Is n't she getting wholesale rates, anyhow?"

"No. They won't make no difference fer a little six-weeks' order fer one person. I 'm gettin' food and camp outfit fer twenty-eight people fer two years. They make a reduction fer that."

It seemed reasonable.

And really these simple people were disposed to be very serviceable. Mrs.

Mar thought of Trenn's brotherly letter of good-by and his handsome contribution of $300, reposing at that instant in the yellow bag that hung at her belt. Well, suppose she used "the money for Hildegarde" in a double sense? Suppose she got some stock in Hildegarde's name? It was all my eye about Blumpitty's wanting to help "that kind of young lady" just because she—fudge! Mrs. Mar was "from Missouri." But it very probably *would* help the girl with her new friends that they should look upon her as financially interested in their enterprise—should think of her obliged and grateful family as a probable source of further revenue. Odd if it were Mrs. Mar, after all, who should be the cause of the Mar family's profiting by the gold discovery at Nome!

But she would do nothing upon impulse.

"I think I could send you two or three hundred before you sail," she said.

Mr. Blumpitty looked on the floor, and made no manner of response.

"How would that do?" She repeated the offer.

"I can't promise they 'll be any o' the margin left by the time we sail."

"Why can't you?"

"Wa-al, I got to keep 51 per cent. fer myself—"

She 'd heard all that. "How much a share is your stock?"

"It 's only $25 now; but I guess it won't ever be as low as that again. This time next year—" he felt for his watch. When he saw what time it was this year, slowly he pulled his slack figure together and stood up.

"You 're going to wait—" began Mrs. Mar.

"I promised t' meet a man about now."

"Somebody who wants to join your company?" said Mrs. Mar, with a pang.

"I guess so."

"I *could* take twelve shares to start with, only—"

"I guess ye better talk it over with yer son." Blumpitty had stooped and was fishing under the chair for his hat.

"It is n't that," said Mrs. Mar, a little sharply, for the idea appealed to her much less now that Blumpitty recommended it, "but I 'm not sure I won't have to buy a second ticket for my daughter."

"No danger o' that."

"And how do I know there 's a good berth left on your steamer?"

"I got twenty-eight first-class accommodations. The young lady can have the pick o' them." He seemed to be coming slowly toward Mrs. Mar with a motion of offering his hand, whether to reassure her as to the solemnity of his given word on the subject of the berth, or in mere good-by.

She arrested him with her eye. "If I get my daughter these twelve shares"—Mrs. Mar's hand was on the yellow bag, "I do it on my own responsibility. I shall not consult my sons."

"Wa-al, it 's a good chance," he admitted, but in the tone of one who says "all flesh is grass." "I 'd like your daughter to have her share. They ain't many young ladies would want to take that journey jest to—"

"You 'd better make out a receipt for those twelve shares straight away before anybody comes in and interrupts." Mrs. Mar opened the yellow bag.

Blumpitty looked vaguely at the floor. "I don't know as I got any blanks along."

"Blanks! I don't want any blanks."

"Certificate forms."

"Oh—well, look and see," she said peremptorily, with her glance at the clock.

Out of his breast pocket Blumpitty slowly took some papers. "Only a dirty one," he said sadly.

"Well, fill it out. There 's pen and ink on that table." She was counting bills on her lap.

Blumpitty stood vaguely looking round in a lost sort of way, just as though time were n't priceless and Harry's return at any moment likely to complicate if not checkmate "the deal."

"Here"—Mrs. Mar jumped up and put a chair in front of the little writing-table. Then smartly she tapped the silver-topped ink-bottle, as though she doubted his having the sense to know what it was unless she made some sort of demonstration in its neighborhood. She even illustrated the fact that the lid lifted up. Slowly Blumpitty had come over to the spindle-legged table and now sat in a heap in front of it, looking into the ink. Mrs. Mar whisked a pen out of the rack and pushed it into Blumpitty's slow fingers. "And here in this envelop is $300."

She counted it over, under his dull eyes. "But I 'll keep it till Harry comes back and says it 's all right about the ticket. We can just exchange envelopes without saying anything further. Understand?" She felt a well-nigh irresistible impulse to shake Blumpitty, but instead of doing that, there she was signing a paper, after taking care to read it twice in spite of the pressure of time. And now, although she still held both this document and the three hundred dollars in her own hands, she was aware of qualms.

"I suppose you 'll be sinking a deal of good hard money in that creek of yours this summer, whether you get any out or not."

"They 's plenty o' work there," he said, foggier than ever; "but I got more 'n that to do this summer."

"What do you mean?"

He looked at her with that curious sort of vagueness that gives one an impression of hearing a man talk in his sleep. You feel it would be unfair to hold him quite responsible. "When I 've got the work started all right on Glaysher, I got to take two or three people I c'n trust an' go up to a place northwest o' Nome."

"What place?"

"Polaris, above Cape York."

"What do you want to go there for when you 've got nineteen claims to look after on Glacier—"

"Them nineteen claims is valyerble property, and Blumpitty & Co. 's goin' to pay handsome dividends. This time next year—"

"Well, what do you want more than that?"

He paused, and then in that same somnambulist tone: "I was n't lookin' fer it," he said, "I jest tumbled on it."

"What?"

"A great big thing up by Polaris. Bigger 'n anything Blumpitty & Co. have got on Glaysher. Bigger 'n anything any company 's got anywhere."

Impossible to think a man boastful or even over-sanguine, who spoke so wearily, with yellow-gray face so unlighted, with air and attitude so joyless. "It 'll make millionaires of a good many people."

There was silence in Jacob Dorn's parlor. Mrs. Mar had refused to credit a story of this sort once before. Her unbelief had not only cost her a great fortune; it had cost her happiness. She sat in silence, reflecting. But she gave no sign.

"People have got so 's they don't take much stock in any feller 's talkin' 'bout the mother lode. I don't blame 'em myself."

"It turns out as stupid sometimes to be too skeptical as to be too credulous."

Mr. Blumpitty did not applaud the sentiment. He looked sadly at the lady, and then, as though the effort to hold up his eyelids were too great, he rested his heavy eyes on the silver rim of the inkpot. "Everybody knows they must *be* a mother lode some'ers around up there."

"Why must there?"

"Wa-al, *I* don't know," said Blumpitty, impartially. "P'r'aps the gold come down from heaven."

"Don't talk nonsense."

"Well, if it don't come from heaven, the gold they 're findin' at Nome an' in the Klondike and the noo camps—all the loose placer gold o' the North"—he reflected—"if it ain't come down from heaven, it 's been washed an' weathered and glayshered out o' some reef or range or great natchrul store-house."

"Yes; I 've read about that."

He nodded faintly. "Ya-as, that 's what they all say. Every man believes in a mother lode. But what no man likes to believe is that another man 's found her."

Again silence.

Vivid description would have failed to picture for this particular auditor what Blumpitty's slow and clumsy words conveyed as though by chance. So little did he play the game in the usual way that Mrs. Mar felt the satisfaction of the discoverer in getting at the story through barriers and in despite of veils.

In the silence—up above in Jacob Dorn's sick chamber—some one was heard opening the window.

"And you think"—Mrs. Mar spoke very low—"you think you know where the mother lode is?"

"Pretty near every miner in the Northwest *thinks* he knows."

"You mean you are sure?"

"I 'm forty-eight," said Blumpitty, mournfully; "it 's twenty years since I liked sayin' I was sure."

"But"—he was the sort of man that

needed reassuring—"you 've got good ground for believing"— She waited.

"Last fall"—he looked round the red satin room as though for possible haunts of eavesdroppers, and then he further interrupted himself: "You must n't think I found it myself," he said modestly. "I got a tip—a straight tip."

"From the man that 's dead?"

"Ya-as. Leastways they said he had n't more 'n a few hours to live. Ya'as, dyin' up there at Polaris. Everybody in the camp knoo he 'd struck it rich. Nobody could find out where."

"How did they know he 'd struck"—

"Becuz he was so secret about everything—where he 'd come from; where he was goin', if he got well, and most of all"—Blumpitty looked round and sunk his low voice—"where he got his nuggets and dust from."

"Oh, he *had* nuggets"—

"Yes; nuggets and dust, too. Good and plenty."

"He showed it to you?"

"No. He was terrible secret about it. Terrible afraid somebody 'd rob him. Kind o' sick, you know, about it." Slowly Blumpitty tapped his yellow-gray forehead. "But he allowed he 'd found something worth while, an' he never let his bundle o' dust out o' sight. Day an' night he kep' it jest under his hand. Everybody nosin' around, tryin' to be friends with him. One day I was passin', an' his dawg went fer me. I picked up a stone. 'Don't y' do it,' he calls out o' the sod cabin where he was layin' with the door open. 'Don't ye do nothin' to that dawg.' I explained the dawg was doin' things to me. 'Come in here,' he said, 'an' she won't touch you.' So I did, an' we talked a while."

"Well?"

"He asked me kind o' sarcastic was I lookin' fer the mother lode? I said I guessed I was n't no different from other men, except that I was n't hangin' round a sick man fer to get his secrets out o' him. 'No,' he said, 'I ain't never seen you hangin' round.' An' then he told me."

"What?"

"I says, 'I 'm figurin' on findin' the mother lode up in them hills yonder.' 'That 's right,' he said, an' his eyes was kind o' wild an' glassy. 'Up over yonder?' I said. 'Yes,' says he; 'up North. That 's where the mother lode is.' An' I think from what he said he 'd called his discovery claim 'The Load Star'."

"What made you think"—

"Course he was kind o' queer—out o' his head ye know, fer he called it the Mother Load Star. An' he was terrible secret about it—all the time gettin' away from the subject and talkin' about the dawg."

"Well—"

"Wa-al, they was n't more 'n half a dozen people at Polaris then. An' nobody 'd found anything to make a boom out of. But they all hung on. And they made presents to that feller. Took him grub regilar. An' other folks kep' comin' jest becuz that man was there. An' they all knoo he 'd struck it rich. An' they all knoo he was dyin'. That was what they was waitin' fer. I did n't wait. The snow was beginnin' t' fly, an' I had to go back to Glaysher an' get Mrs. Blumpitty an' our party out before navigation closed. But I said to myself: 'I 'll risk it—fer the mother lode!' An' I did. Went up over the hills to the north in a bee-line from that cabin o' his till I come ter—" Blumpitty's voice dropped still lower, and he hesitated, while like one who scarce dares move lest he break some spell, slowly he looked round, and seemed to forget how to turn back. He remained so, sitting awry, listening.

"It 's only some one moving about in Mr. Dorn's room overhead. You found the mother lode?"

He twisted himself back in the act of drawing out his watch. "When I get t' thinkin' about it, I clean ferget the time." He stood up. "I guess I got t' be goin'."

Footsteps and low, subdued voices in the hall. Hildegarde had seen her brother from an upper window, and had come down with Mrs. Blumpitty to let Harry in.

There would be no trouble in selling berth twenty-one for the third time.

Mrs. Mar, about to hand an envelop to Mr. Blumpitty, wondered to herself: "How much of a fool am I? Well, I have n't done fool-things all along the line like most people. If I must commit foolishness before I die, I 'll do it all in a lump and be done with it." Whereupon she handed Mr. Blumpitty the en-

velop. He seemed to be giving Harry his address. Mrs. Blumpitty was making an appointment to meet Miss Mar "at ten o'clock to-morrow at Baumgarten's."

For the third time Mrs. Mar was reading through a paper she held in her hand. When she came to the ill-written signature: "How do you spell your name?" she demanded of Mr. Blumpitty.

"B-l-u-m-p-i-t-t-y," said the gentleman, mournfully.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Mar, head on one side and eyes fixed so critically on the name that Mrs. Blumpitty hastened to the defense. "It 's French," said she.

"French!" echoed Mrs. Mar. How do you make that 'out?"

"Well, that 's what his grandmother always told him. She said it was originally Blank Peed." Wherewith, having vindicated the family, she shook hands and led the way out. Harry was opening the outside door for them. No one spoke above a whisper on account of Mr. Dorn.

"Good-by, Mr. Blumpitty."

"Good-by, Mrs. Mar."

"Look here,"—she detained him for a last aside—"you 've got twenty-eight people to see after, and a company to manage, and nineteen claims to develop; why can't you be content with that?"

He looked at her. "Would you be?" he asked simply.

Her face told tales. "You mean"—she hesitated—"if I 'd got on the track of the mother lode?"

"Jest so," said Blumpitty, and slowly he followed his wife out of the house.

(To be continued)

CECELIA'S CORNER

BY EVELYN VAN BUREN

IT was a little oblong stone island, with a lamp-post at each end, that lay midway between two corners of Oxford Circus. Cecelia called it her corner, and no one in the whole city of London disputed her claim. Every day from six in the morning until six in the evening she sold flowers there.

The occupation and the corner had been her mother's, and she could not remember a day that she had not spent upon it. She loved it, it was so busy and interesting.

She had two friends, the bobby who regulated traffic at Oxford Circus; and Franz who made the sandwiches at Apprenrodt's delicatessen shop near by.

Every morning from six-thirty to seven, Franz leaned against the lamp-post beside Cecelia while she arranged her flowers and tried to perfect him in the English language. In return, he smuggled savory sandwiches to her, and with his round blue eyes conveyed his silent adoration.

Once he had spoken, or tried to.

"You proposin' to *me* in that languige!" Cecelia had responded indignantly, and then broke into boisterous laughter.

Franz backed away from her against the lamp-post, whereupon shrieks of mirth and cries of "Look at 'im, now do!" from Cecelia had driven him in confusion from the corner.

Later with choice titbits from the lunch-room, Franz had bravely returned. Cecelia ate the peace-offering and said sweetly, "I 'll 'elp you, duckie, hevery mornin' till you speak proper."

One warm June morning Franz arrived breathless and eager at the corner. The queen of his heart sat upon a soap-box, poring over the worn, yellow pages of a book. Little brown curls burst through the openings in her tattered hat, and a small toe protruded from her shoe. She raised her head, nodded, and bowed again over the book. Franz waited beside her, warm, silent, and wondering.

At last in exasperation, "Vat you dink, Cissie," he cried, "I speak goot enough de English?"

She nodded absently.

"Cissie," cried Franz, with beaming countenance, "und you mit me vill marry?"

Cecelia, springing to her feet, declared loudly: "I could never wed but a 'ero wot 'as did a noble deed."

"Aw, chuck it!" cried a passing cabby, lashing his whip playfully at her feet.

Cecelia continued: "When King Charles was king, a toff wot lived in the palace fell 'ead over hears in love with a gal wot sold flowers near the palace gate." She tapped Franz's blue-shirted chest with her book, thrusting her little face into his. "She 'd 'ave *none* o' 'im," she screamed.

Franz's round eyes bulged.

"Till one day," continued the narrator more calmy, "the toff come struttin' out the palace, an' 'e be'eld a w'ite palfry bearin' rapidly down on the hobject of his love. The toff leaped to 'er side, an' by a mighty heffort turned aside the frightened hanimal. Mud was on 'is satin coat, but 'e did n't care; 'e 'd did a noble deed." Cecelia paused for effect. Franz blinked.

"*Then* the girl married the toff." The little voice piped high in climax.

"Cissie," ventured Franz, meekly, "vat kint of pirt is de vite palfrey?"

"Wot kind o' bird!" gasped Cecelia. She rapidly surveyed her surroundings. Near at hand paused a speckled white horse, drooping in heavy harness. "There, fat 'ead," she cried, "is a w'ite palfrey. Bird! 'Oly Moses!"

A dim smile flickered momentarily over Franz's countenance.

"Laff," defied Cecelia, "but not till *you 've* did a noble deed will I 'ave you."

Wheels scraped the edge of the little stone island. A pleasant-looking elderly gentleman leaned from the cab. "Half dozen bunches of the primroses, young lady."

Cecelia delivered them quickly. "Six shillings, sir," she murmured modestly; "they 're growin' scarser." The pleasant old gentleman smiled broadly and paid.

"Geè hup!" said the cabby, "I s'y," he called back from behind a dirty hand, "you 're a nice young person overchargin' a gentleman. Give it to 'er, 'Arry. Don't stan' for 'er nonsense," he admonished the placid Franz.

From out of the bustling traffic came a frail, shabby girl, pausing uncertainly beside Cecelia. "I got only tuppence ha'-penny," she murmured; "would it buy *any* primroses at all? I—my little gal was born on Primrose day—an' she died to-day." The young mother choked back her sobs.

Cecelia swept handfuls of the flowers from the basket into the girl's arms.

It was a very warm day. Cecelia, with closed eyes, sprawled in utter abandon beside her flower-basket at the foot of the lamp-post.

"Cissie, mine Cissie."

Cecelia's soft eyes opened upon Franz, spotless and cool from recent ablutions. She waved him away and closed her eyes again.

"Cissie, look!" persisted the spurned one.

She looked and smiled. A bottle of brown fluid, with little pieces of lemon-rind bobbing about inside, was before her.

"Lor' lummy, you 're a duck!" she cried, and placing the bottle to her red lips, drank long and deep, and sighed happily.

Suddenly above the sound of traffic and the quick panting of hot, tired horses, there came a man's cry. Cecelia sprang up. Instantly her quick eye missed the blue-coated figure always on duty a few feet away. A crowd was gathering there. In a twinkling, with Franz in her wake, she had elbowed her way through the throng, and there in the road lay prostrate her friend the policeman.

"Uncle 'Arry! Uncle 'Arry!" wailed Cecelia. "It 's a sunstroke. 'Ere, some un, lift 'im out o' this." She raised the man's head, and with Franz dragged him to her corner, bending her little body to shelter him from the sun. Loud cursings and oaths from confused cabmen were wafted on the air. There was a crash, followed by splintering shafts.

Cecelia looked in wide-eyed terror at Franz. "Gawd 'elp us! heverything is a-runnin' into heverything else!"

Franz gazed toward the busy cross-roads.

An omnibus had run down a cab, which remained in the way. At his feet lay the policeman's discarded helmet. He picked it up, and clapping it securely down over his ears, tore for the scene of action.

"Vun side! vun side!" he yelled at the broken-down cabby. With wild gesticulations he placed himself among the oncoming vehicles. Crowded omnibuses, the drivers of which revived from prostration to laugh, were halted, or guided ahead in time to avert disaster. There were loud guffaws, hoarse cries of "Wot is it?" and allusions to a member of Parliament gone mad.

At last two blue-coated men came. One of them led Franz aside, and extricated him from beneath the helmet, with words of praise and vigorous slaps upon the back.

Franz turned to the island. Cecelia, hugging the lamp-post, was watching eagerly. "I go, else I lose mine jop," he said, and the hero's short legs bore him swiftly away.

THE next morning a heavenly rain was falling.. Cecelia, under a tattered umbrella, sang snatches from "The Gaiety Girl," and awaited the coming of her Franz.

As he approached, his gait was one of grave nonchalance, while the youthful rosiness of his cheeks seemed to have faded into a worldly pallor.

"Vell, Cissie," he began without eagerness, "you vill teach me a leetle dis morning?"

"Ho, will I, now!" responded Cecelia. "Listen to me lord dook."

Franz was plainly disconcerted.

"De policeman tell me yesterday I vas vun brave man," he murmured defensively, "und I may haf a reward."

"Lor' love us!" cried Cecelia.

"Vas it not a noble deed, den?" pleaded Franz.

Cecelia nodded. "You *are* a 'ero," she admitted. "Now 'ave n't you some nice gal wot you want to marry?" Cecelia's lowered lids concealed an impish light in her eyes.

"I haf a girl," came unexpectedly from Franz; "und she lof me."

There was a moment's silence, while Cecelia closed her umbrella and struggled to her feet.

"So you been a-foolin' me, 'ave you?" There was a sob in her voice, and reproachful eyes met Franz.

"Ah, nein, nein!" he cried passionately; "I haf only you."

It was a public corner, but the corner was Cecelia's own, and under the pattering raindrops she submitted to a quick embrace.

"Oh, mine lof!" cried Franz. He drew forth a sandwich, with a sudden recollection. "Mit shrimps between," he murmured.

FROM THE VALLEY OF THE WHEAT

BY ARTHUR UPSON

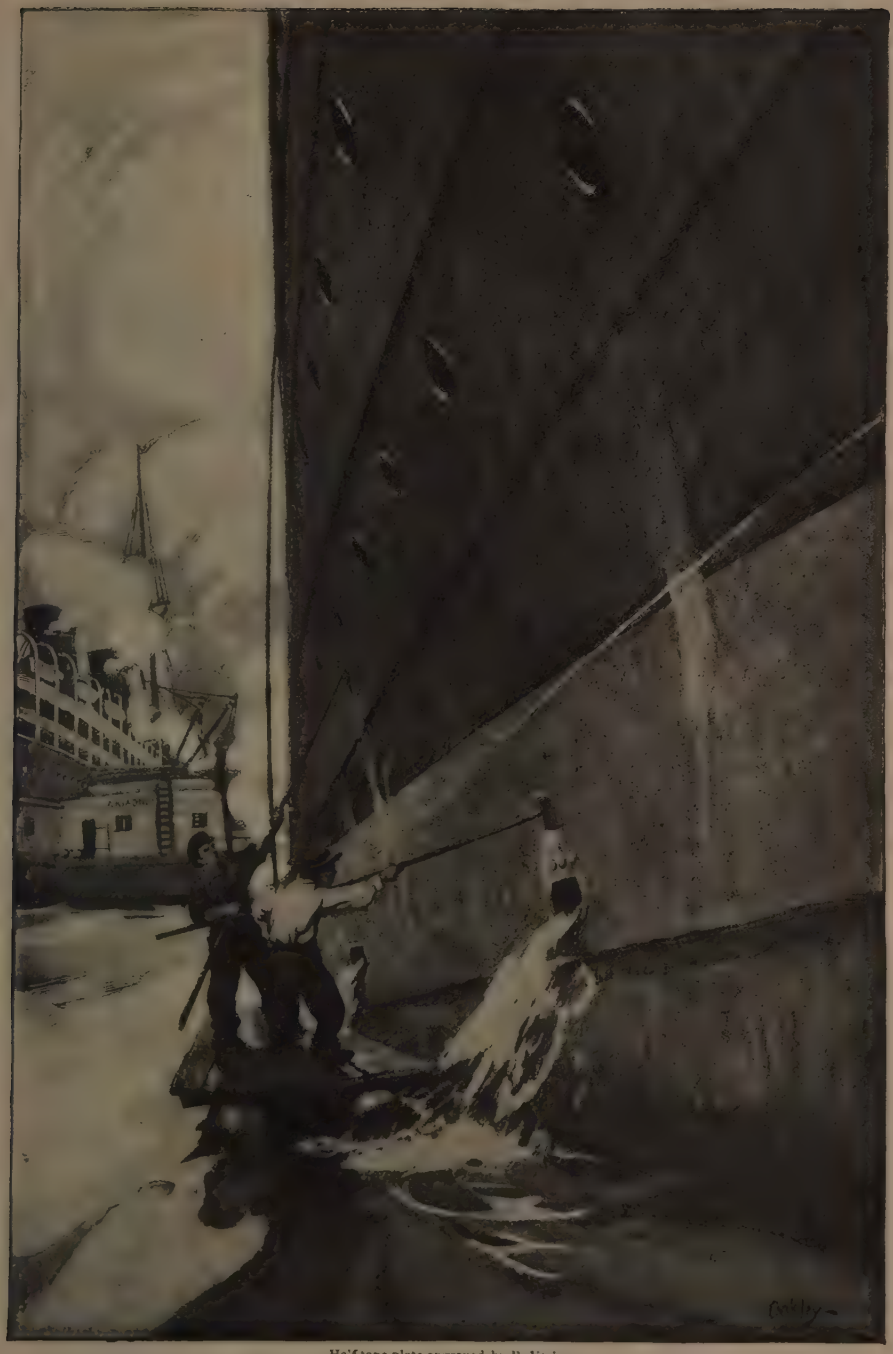
I SING to the trample of feet on golden floors—
A continent's court whose dust is drifting gold;
I chant with the voice of the flood that over it pours
Five hundred leagues at a lapse to the huge Gulf's hold.

I sing to the yielding of bolts of mountain doors,
To the echoes of iron that beat their measures bold,
While, east and west, to the strain of bursting stores,
Five hundred leagues asunder, the gates unfold.

Where the blind, quick seed of life for a thousand shores
Is blest by the harrow that sinks in the silent mold,
I sing to the tremble of steel where the trestle roars,
I chant to the throbbing of ships on seas untold!

THE LINER IN PORT

PICTURES BY THORNTON OAKLEY



Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

CLEANING THE HULL

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

LOADING FREIGHT ON THE WHARF

Half-tone plate engraved by F. Levin

TAKING ON COAL

ESQUIRE

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Author of "Where Speech Ends"

WITH PICTURES BY W. L. JACOBS

> Send 2c stamp for
> 200 pieces
> of rich mail matter.

ran the advertisement.

William was apparently engrossed in "The Christian Review," as became the Sabbath; but deep therein, like the kernel inside the dry, forbidding chestnut-burr, lurked "The Saturday Evening Delight." It was a magazine the very advertisements of which were more alluring to William than any part of "The Christian Review."

Two hundred pieces of rich mail matter all his own! That did not mean inclosures marked "For Willie" in elderly letters. No puny little envelops, juvenile size, worthy to be lost in the great adult mails, inscribed "Master Willie Conck." No; these two hundred pieces of rich mail matter would come to him life-sized and recognize him as a man among men. He hurried away to his correspondence.

The first rich piece arrived in three days, addressed Mr. William Conck, 124 Gramercy St., Newark, N. J., and a delicious thrill ran up and down William's spine when he found the envelop on the mantel and spelled it out to himself. There was much attractive reading matter inside, all about "The Arabs' Treasure Casket," and how it would be sent postpaid on receipt of ten cents. To make it the more convincing, a picture of the Arabs was given, snapped at the moment of finding the casket. They were grouped about a hole in the desert, lifting up astonished and joyful hands in praise of Allah. A mysterious box emerged from the hole, emitting shafts of brilliance. Even the camel hard by wore an expression of holy glee. But William always came back with fresh zest to a contemplation of the envelop.

"Mister William Conck," he chanted over and over to himself. It made even sweeter music in his ears than the closing bell at school, or the trumpet on Christmas eve announcing that the coast is clear to the tree.

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs

"WILLIAM ALWAYS CAME BACK WITH FRESH ZEST TO A CONTEMPLATION OF THE ENVELOP

The truth was that William was hungry for a little respect and consideration, because he was almost thirteen and had a great deal of aristocratic blood in his veins. But so had his parents. Heredity impelled them to treat somebody as a menial; and as the servant problem was delicate and Louisa so efficient, they had unconsciously been working out the promptings of their Virginian

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs

"'MOTHER, ESQUIRESS,' HE BEGAN"

ancestors upon their only child. William did not realize that apart from this one weakness they were model parents; for every day he was coming nearer the point where the filial horizon is dimmed by the red glare of exasperation.

"Willie," called Mrs. Conck, "stop messing with those foolish advertisements, and run and chop some kindlings for Louisa."

The spindle legs of William started sullenly for the woodshed.

"Ma," he said in passing, "won't you please not call me—that name? I hate it. And why do you always tell me to run everywhere? I only wish you 'd try running once to the butcher shop as you tell me to do every day! If I did just as you said, I 'd drop dead in a week."

Mrs. Conck looked up from her son's stocking with her chronic expression of galling, imperturbable, uncomprehending patience.

"Willie," she said, "what do you mean? My little son must learn not to be impudent."

With fiery, far-away eyes and dignified gait William made his way to the woodshed. But presently the postman's whistle brought him running to the front yard. That whistle had now a new and glamourous significance. It was magnetized.

The postman handed him a large envelop, and he trembled with joy as he read the address: "William Conck, Esquire." A mist straight from fairy-land floated before his eyes. At last he was appraised at his true worth in the world. His trembling fingers could scarcely open the flap.

It was a typewritten letter which called his attention to certain bargains in postage-stamps for collections. After some glowing descriptive passages, the writer

added: "Awaiting, honored sir, your convenience, I remain

"Yours most respectfully,

"L. MINSTEIN."

He carried that letter in his pocket next his heart all day, often pulling it forth to read and fondle deliciously in his spirit as a young girl fondles her first intimations of love. Several times he sat down and gnawed the pen-holder, trying to frame a worthy response, but always tore up his inadequate attempts. A changed being, he trod a changed earth. The courtesy of L. Minstein had entered into his system like an exhilarating microbe. He realized now that he was an entity, and his Virginian blood stirred and glowed and sparkled with the realization that at last he had been treated with the consideration due an entity, Esquire. He fell to wondering how he could ever again endure the ignominy of being called "Willie?" in the humiliating rising inflection of his mother, or "*Willie!*" in the browbeating, peremptory, fist-in-the-face falling cadence of his father. "William Conck, Esquire"—there was politeness, Christian kindness, a refinement of courtesy for you! If pa and ma would only call him by a selection from that glorious title once a day, he would be ready to—

Then, all at once he remembered his last interview with his father, and thought with shrinking of the absence of the amenities there. It was easy to recall what had passed between them.

"Willie, you little rascal," Mr. Conck had begun, "what do you mean by inviting the Dorman boy to lunch on your own responsibility?"

"He 's a dear friend of mine, pa," William had answered, "and he traded me an embossed 1869 signing-the-Decoration-of-Independence stamp with the perforations only cut off two sides, for a blue counterfeit triangular Cape of Good Hope. So, you see, I felt I must show him some little attention, and extend him the courtesies of my home."

"One would think, to hear you talk," Mr. Conck had said caustically, "that you were a gentleman of independent means, with a bat in your belfry. Come here to me!"

These words and deeds had rankled angrily in William's bosom ever since, but now he could recall them with more philosophy, for L. Minstein had reassured him. He *was* a gentleman, after all, he told himself, with passionate satisfaction. He had vaguely felt it all along, but now he was positive. If only he could get his pa and ma to treat him like one, his cup would be full.

He went up to his room and wrestled long with the problem but could not find a way out. His eye caught the Bible calendar which hung at the head of his bed. It had been his habit to consult it when in doubt, and it had helped him many times; but ever since his birthday he had kept it open at "Covet earnestly the best gifts," —a sentiment which he heartily endorsed. Now some obscure impulse made him turn to the verse for the day. It was: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs

"'IF YOU 'LL JUST CALL ME WILLIE, PA,' HE SOBBED"

"I 've got it!" cried William, slapping his thigh as he had seen men do.

Mrs. Conck was making cake when Louisa handed her a visiting-card.

"Mercy, goodness me!" she exclaimed. "Louisa, what does he look like?" But Louisa, with a very red face, had hurried into the back yard to take in the clothes.

"William Conck, Esquire," she read aloud. "Must be Cousin Bill. Just like his

stingy nature, having his cards written by a sidewalk faker, and he worth 'most a million, too. But what does that Esquire mean?"

She puzzled about it as she dressed, it was so unlike Bill. And as she rustled down twenty minutes later in her loudest black silk, she decided that the faker must have put the Esquire in for good measure.

There sat William on the hair-cloth sofa, very stiff and formal in his Sunday suit, his chin propped by a two-inch collar—an old one of his father's that he had cut down for the event.

"Mother, Esquiress," he began in the set manner of the Christmas festival orator, "I hope you are well, and I am the same. In thinking things over, I have decided that I have never treated you like a lady, and perhaps that 's the reason you have done even so to me. Please forgive me. You are a lady. I feel as if I was a gentleman. I 'll call you anything you say, if you 'll only call me—"

By the time that Mrs. Conck had recovered the use of her voice she had turned a dark, angry red. But her incorrigible, uncomprehending patience did not break down.

"My little boy," she said gently, "you don't know how much trouble and pain you give mama with all your freaks and tricks. You have lost me a good three quarters of an hour, besides spoiling the cake that I was making. Now promise mama that you 'll try and be a better little child."

William left that interview with discouragement sagging his shoulders. But he comforted himself by remembering the fine gentleman on the street car the day before who had confided to his neighbor that women-folks did n't know what honor or true courtesy meant. At the time William had thought more of the gentleman's strong breath and queer-looking eyes, but now the force of the sentiment came home to him and braced him up. He had never known the Bible calendar to fail him utterly. Pa, at least, must succumb. But, as it was wise to try him before he had seen ma, William started down-town at once.

A snickering office-boy led the way.

"Well," remarked Mr. Conck, shortly, without looking up from his desk, "what do you want?"

It was not the ideal atmosphere in which to attain a high level of politeness, but William made a desperate plunge.

"J. T. Conck, Esquire, dear sir," he began, and his father glanced up sharply, and saw the collar and the thin, formal face. "I fear I have not treated you as good as I ought, calling you pa and dad and all that, and I 'm going to turn over a new leaf, and please do ye even so to me."

Mr. Conck burst into a great laugh, and ran a towsling palm over William's laboriously plastered hair.

"Pretty good, Willie!" he cried. "What put that rot in your head? Now chase along and forget it. Here 's a quarter for some candy."

The boy's fingers tightened over the coin, though he did not realize that it was there.

"But, father," he cried in alarm, "won't you really *please* stop calling me that horrible name which I hate so? I 'd do anything on earth if you only would. Seems as if I could n't stand it another time."

Mr. Conck darted from his chair, seized William, swung him over his shoulder, head down, and pranced the circuit of the office, while the stenographer shrieked in delight.

"That 'll shake the bats out of your belfry, Willikins," he roared playfully, restoring him to earth with a jarring thud that disengaged one end of the big collar. "Now, skedaddle!"

Three months before, William would have entered into this adventure, and considered it great larks; but now the spirit of comedy had vanished, and given place to that of tragedy. To William's further humiliation, and to the diversion of the clerks in the outer office, his tears bedewed the floor as he fled the scene.

That evening a small boy walked into a small stationery store on the West Side of New York.

"Are you L. Minstein?" he asked an elderly, hawk-like man with piercing little black eyes and full lips.

"That 's me," was the answer. "What can I do for you?"

"Then you are the man who has been so polite to me. I am William Conck, Es-

quire, and I 'll work for you good just for my board and lodging if you 'll only go on treating me as nice as you have begun."

L. Minstein stared. Then his beady little eyes began to glitter as, with his keen, sure knowledge of human nature, he sized up this strange applicant.

"What can you do, sir?" he inquired courteously. "What experience have you had?"

"For one thing," answered William, "I know almost all about stamps. I can tell you just about any price in Hart's or McCue's catalogue. Then, too, I 'm a good business man. A few days ago I bought a fishing-rod off Jim Dorman for nineteen cents, and last week I sold it back for forty cents and a top. I had just varnished it up a little, you know."

"Yes, I know," returned L. Minstein, with deep, comprehending sympathy. "I 'll take you right in and welcome. My wife will show you to your chamber, sir."

For the first few minutes William found life in the stationery shop much to his taste. Although his "chamber" was curtained off from the dining-room, and the fare at the Minstein board was neither good nor abundant, yet every one treated him with such distinguished courtesy that it made his blood tingle almost as it tingled when he received the momentous typewritten letter. He was put in charge of the stamp department, and L. Minstein, after a whispered conversation with the stamp customers that came in, would escort them back and introduce them ceremoniously to William. These delightful people addressed him as Esquire and made him quite happy.

Not until ten o'clock of the following morning did the first discord ruffle the harmony of his new life. He was given a pile of letters to address,—the very kind of letter which had meant so much to him. First he found that they were printed by the thousand,—not typewritten at all,—and each was to be sent to an Esquire. As he addressed hundred after hundred of the cheap, yellow envelops, it came to him like a stitch in the side that this "Esquire," and this "honored sir," and this "yours most respectfully," did not carry so much weight of consideration, after all, as he had imagined. His head swam, his eyes did not feel nice. And as the complimentary significance of his precious letter began to pall, he felt more and more foolish and shame-faced. His head ached and he grew tired and a little cold, for there was a draft in the rear of the dim shop, and it was getting on in October, and he had on his thinnest suit.

After all, he reflected, there were better things than being a man of business, and even stamps begin to lose their magic when one can't collect them oneself.

By noon his headache was worse, and he almost hated the sight of stamps. He figured out how long it had been since he had had a game of anything, and thought what fun the kids were having with baseball in the empty lot at home. It was a bright, crisp day—the kind that makes indoors a sacrilege. As it wore on, his spirit grew cold and lonely like his body, and cried out to be gone. But he knew that was impossible. He would never have the courage to face the icy patience of his mother, or the fury of his seldom aroused but terrible father.

"Will*ie*? *Wi*llie!" he crooned to himself. The words had somehow lost their baneful sting. There was kindness lurking in them; whereas the cut and dried amenities of L. Minstein might, he suspected, be written almost entirely in dollar signs.

As the day dragged on, William seemed to grow paler and thinner. So did his summer suit. More and more the vision of two loving faces, the one sweet, delicate, patient, the other jolly, strong, bearded, kept slipping in between him and his stamps, so that, late in the evening, he spilled the ink over a valuable approval sheet. He looked up quickly, and then shrank back. There was L. Minstein, scowling, furious, with uplifted arm. But the store bell rang and saved the situation, taking the proprietor forward.

"They tell me," began the customer, "that you have a remarkable young clerk."

Something in the quality of that unseen customer's voice brought William's Adam's apple up so high that he had to swallow it back into place. He strained his ears.

"Right," said the proprietor; "the best that ever I struck, barring a slip now and then—and the cheapest, too. There 's just one thing he 's stuck on. He 's got to be treated as polite as a lord. Say, if you want to look at the stamps, kindly take the pains to call him Esquire, would you please? That 's the only thing. I 've had to watch like a cat for fear I or somebody else should treat him common and get him sore. In fact, you just saved me hittin' him, comin' in as you did. I would n't have really done it for anything. Why, I believe he 'll double my stamp business in a month."

The little boy heard familiar steps hastening down the shop. He sprang to his feet, but his eyes were blurred and useless.

"Esquire," said a deep, kind voice, "mother has been sick. We need you. Won't you come back to us? We 'll try to be more polite—"

The boy made a great leap to the counter and another into the friendly arms.

"If you 'll just call me Willie, pa," he sobbed.

THE IMMORTALS

BY CHARLES J. O'MALLEY

THE singers of the world, ah, who are they?
Those who have put away
All hope of gain and rulership and place
To go, despised, on the unending chase
After high Beauty, following where she runs,—
Beauty in twilights, stars and moons and suns;
Beauty in sea-wings flashed above gray capes;
Beauty in dawns and midnights and cloud-shapes;
Beauty in snowdrifts, pools, and rushing storms;
Beauty in laughter and in living forms,—
Onward, unresting, over crag and stream
Chasing the flying dream,
Till the white equities of moon and star,
Sowing their light afar,
Lead on their feet to kingdoms waiting long,
Where, young forever, dwell they glad with song.

The poets of the earth, they cannot perish.
Their music men will cherish;
Their songs build dawn as the large suns grow light.
They are the morning-makers of our night,
Great kings of melody forever hymning
Beauty and love, with jocund eyes clear-brimming.
The races rise and rule and pass, but they,
Immutable and glad, like strong gods, stay
In cool, green places where the years are young;
And hearts of lovers hold the strains they 've sung.
Deathless though dead, they have perpetual youth,
And Beauty know as Truth;
Priests of white hope they urge men's souls still on
To tracts of fairer dawn;
And it is always April where they wait,
Secure in morn that nevermore grows late.

THE PLAY IS NOT THE THING

BY ANNE WARNER

Author of "Seeing France with Uncle John," "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," etc.

THEY had just finished the first act, and several scene-shifters were rolling the walls of the hunting-lodge off into the big, empty spaces at the sides, while out of the middle distance of ropes, wires, pipes, and heaped-up confusion, some half-dozen of their brethren by trade were bringing forward boxes, barrels, and irregularly shaped pieces of wood, which, when properly adjusted with an eye to the audience, would appear strikingly like grass-tufts, rock-heaps, ammunition, neatly piled fire-wood, and so on. Overhead, the ceiling was being wound up on its roller and forest verdure was descending in its place; two men were dragging in the tent, which looked distressingly new, and on that account distressed every one who looked at it. In the foreground, Evelyn Davies and the little ingénue with the bright face and the shabby frock sat wearily, silently, side by side, upon an imitation round log with sharp edges. Acton, his third finger laid against his lips, stood at the left, musing; Platt, his hat well back, his face red with exertion, was out near the footlights. The only person in the theater who was in front of them was Miss Keysar, the writer of the play, and she sat there all alone.

It was about two o'clock in the morning, the rehearsal being then in its third hour. It was the second one that day, too, and Evelyn Davies was so tired, so white, so pale, that Miss Keysar felt a royal contempt for her. The little ingénue, in spite of the hang of her dress, was much more to that superior young woman's liking. The little ingénue was indefatigable; she had gone over her first comedy part eleven times without a murmur and without a cat. No one saw anything funny in the way that she had knelt, saying soothingly: "'Puss, puss, puss, poor, po-o-o-r pussy!'" over and over again, or in the way she had eleven times patted the air nine inches from the floor.

"Hug it tighter," Acton had advised, and she had at once snatched up a large handful of nothing and lavished caresses upon it while she pressed it close.

"I guess you 'll get it all right soon," Acton, standing glowering in the wings, had commented, causing the girl to smile rosily, so that even Miss Keysar, down in the dark below, smiled a little herself—a chill smile; for Miss Keysar was of a chill nature—although wonderful.

That is very hard—the being of a cold exterior. One may rise above almost every physical or mental deformity except that intangible iciness of expression which seems at first sight so very repelling to most of the superficial world. Miss Keysar was handsome, clever, undeniably affable, patient with such trifles as the newness of the tent and the greenness of the little ingénue. Acton liked her im-

mensely, Platt had a great respect for her practical ideas as to certain difficulties in stage-carpentering, the little ingénue was timidly grateful for two important changes in her own lines; but on account of that cold nature of hers, every one else in the company and on the stage disliked the writer of the new piece and carried their bitterness even to the point of feeling a vague resentment over her fidelity at the rehearsals. In the daytime they could all see her sitting there, conspicuous enough in the empty theater, her face pale and drawn with weariness, which, on her regular features, partook of a certain haughty boredom that was far from being her real sentiment; and then at night, when they could not see her in the lonely blackness beyond the footlights, they still knew that she was there, and wished that she was n't. When Acton sprang down where the orchestra was meant to be, and made his way, groping, out into the shadow to consult with her, every one wished that he would n't; and when he climbed back to their level and altered the stage set a bit here and there, they all felt a sort of angry sympathy with the jerked-about chairs and tables. And all this jarring clash of badly attuned telepathic sympathies arose from the mere fact that Miss Keysar's genius masked itself behind a cold—an uncommonly cold—exterior.

All of which is mere interposed explanation. The true story follows the stage-setting of the second act, which was pushed forward with that ready vigor and good will at taking hold anywhere which characterizes most paid help about three A.M.

Having laid down the rocks and stood up the bushes and put the tent into place, the scene-shifters were now dragging in the ammunition-boxes and barrels, all done in very dazzling blue, with a big black "U. S. A." stenciled conspicuously on them.

"They don't look very strong to me," said Acton, kicking one with his foot. In his double character of hero, who leaped to freedom from the top of the pile, and of stage-manager, who was responsible for the solidity of the hero's footing, he viewed the boxes with anything but an impartial eye.

"They 're strong as can be, Mr. Acton," said Platt, pushing his hat farther back than ever. "They 're specially made for your part."

Acton walked across the stage, turned, made a short dash, and sprang with one foot upon a long sort of chest which, to the audience, would appear calculated for an elephant to do tricks on.

The top stove in with a crash, and Acton saved himself with his other foot, twisted a little, and surveyed Platt with a speaking eye. The latter rubbed his forehead, and gave his hat another backward shove.

"Well, you was right, sir," he said.

"You see!" said Acton, freeing his foot.

"Yes, sir, I see."

"What 'll you do?"

"We 'll have to put iron braces on the one you mean to jump on, sir."

"Iron braces!" said Acton, scornfully. "Yes, and some night I 'll jump on the wrong one, and have to escape through the hole in the tent with six-by-two-by-two of box hanging on my foot. That won't do."

Platt scratched his head, and then pulled forward his hat.

"Well, the hole in the tent 's all right anyhow, ain't it?" he said. "We can fix the boxes up to-morrow, can't we?"

"I reckon so," said Acton, running his hand up and down the loose flap. "Yes, that flap 's all right. Come, now, get 'em on. We want to get through in time for lunch, if we can."

He went forward, and leaped down on the floor of the pit.

"Same place, Miss Keysar?" he called questioningly.

"Yes; left aisle," she replied.

He felt his way along by the front row of seats, and then, his eyes becoming better used to the gloom, he suddenly perceived her face, quite white amid the surrounding blackness. No man alive could have divined from her face or tone that it was mainly for these brief moments that she sat hour after hour at the long rehearsals.

"How does it seem to be going?" he asked.

"Fairly well." A cold exterior never effervesces in compliments, even when its heart is fluttering.

"These last ones have been awful,

have n't they?" He moved into a seat behind and a little to the left of hers, and leaned his arms, crossed, upon the back of the one in front, and his chin upon them.

"Awful," she said briefly.

Acton sighed. He was of a hopeful nature, but he was tired.

"The girls do well, I think," he said presently.

"It 's to be hoped the ingénue has some better-hanging skirts than the one she wears to-night."

"Oh, she 'll be all right when it comes to the real business. She gets through with her part all right, don't you think?"

"Very well; better with her part than the heroine does with hers."

"She 'll do better, too, later." He spoke very gently. "You see, they—we are all so tired. It 's been a pull."

"Yes," said Miss Keysar. "You remember I never was in favor of such hurrying in getting it on myself."

Acton made no reply. He was thinking what a contrast this woman was to her own work. He was thinking of the tender love-scenes, the passionate words of renunciation, the great dramatic climax, and wondering how it could be that—

"But you think it will go?" she asked, interrupting his thoughts with the question of both their minds.

"I can't think anything else. It 's a great play."

"Oh, thank you,"—there was a suspicion of warm human gladness in her voice,—"thank you many ways."

He rose and went back to the stage where the actors were now gathering in groups, with weary faces and figures, for it was nearly three o'clock.

"Where are the supes?" Acton asked.

Platt pulled his hat forward on to his forehead as he answered, "They 've gone, sir."

"*Gone!*"

"Were all out there five minutes ago; ain't anywhere now."

"Who 's responsible?"

A tall, thin man came nearer.

"I guess me, but I ain't to blame. I got 'em, an' I had 'em here, an' I never figgered on their givin' me the slip if I let 'em sit out in the cool."

"Do you think you can get them to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Well, then we 'll have to do without them to-night; but don't ever trust them to sit out in the cool again."

The man grinned. "You bet I won't," he replied with feeling.

"Take your place now, Brennan; let me get into my handcuffs. Curtain call there!"

The second act opened and moved slowly on. Evelyn Davies was brought in on a stretcher and carried to the tent where the young army surgeon was under arrest. They went five times over the lines where she opened her eyes and saw him, and learned that he was the traitor. "'I won't believe it! I won't believe it!'" she cried passionately.

Acton, who had raised her in his arms, let her down on the stretcher again at once.

"That won't do," he said, not crossly but peremptorily. "No woman who has fainted from loss of blood could scream like that. You must gasp it, groan it—so: 'I won't—believe it! I—won't—believe it!' Try the whole over again. Brennan, you begin with 'Be jabbers! here 's the doctor handy.'"

Brennan, who was standing watching a man brace up a loose tree, came over obediently, looked at Miss Davies in deep concern, and then, turning, and perceiving Acton, gave a glad start and cried, rubbing his hands:

"'Be jabbers! an' if here ain't the doctor handy!'"

Acton shook his head.

"Won't do. I 'll tell you, Brennan, you want to throw more start in there; let it burst over you all in a flash that I *am* a doctor. Watch me." He slipped off his hand-cuffs and went over by the tent-flap. Evelyn Davies sighed wearily, and closed her eyes as she lay on the stretcher; Brennan, his brows drawn together in the intensity of his attention, watched the star do his part.

After a little the act moved forward again; the heroine wept, and confessed her love.

"'Only you! only you!'" she sobbed, her arms around Acton's neck.

"Hold on," he said suddenly; "the wind begins to wail here. Where 's the wail?"

Platt came around and into the tent.

"Where do you want the first wail, Mr. Acton?"

"Want it right here, right now, right as she says, 'Only you! only you!' Then it grows more and more until the storm bursts."

"All right, sir." Platt put his hat on square, and went back into the region behind the tent.

"We 'll begin over again," said the hero to Miss Davies.

"Where?" she asked wearily.

"Begin at 'Oh, is it really, really—?' "

They began over again, and progressed smoothly to "'Only you!—only you!'" Here her lover raised his head from where he was bending above her and asked, "Well, where 's the wail?"

"Wail 's coming, sir," cried a voice from the rear.

"Don't want it coming; want it now," Acton cried back. "Suppose we must try it over again," he said to her. Her face contracted wearily,—she sank back upon the stretcher,—

"From where?" she asked.

"Oh, from 'You have saved my life.' "

They began again, once more worked up to the impassioned "Only you! only you!" Here they stopped short.

"Well!" Acton shouted in fierce question.

A sudden flurry resulted at once.

"Do you call that a wail of wind?"

"Very sorry, Mr. Acton,"—it was Platt's voice,—"wail don't work to-night. Be all in order to-morrow noon."

Acton put Evelyn Davies' head down abruptly, sprang to his feet, and started out of the tent. Right at the flap he met Platt coming in.

"Now, this won't do at all, you know. Is it just the wail, or is the whole storm out of gear? We 've got to have these things settled."

"The storm 's all right, sir,—we tried it this morning,—and heaven only knows what ails the wail; that was all O. K., too, then."

"Well, it is n't all O. K. now evidently."

"No, sir; maybe we could put a barrel and a blanket over the storm, and make a shift at a wail that way."

"Oh, that 's all rot; a wail 's a wail, and a storm's a storm. Cummins will have to stand there and say 'Wail' where it comes in, and let it go at that. Then after the third wail let the storm turn on. Understand?"

"Yes, sir. Hail, too?"

"Hail, too—the whole thing."

"Yes, sir."

Platt pushed his hat back and walked away. Acton returned to Evelyn Davies, her lashes were wet as she lay on the hard floor.

"Now we 'll begin again," he said.

"Where?" she asked, opening her eyes.

"Begin at 'I won't believe.' "

She sighed, and began over again.

Slowly the act worked up to the climax, Acton gathered her to his bosom. "'Then you care for me even in my disgrace?' " he asked, looking straight down into her eyes. "'For me—for only me?' "

"'Only you!' " she sobbed, "'only you!' "

"Wail!" cried the prompter from the wings.

Acton bent farther over the prostrate figure of the girl. "'You really love me?' " he asked, hardly seeming to believe his ears. "'You really love me? Here, in this darkest hour of my life, to think—' "

"Wail!" cried the prompter.

"'—to think that your love should come to me!' "

"'Not come to you,' " she murmured to the gallery; "'it has always been yours—ever since the first—ever—' "

"Wail!" cried the prompter.

"The tent must shake with that last wail," said Acton, stopping his part suddenly. "The tent shakes with the wail, and it 's the shaking that makes me remember where I am. What shakes the tent?"

Platt came forward quickly.

"There 's a rope going to be fastened to this pole, Mr. Acton. That 's what shakes the tent."

"Are you sure that it 'll work?"

"Always has worked, sir."

"You 'd better get it and try it right now. We want to get every detail straight to-night. A man in love might not notice some wind, but anybody in a tent 's bound to observe if it starts to fall down on him."

"Johnny," said Platt to one of the scene-shifters who was examining his thumb near by, "go and get a rope—a small one—and bring it to me."

Acton walked forward to the footlights and, shielding his eyes from their glare, tried to look to where Miss Keysar was sitting.

"Still there?" he called.

"Still here," she called back.

"Does it seem to be going smoothly?"

Her answer was a peculiar little laugh. He smiled and walked back to watch the rope adjusted. It worked, the tent threatened to collapse in a most satisfactory manner, the love scene came to its climax and the repetitions went slowly on.

The dawn was stealing in the open gallery exits long before the second act was finished. The little ingénue did very well in her bright lines and Miss Keysar smiled graciously even though no one could see it. Acton came down and sat with her while they were altering the set for the third act.

"It 's a great play," he said thoughtfully—"a great play. I can't see how you ever thought it out."

"It was n't hard," she said, smiling.

He laid his face sidewise on his crossed arms, so that he could watch hers.

"To think of its all being in you," he said, regarding her curiously—"all those emotions, and the power to put just the words that express them down on paper. It 's marvelous to me."

A certain gleam of joy shone in her eyes. "It comes easily to *me*," she said.

"I can't imagine you writing some of these words; no one would take you to know anything about those feelings."

"Indeed." There was an echo of displeased challenge in her tone.

"You are splendid and great," Acton said slowly, his face still turned and watching hers, "but I cannot imagine you speaking the phrases of our heroine."

The dawn was so far advanced that he thought that he could see a deep blush overspreading her whole face, and watched its realization in wonder. Neither spoke for a little.

"And—and you think it will be a success?" she said presently, in seeming confusion.

"I don't see any other way for it."

"Act third!" cried the prompter.

Acton quitted her then. Her eyes followed his strongly silhouetted figure as it moved toward the footlights, and climbed back to their level. She knew more of his life than he did of hers, and knew how its struggles and hardships had made him what he was. There was nothing grudging in the admiration her brain gave his, and there was nothing limited in another emotion which their later intimate relation had developed within her. Why had he spoken as he had of the love-scenes in the play? Why had he found it so difficult to imagine her writing them? Why should he fancy her incapable of writing of love and passion?

The third act was where the little ingénue with the bright face and the badly hanging skirt had her big chance. Acton had not spared her at any of the previous rehearsals, and he did not spare her now. She showed the results plainly. She was a freckled little girl, and the genuineness of her youth shone forth in the mixed light of electricity and dawn. The tears were standing plainly in Evelyn Davies' tired eyes; Platt's every third word was half-yawn; but the little girl was as fresh and smiling as she had been when they began work six hours before.

"She really is what they call a 'bully little girl,'" Miss Keysar said to herself, and, Acton coming down just then to study the general effect of a tableau, she repeated the remark to him.

He smiled, "She 's the stuff all right," he assented simply, then called out to those behind the scenes: "Put on your reds," and went still farther back to see how "the reds" would do when "put on."

Along about eight they finished, the footlights were turned off, and every one filed out into the day with curious sensations of an existence oddly altered and out of place. Another rehearsal was called for twelve sharp, so there was a hasty dispersal in search of rest, and Miss Keysar, summoning a cab, fled away as rapidly as the rest.

THE second evening after was the opening. It opened to a packed house. Not only was the house packed, but the sales for a week ahead were exceptional. There was everything to flatter and encourage both the playwright and the star, and both were flattered and encouraged.

Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"HE WAS THINKING WHAT A CONTRAST THIS WOMAN WAS TO HER OWN WORK"

Miss Keysar sat alone in one of the stage-boxes and looked as handsome, dignified, stiff, and impassive as usual. When the first act was over and the applause was wild she turned and stared coldly over the whole house. It was an odd attitude to take, but it was her way. It was as much her way to stare coldly as it was the little ingénue's to smile. The applause kept on and on, and finally Acton came around to the door of the box and told her she must be led before the curtain. She arose at that and went with him. The people were stamping madly when she appeared; and then when she looked at them their enthusiasm swelled, subsided and died away. Acton made his two bows in fine style, and led her back to the box, which at once became the focus of all eyes. She stared straight over their interest, thinking only of how little *they* counted, the play being a success. And Acton shared in that success—that success of hers. That was what counted.

He came again into the box, and sat down in the back and talked a little. He was oddly restless and nervous, and went away in five minutes or so, and then the second act passed without a jar, the storm bursting, the tent falling, the escape being made quite to the instant. The applause was again tremendous; the whole company was called before the curtain, and Miss Keysar, her face full of a blush-rose excitement, stood up and clapped, looking so beautiful that her stare was forgotten and she had her full share of the plaudits.

Then, when all was quiet and she was seated again, Acton, who was out of the first half of the next scene, parted the curtains behind her once more.

"Well, are you very, very proud?" he asked, standing there in the half dark, an odd figure in his hunting buckskins.

"I do not think so," she said, smiling.

"Why?"

"Because I wanted to dare to come and thank you."

"To dare! Why, it is I who should thank you." She did not believe her words, but she said them graciously enough.

He slipped through the curtains, and sat down on one of the chairs in the shadow.

"I 'm a made man now," he said; "it will run weeks, months, with this start; and then when the business here falls off, we 'll go on the road with it."

"Yes," she said.

He sat still, just back of her shoulder. The little ingénue was on the stage. They both watched her.

"Do you think that she promises?" he asked.

"Very well."

There was a long pause then.

"I 'll tell you something," the man said suddenly. "I 've never told you; but, then, I 've never told any one—"

Miss Keysar turned toward him.

"What is it?" she asked. Her heart seemed standing still.

"You know marriage is no great advantage to an actor—you know that, don't you?"

"Yes." She could hardly voice the one syllable.

"But still one can only be a man."

She raised her hand as if to hush him. The ingénue was making every word of her part tell. After a minute the hand fell slowly: it was as if Acton was given permission to resume. He leaned forward and whispered:

"She has been my wife for a month; she never acted till then."

Miss Keysar's head swayed toward the audience, and then toward him.

"Is that so?" she said coldly.

"Yes," he answered. "I think she does admirably—considering."

"Oh, admirably."

He rose. "I must go back now. I 'm glad I 've told you my secret. You seem like a good fairy to me."

"You flatter me." Her tone cut like a knife.

Every fiber in him stirred to repulsion. He bowed and left her, and when he came upon the stage he saw that she had quitted the box. A spirit of disgust rose sharply within him, they had all labored so hard and she was so thankless.

"Kitty," he said to the little ingénue, when he found her in the wings, "when it 's over, we 'll run off and have a jolly little spree of our own—to celebrate."

Kitty smiled rapturously.

And at home in her own room Miss Keysar sat alone, looking out into the night—the night of her triumph.

From the painting in the Louvre. See "Open Letters"

THE BLESSING. BY JEAN BAPTISTE SIMÉON CHARDIN

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS—III)

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS

THE BLESSING

BY

JEAN BAPTISTE SIMÉON CHARDIN

Piers Gaveston.

DANDIES

BY ANDREW LANG

WITH PICTURES BY SCOTSON CLARK

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE wrote a rather long essay on the philosophy of dandyism, regarding the dandy as one who, in a certain region of life, aspires to perfection. No doubt that is the aim of the dandy, as of the saint. The saint endeavors to reach perfection in conduct, the dandy, in "the nice conduct of a clouded cane." I remember a young dandy, let us call him Delamere, with whom I was at college, and in my mind's eye see "perfect Delamere!" written in chalk on a wall of Balliol. So far, perhaps, we are to sympathize with the dandy. If we are to be clothed (on which civilization insists), let us be clothed to perfection. Even nude races know this impulse, and Captain Cook writes of the Fuegians (I think), "This people would rather be fine than clad." A ribbon or a red rag made them fine; of decency and comfort they were regardless, and the red blanket which might have clothed one man, being torn to rags, converted into dandies a small tribe.

Few saints have been remarkable for the careful elegance of their attire after

they began to aim at perfect holiness. But St. Thomas of Canterbury was a magnificent dandy before he became an archbishop, and Jeanne d'Arc loved a new costume just as much as any other healthy, natural girl. Of course when it comes to denying yourself everything, and giving away half your cloak to a beggar, like St. Martin, you cannot be well dressed; but you may be clean, though all saints have not taken this view of the case. I know a member of a learned Order of Regulars who wears a casual cassock at his college in the country, but in town simply glitters with chaste and subdued elegance.

One is sorry for the dandies of our day, because, though their clothes fit ever so well, and are ever so fresh, custom prescribes a dark or subfusk hue, with no lace, no velvet (above all, not on coat collars); no slashes, puffs, and vandykings; no pearls and gold; no gules and azure. The common trousers are shapeless things, and, for perfection, you need two pairs every day. Genius is stunted, display is checked, and, though you may wear brilliant hose with knickerbockers in the country, glorious waistcoats are rarely seen except in the windows of tailors' shops at Oxford and Cambridge. The dandy can only cultivate immaculate neatness and perfection of fit. Our officers at Ladysmith, when the place was relieved, looked like skeletons, but were as spruce and neat, I have been told, as ever they showed in the Park. They cultivated self-respect, like Stendhal, the celebrated novelist, who was said to have been the only man that shaved every day in the dreadful winter retreat from Moscow. This is the dandyism which we admire, the perfection of personal self-respect exhibited in Julius Cæsar, Claverhouse, and Montrose, combing his love-locks, like the Three Hundred of Ther-

George Villiers.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

mopylæ, on the morning of his shameful death. He went to the gibbet "like a bridegroom to his bride." History, and "the human heart by which we live," have an immortal tenderness for the great, the wise, the brave, who have died dandies as they lived, gallant hearts and stately gentlemen.

The Middle Ages were favorable to dandyism, though the barons were apt to hang or behead the plucky, reckless, vain, and supercilious dandies. Chivalrous costumes were in color and grace like the flower-enameled fields of southern France in May. Heraldry, with its treasure of colors and of brilliantly quaint devices, was applied to coats and surcoats; hose were party-colored; gold and lace and exquisite needlework, and, in winter, rich and costly furs, decked the costume of the dandy. Fantasy ruled the hour, and the rent of an estate might furnish a single suit of holiday, while armor was as bright and varied as silver, gold, and steel, and crests, badges, and 'scutcheons could make it. It was a natural thing that a young prince or king should like to shine like the dragon-fly, when "he leaves the wells where he did lie," and to have gallant young men no less glittering about him. Such youths, of course, were arrogant beyond endurance, and in the long run were not endured. Imperfect human nature could not tolerate the perfect medieval dandy. Even children are taught the lesson of Piers Gaveston, the son of a Gascon knight—not even English—the playfellow from boyhood of Prince Edward. The prince's long-shanked father, Edward I, the Hammer of the Scots, should have found for him a less gay and charming friend. Piers was not, perhaps, more vicious than another; he had such tricks as are noted in gentlemen. He was distinguished by his skill with horse and lance and sword, and made with the

Samuel Pepys.

prince a Scottish campaign. In Scotland they found no tourneys, no gay ladies, but much marching through lands stripped and burned, and much chasing of light-footed, slovenly men through bogs, marshes, and mountain glens. It was not a war for dandies; it was not like campaigning in France; nor can we doubt that wild Piers and the prince grumbled fearfully, and diced, and were impertinent to the heavy-bearded barons and the warlike bishops.

When Edward I tarried near the border, at Lanercost, on his last march, he banished Piers from the prince's company. And then the king died at Brough-on-Sands, and the prince did not carry his terrible bones to make war on Bruce, and avenge the sacrilegious murder of the Red Comyn. It was no war for dandies, but exactly resembled the later part of the struggle in South Africa. Bruce was Botha, James Douglas was De Wet, Randolph was Delarey. The English scattered and pursued the Scottish leaders, they "surrounded" them, they made strategic combinations; and then Edward Bruce cut his way through the lines by a cavalry charge, on a misty morning; or Bruce's spears were too stubborn for them at Loudoun Hill; or Douglas cut off small parties and captured castles by surprise—all this on desolate, dank moors, "where never victual grew," or by the banks of lonely lochs, where the English were trapped between black water and perpendicular precipice. "Such was the appearance of war," as Homer says, on which the royal dandy and his Patroclus turned their backs. In England, Piers unhorsed the heavy patrician barons in the lists, won the hearts of the ladies, was a puppy, a parvenu, "a favorite," the most fatal title of all. He was driven away, and returned; he was made Royal Bootjack, or something of that kind, when men of

the highest birth were pining for the illustrious office. The nicknames which Piers gave to the hostile earls may have seemed funny to the foolish, frivolous king, but appeared vulgar to others, and deserving of the stab. Piers was a butterfly with a sting. He was exiled, but came back, fluttering round the royal candle, and "Black Dog" caught him, and bit. The head of Piers was smitten from his elegant shoulders on June 19, 1312, and so he did not survive to redeem his name, to charge alone, with D'Argentine, upon the Scottish spears, and leave life and win eternal honor at Bannockburn.

Another dandy of Edward's was there, the younger Despencer, and probably was with Edward when he felled the Scots that seized his bridle; for the royal dandy turned savagely at bay, though, being a king, he let somebody turn his horse, and fled, with Douglas at his heels cutting off every man who dared to alight for a moment. It was a dark day for dandies, that torrid day of midsummer. Despencer, with Edward, was well mounted, and got clean off, being nearly taken later at Byland fight, when the Scots routed the English on a stricken field, in the heart of Yorkshire. Afterward he was intrusted with treating for terms of peace, and soon the world was relieved of the royal dandy, his master.

I do not know that we can fairly call Samuel Pepys a dandy of the Restoration. He was not of good family (there was a tailor in his lineage). He was a hard-working official of the Admiralty, and though he loved a new coat "but even too well," and was profligate in a style both cowardly and heartless, Dorset or Grammont would not have reckoned Pepys a dandy.

Nash, as master of ceremonies and ruler of the gaieties of Bath, was of some

Beau Nash.

Count D'Orsay.

use in his day and his way—a way rather open to contempt, but *il faut vivre*. Doubtless he dressed in a manner befitting his estate in life.

D'Orsay was one of the most beautiful of men, and had good wits, and not a bad heart, though his idea was to live as one of the lilies of the field, with that other wit and lady dandy, Lady Blessington. Racing, politics (those of the exiled Bonaparte, later Napoleon III), and intellect (he knew Dickens, and all the wits), with horses and art, filled the life of D'Orsay, till on him, as on Brummell, came "the wicked day of destiny," of exile, of want of pence.

I know not that Edward III loved dandies, but they were even too dear, with their long shoe-tips chained to their knees, to Richard II, the most beautiful of our kings, who also came to an ill end in Pontefract Castle. That Poins was a dandy we cannot affirm, and the witty knight was nowise slim and elegant. Queen Elizabeth, of course, was the Gloriana of gallant dandies like Raleigh and Essex, who, as school-boys say, "put on frills," that still amaze us in their portraits. To please that "imperial votaress," men must go as bravely clad as Leicester (whose neck she graciously tickled when she belted him earl), and have legs as shapely as Sir Christopher Hatton's and a beard as daintily trimmed as that of Essex. It was the golden age of tailors, and the new fashions were brought in with every gallant who swam in a gondola, and returned to rule old England. Now, on the other hand, the world seems rather to look on our tailors as "the glass of fashion and the mould of form."

James, Sixth of Scotland and First of England, was one of the least lovely of men, with active but weak shambling legs, and a tongue that lolled from his lips, and he was perhaps the worst-dressed

man in his dominions. We know his fat, wadded coat, probably a weather-beaten old hunting coat; we know the disreputable frayed bagginess of his trunk hose, and the seedy old felt hat, with the carcanet of gold and rubies. His Majesty was exceeding ill-groomed, and contemporaries do say that he never washed, but wiped his grubby hands with a damp towel. Blood of deer and dust of books are not so easily cleaned, and the British Solomon was decidedly a "grobian." Books and hunting were his joy, and a bookish man is hardly ever a well-dressed man. "If you *will* carry books in your pocket, Sir—" said the present writer's tailor, with an eloquent aposiopesis. James also carried a monumental hunting-flask, for, as the Scottish preacher said, in a sermon on temperance, he "was aye dram, draming." Being ugly, dirty, slovenly, shapeless, and elderly, James naturally loved to have dandies about him. One famous dandy, Ker, came from the Border, where men are seldom given to the worship of the Graces, and he, being handsome and magnificent, was dear to the king, who belted him Earl of Somerset. He was, perhaps, the very pink of Scottish dandies, for our faces are seldom our fortunes, and it is not in Princes street, Edinburgh, that you see men of the type of the Mignons of Henri III. Our loveliest dandy was the great Viscount Dundee, "with the face that ladies loved to look on, and limners to paint," but he was a man of the sword. The elegant Somerset's charms brought him to an end of really unspeakable grief, and then came the king of all dandies, George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham (son of a country knight), whom James called "Steenie," because his face, like Saint Stephen's, "was as the face of an angel." Villiers was educated and trained to be a dandy and a favorite, and

George IV.

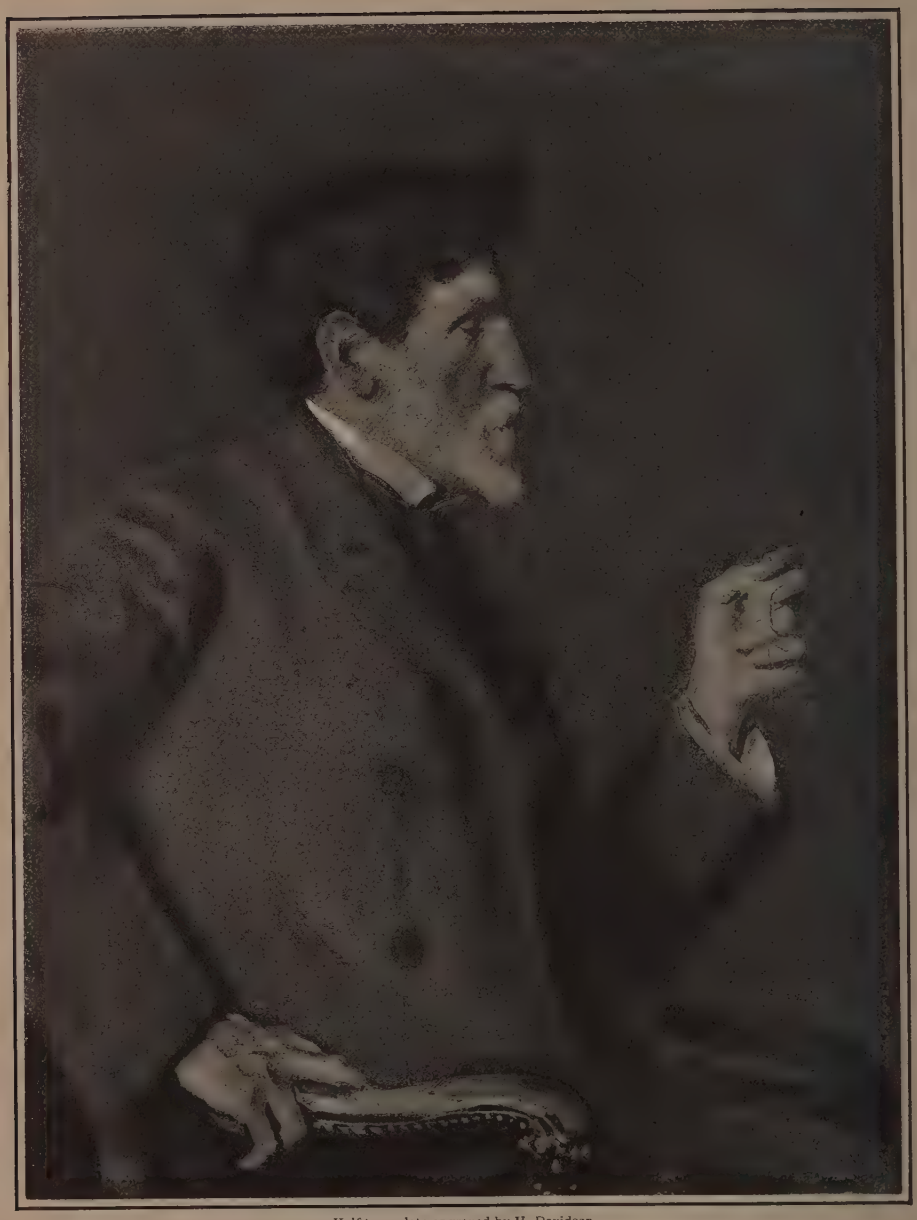
George Brummell.

alone, perhaps, of favorites, was equally dear to the father and the son, to the king and the Prince of Wales. He must, indeed, have been irresistible, and history (also Alexandre Dumas) tells us how, in all the jewels of the crown, a mass of opal and ruby and diamond fire burning on white satin and white velvet, he audaciously wooed Anne of Austria, the Queen of France. Her Majesty's heart was not untouched, but her loyalty to her unamiable lord was unshaken. They say that Buckingham made a war with France merely that he might see the queen again when arranging terms of peace. But, with all his daring and some energy, he merely encountered defeat, and, with his dandyism and his tendency to Catholicism, ruined the hold of Charles I over the hearts of his people. Then came the dagger of the insane Puritan, Felton, and Buckingham did not live to see the king reap what the dandy had helped to sow.

Charles II preferred wits to dandies, Cromwell had no taste for dandies, and we do not meet a really famous, though quite unpolitical dandy and favorite, till we come to Beau Brummell and George IV, when Prince of Wales. The Beau was of no family, but his father had been private secretary to Lord North (that famous and judicious statesman), and sent the Beau to Eton, where he was liked, was called "the Buck," and he later by his elegance and cool, gay impudence endeared himself to the Prince of Wales, that egregious would-be dandy. Costume, verging on the modern, was clumsy; heavy, high collars hid the fashionable neck, fold upon fold of starched muslin enveloped it in front: but the leg was still on view. They say that Brummell was the roof and crown of sober elegance; not gaudy in his array; rather somber, when compared with glorious Gaveston and brilliant Buckingham. The

prince would watch him dressing in an ecstasy of adoring admiration. But the Beau left the Tenth Hussars long before Wellesley led his dandy officers to the Peninsula; he lost his little fortune at cards, he became too impudent, even for the prince; he was "cut" by the great man, and asked his companion, "Who is your fat friend?" He left the town forever in the year after Waterloo; he declined to keep a tiny sinecure in France; he ended as an object of charity and disgust—poor Beau, a beautiful clay pipkin that had tried to float among the solid pots of gold and steel. Many men, since the Beau, have sought to advertise themselves by wit and impudence and dandyism, but Disraeli was the only great success. Long ago a very old lady told me that she had seen him at a great party, knowing few people, "not looking like a gentleman," and wearing green velvet breeches! It sounds impossible, but that was her story. On the whole, it seems that fighting dandies are the best of the breed, and that the other kinds, if they persevere too long, come to bad ends. Yet it is better, and more human, to be a dandy than a grobian. Buffon was a dandy of science, and, if I go to a party of the Fellows of the Royal Society, I wish that there were more Buffons. David Hume, too—that smiling David in a yellow satin coat *semé* with black velvet butterflies—was doing his best, courageously. Let us respect the dandyism of the Philosopher!

Benjamin Disraeli.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE, XVI

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

PAINTED IN 1904 BY ELLEN EMMET

WHITMAN IN OLD AGE

THIRD PAPER

FROM HORACE TRAUBEL'S RECORD

September 10, 1888.

"If he [Gilchrist] had had another opinion of Eakins's picture, he would have painted a different Walt Whitman picture himself. The two pictures sort of bark at each other, they are so unlike."

Tuesday, September 11, 1888.—"I am not sure myself about Carlyle's final place,—what he must finally come to,—whether to be acknowledged beyond his present fame or to fall short. I am disposed to think of him as more significant than any modern man—as in himself a full answer to the cry of the modern spirit for expression. This chirpy, self-satisfied age, full of vaunt, boast,—so certain of all facts or no facts,—stood in need of just such a man—a man full of scorn, complaint, contempt, lashing it into good manners by his fury."

I read him a note I received from Stedman to-day—this:

New London, Sunday, Sept. 8th, 1888.

DEAR MR. TRAUBEL: I am on a kind of "Sentimental Journey," needing a week's rest, among the haunts of my youth—and thus happen to be passing Sunday at this old port. My son sent me the final proof-sheets of the passages which I selected from Walt's poetry for the Library of American Literature. Will you kindly show these to him, and then return them to me—c/o C. L. Webster & Co., 3 East 14th str., New York City?

The problem was to give a really characteristic and sympathetic representation within the utmost space that could be allotted. You see there are 149 other authors in the same vol., the space for each averaging only 3½ pages. I have given Walt *twelve*.

So I begin with the *American* note—the New World; then the cosmic and radical, following with human heroism, evolution, &c. &c. Then, for pure lyric splendor and sustained flight, the long passage from Out of the Cradle. Next, my favorites, for imagination—vitality—feeling, among his *complete* short poems: The Frigate-bird, Ethiopian, O Captain, Old Ireland, Platte Cañon, &c.; then through the Vast Rondure, to broader life and immortality. Thus I suggest, at least an epitome of Whitman's course in thought and song, from port to destination.

My love and constant honor to the grand old bard of whom the last tidings that reached me were satisfying. Next week Cassell & Co. are to give me a decision about the Calendar. As I said before, I am not hopeful for this year. Sincerely yours.

Edmund C. Stedman.

When W. heard, "I have given Walt twelve," he smiled happily: "That does me proud." When I read, "the grand old bard," he exclaimed: "Ah did he say that! I am in luck, indeed!" And in conclusion: "So you think Stedman means well—is affectionate? Yes, does well. I guess you are right: Stedman has been fair to a degree—has sized us up generously. I take all this as a feather in our cap,"—handling and lifting up the proofs,—"another point gained—won, I may say. Ah! we are getting along! I take all this as significant for our cause."

W. said as to Stedman's reference to the Calendar: "Well, I don't care for that: that 's the least concern of all." Much moved by Stedman's good-will. "Aside entirely from the question of going into the book or not—the bandying of literary standards and reputations—aside from all that is the love Stedman excites in me by the consistent affection and consideration that he demonstrates. I would not be worth while if I failed to respond to that in kind."

Wednesday, September 12, 1888.—Then alluded to the Carlyle book. He regarded Carlyle as being "gloomy pabulum, full of growl, darkness, venom." "Carlyle," he added, "was satisfied with

nobody—not with poets, reformers, writers; not with uncommon people or common people: was a damnable, dyspeptic, Presbyterian temperament, all the more nasty, horrible, to me because I insist upon a more affable attitude towards society." Corning made some allusion to

ace has been putting it to me here and profoundly, too, I think, we must not forget the immense overwhelming pathos of it all. I could not disregard it; indeed, I fully comprehend, gladly allow, it. Then I 'm so much an optimist myself,—born so,—constitutionally an optimist,

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

HORACE TRAUBEL

Carlyle's domestic relations. W. turned that down vigorously. "I make nothing of that. My complaint (what right have I to complain?) is of a more personal nature. Carlyle's very existence was an insult to the Almighty—a slap in the face of the universe. But there 's more than that to Carlyle,—I do not hide the fact from myself,—gleams of suns, almost paradisaical haloings. And then, as Horthat it may be just as well to have some quotations from the other side—to have some one indicate that things are not all they might be; as the old lady says in the story, 'not all sugar'; that they need mending, need labor, need a devil of a thinking, before they can be set to order."

Corning said: "How can you account for the friendship of Emerson and Carlyle? They are such opposites. It is a

surprise to me." "No; no," said W., "it does not surprise me; I can easily see why it should be so. Carlyle is not all told in what I have just been saying. Besides, I am myself fascinated with this book—fascinated, hate to put it down; am absorbed, forget myself, in the book. The great fact which I never forget as I go along is that the Carlyle of this book is just the man Carlyle: bad as this may seem it is honest; from top to toe, with every hair of his head, Carlyle—Carlyle the man; no trimming, no trimming, no dressing; compensating for all his sins in a grand integrity. The worst of this book is its monotony, its utter want of relief. It is a blank, blank horror and no release. In the hospitals at Washington I had multiform experiences—horrors, phantoms; the agonies unspeakable of the sick man: these things, other things, all of a nature to overdraw a man's store of sympathy; but there you could buckle to" —here he slapped the arm of his chair— "lend a hand, take part in the daily work of the world. There are even outlets in work for emotional tempests. In this book there 's none of it—none of it at all: this book is the book of sitters and talkers."

September 13, 1888.—"Dudley 's about the only man believing in the tariff I could ever hear with patience. He 's the best of the lot; has a show of reason on his side. Dudley says for to-day, this hour, this minute, these present exigencies, these facts right under our feet, the tariff is the best policy, the only policy. Here we must stop. For certain classes this is the thing needed. Dudley states it this way: the tariff means profits, profits make a prosperous nation; therefore the tariff is just and right. This is the protection ideal and the protection reason. What do you make of it? I am done for; such logic staggers me. The whole thing is hoggish—put on hoggish foundations—my pocket, your pocket, houses, rents, grounds. We are often asked: Why should we do anything to help the English, the German, the Hungarian workman? Why should we? Why *should n't* we? It looks as good one way to me as another. I am not ashamed to confess that I am willing to have the foreign workman live. Home industry! Whose home? What home? I am not slow to say—am not afraid to say—I consider men en masse—for benefits as well as for other things. Some one has said 'mugwump' is the Indian name for captain. For my part I am willing to accept the name with all the orthodox odium attached, if it is necessary, though I do not label myself. It is easy to call names; I rejoice in being free."

Picked up a Bible at his feet. "Look at that! What noble type, how good to look at! The English still do the best printing. I do not think it 's from a superior mechanical equipment so much as from a superior conscience." I asked: "Do you find the Bible worth while for a steady companion?" "Yes, it lasts; comes back to me. I have had this particular book about me now for twenty years; always have it by me to read; even lately have had constant inclinations towards it."

He had this to say about type-writing: "It seems to me ridiculous—robs us of something. For my part I would as lief, or rather, have the worst from a man's hand than the best from a machine."

September 16, 1888.—W. is very familiar with the formal classics in a general way. In our talk to-day he referred at different times to Aristophanes, Plato, Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, the Bagavad Ghita, Euripides, Seneca. Once he quoted the Bible. He also advised me to read all I could "in Buddhist and Confucian books," saying: "Tackle them anyhow, anyhow: they will reward you." I had a pink in my buttonhole. He called me over to him. Took the flower. "You let me have this," he said. "You don't need it: you are going out into the open air: leave it to me here in my prison: it is a ray of light." He stuck it into the lapel of his own coat and slanted his eyes down affectionately towards it.

Monday, September 17, 1888.—"Carlyle was satisfied with nobody, nothing: no god existed for him; reform was a sham, democracy a humbug, civilization a lie; everything was turned helter-skelter; everything was wrong-ended; everything meant despair—dead death. But the question returns and returns again, was not Carlyle more than that? Was he not true, the honest reflex of some incontrovertible fact? And there I stick." I

asked: "Don't society sometimes need the whip of the master?" "Yes, indeed; that was what I was about to say. I am not so sure Carlyle will last. Many people—not the meanest—put a negation on Carlyle. There 's Bucke, a sagacious, catholic spirit—he shakes his head; he does not acquiesce in Carlyle. I make no rule for myself about reading; I read what comes to my hand, what pleases my mood."

September 18, 1888.—"I love John. [Burroughs.] We have not of late seen as much of each other as I would have liked. John has lived a little too close to the New York crowd; has been a trifle touched by it; is a little bit here and there under its sway. They don't let you alone; they press themselves upon you; there is no escape. You 've got to yield or say no with your clenched fist; they don't recognize any mild negative. But John's faithfulness, affection, are beyond question. Our relations with each other have always been comradely—largely and directly personal." Then he dwelt upon his life in Washington and intimacy with Burroughs there. "The mornings—shall I ever forget them? And John's wife—and the unmatchable griddle-cakes—the best in the world—no one 's could equal hers (and at that time I set more store by such facts than I do *now*). Burroughs would come in for me and take me home with him for breakfast. Mrs. Burroughs managed things then,—kept some of the department clerks,—and there was always a rub with the precious coffee—that, too, the best on earth; and then the hour's talk after the meal—the sweet talk. They were precious days! I can never forget them—precious, sacred days." He then described Burroughs to me: "He is plain, large, not heavy—a farmer in appearance; a little hesitating in speech—a little more and it would be a stammer; cordial, endowed with a good voice—timbre to it: of habits all simple; just such a man as you like, I like—contented with what comes; fare frugal as a Jersey ploughman's or a country innkeeper's. John wins on you by just such qualities. They say of him,—I know it of him,—when there 's a particularly hard job of work to be done on the farm, he does it himself—reserves it. He has hands there to help him, yet he chooses his own place, and that generally the most difficult one."

I asked him if he had seen B. since the New York reception. "No; he was there then—all the time I was—a couple of days—short; but enough for both, I guess. And that 's another thing about the New York boys. They look upon it as the great need, the supreme fact, to meet with, to gaze upon, *célèbres;* to gossip about them, to take them to dinners, to swell their peacock tails, and strut about with them." I said: "Your book acquits you of that weakness." "Weakness? Madness, you mean. So it does. And if it does not, I am sure I stand personally acquitted—acquit myself. I have no interest in mere distinction, in what the world calls greatness, in the professional elects, the superior author of this, the superior author of that, the superior author of the other. They do not fool me; their feathers are at the best only good for easy weather." I said to W.: "What I like about you, Walt, is that though you often talk strong, you never talk sore." He looked at me fixedly. "I hope you are right—I hope you are right; but are you right?" I replied: "I have n't thought that to-day alone; I have thought it always. It is not a judgment for one day alone; it is for all time." He was very fervent when he exclaimed: "Thank God for that! Thank God for that! I would rather talk weak than talk sore. Thank God for that!"

September 19, 1888.—"After all, if a fellow is to write poetry, the secret is, get in touch with humanity; know what the people are thinking about; retire to the very deepest sources of life—back, back, till there is no farther point to retire to."

September 22, 1888.—W. said: "Stedman is generous, is always doing things for people. I am not grateful, for I know he would resent gratitude; I am only happy for knowing his good will to be so near and constant." I said: "I told Stedman you personally cared little about the Calendar." "You did, eh? Well, you told what was true; I would n't turn on my heel for it. That 's the reason it seems like an outrage to worry Stedman with it."

Passed an old Dowden letter over to me. "Maybe you would like that. It 's Dowden all over: always under rein—never slap-dash and let go; but loyal, hospitable, insinuating. I don't know what kind of man I like most—one kind of man or another kind of man. I guess I like all kinds most." I started to read the letter to myself. W. said: "Read it aloud; it 's just as easy for you and better for me." I said to W.: "You 're still your mother's boy, Walt." He laughed and answered fervently: "Thank God for that, Horace!"

Dublin, November 21, 1882.

DEAR MR. WHITMAN: Your card and "Progress" have just arrived. I rejoice that with the ill tidings of your recent prostration comes good news of your recovery. May this better condition continue! You annex your friends so closely that your health and strength becomes part of theirs.

I send you the "Academy," with my notice of "Specimen Days." I closed my review with a wish that you might try a voyage across the Atlantic. It would be a happy thing if we could have you here for a while, where you would find a bedroom, books, and, in summer, flowers and birds, besides a friend or two. Think of this. In London, I am sure, your welcome would be hearty. * *

Most truly yours, dear friend,

Edward Dowden

I said: "I know one thing in that letter that hit you hard." "So do I. What was it?" "The sentence, 'You annex your friends so closely'; that 's my guess." "You fire right home; that 's the thing. Is n't that better than writing books?" "But don't it come to you because you have written a book?" He hesitated an instant before replying. "It might be put that way, but I prefer to say, *because I have lived a life*. Don't you think *living a life* the most important thing, after all?" I accepted his amendment. "I suppose you would say, Walt, that the trouble with most books is that they have not lived a life." "Precisely. That comes first; all else follows, or does n't follow. Living a life,—a life of service, love,—that is the first article in every noble faith."

September 22, 1888.—I picked up the Jane Carlyle book. W.'s marker was stuck into it about halfway through. Was he interested, after all? "No; I think it about the stupidest stuff that ever was put into print." Harned asked: "Why was it printed, then?" W. replied: "Lord only knows. Because the world wanted it, I suppose—wanted, and would pay for it." But Mrs. Carlyle was for him "one of those smart people, capable of saying sharp and bitter and bright things—the sort no one could ever expect me to feel any thorough interest in." He regarded it as "a horrible dose, taken all in all: the whole Carlyle matter, in fact, very hard indeed to bear. Sour, discontented, vinegary, grunting—what a horror it is! As you heard me say the other night, the Carlyle rumpus is a reproach to the Almighty. Think of it, that any man could stand in the presence of the great globes and say, All this is humbug! Stand and rail at everything, all men—the whole constitution of the existing universe; nothing left in the wreckage to satisfy the soul; nothing to offer reassurances; nothing that would compensate for defects or make up for evil. There 's no use talking; they were both bad eggs—Jane, Thomas; bad eggs, indeed. And yet I see underlying all that, pervading all, pathos—pathos, as you said the other day so finely, Horace. Here everything is pathetic. No matter how deep you dig, how wide you cut, how high you go, there 's the pathos of it, the awful pathos of it, staring you in the face. Yet I keep always asking myself another question! Why the h— did n't she marry some strong, healthy, manly Scotchman—some fellow who loved her and could be lived with? Then all this vinegar might have been turned into sweet channels; might have been spared or converted to beneficent uses. Carlyle seemed to forget that other men had mothers, too. He did n't have sympathy for other men's mothers; he was dull. Did n't see the big things in others—in Mill, for instance; and he never saw Radicalism clearly: all the radicals, democrats,—no matter how disinterested, pure, were to him damned shams, arrant knaves, spectres of night; and civilization itself, modern life and hopes, more than all, the fresher spiritual lights, aroused in him sorry forebodings of reaction. Life is not so bright that anybody should wanton with it, should keep its shadows too much to the front.

Carlyle spit out everything—perhaps to his peace, though to the world's pain."

Harned said: "Walt, you 've gone at a great pace: you 've rubbed all the fur off Carlyle's back." W. laughed. "Well, Tom, look what Carlyle has done to me: he has left me with hardly a hope left, for all my great faith, what with the green envy and devilish venom of his growl. Yet I know more 's to be said—much more. I always tell myself, after speaking freely of Carlyle, there is more yet to be said. He was needed; he was great; he was important to this age perhaps beyond any other."

I cited a story repeated by Emerson to Whittier. Emerson told Carlyle about a lecture manager who tried to get him to deduct something from his fee for the lecture after it was delivered. Carlyle took his pipe from his mouth and exclaimed: "And why did you not put a bullet through his doorty brains?" W. enjoyed the story. "Well, I could forgive Carlyle much for that. That 's a classic."

Sunday, September 23, 1888.—"Carlyle is still a Carlyle mystery to me. I have long had these doubts and they remain unshaken by all I have recently read." I advised W. to read the letters. "They show the best Carlyle—Carlyle real, loyal; they are the letters to his mother, father, and brothers." W. said quickly: "That 's surely stuff for me to read: nothing is more likely to exploit the interior best of a man." I remarked: "I admit all you said last night, and yet Carlyle has done me good." "I am glad to hear you say that, Horace; he has done me good, too—immense, incalculable good. That is what I always allow, whatever has been denied—the substance of his message underlying all its often misguiding words; the precious something unwritten, unsaid; the fact below the fact. I have often taken up cudgels for Carlyle. I remember two or three occasions at Pearsall Smith's—stormy occasions—when I had to rally the stampede and declare for Carlyle in vehement terms."

September 23, 1888.—I asked him: "What comes before comradeship?" He answered: "Nothing." I asked: "And after?" "Nothing again." This apropos of a letter he gave me. It was one of the rough drafts a few of which he seems to have kept. I will put it right in here.

April 15, 1870.

Dear Benton Wilson.

DEAR LOVING COMRADE: As I have just been again reading your last letter to me of December 19, last. I think I wrote to you on receiving it, but cannot now remember for certain. Sometimes, after an interval, the thought of one I much love comes upon me strong and full all of a sudden—and now as I sit here by a big open window, this beautiful afternoon, every thing quiet and sunny—I have been and am now, thinking so of you, dear young man, and of your love, or more rightly speaking, our love for each other—so curious, so sweet, I say so *religious*—We met there in the Hospital—how little we have been together,—seems to me we ought to be some together every day of our lives—I don't care about talking, or amusement—but just to be together, and work together, or go off in the open air together—Now it is a long while since we have been together—and it seems a long while since I have had a letter. Don't blame me for not writing often. I know you would feel satisfied if you could only realize how and how much I am thinking of you, and with what great love, this afternoon. I can hardly express it in a letter—but I thought I would just write a letter this time off-hand to you, dearest soldier, only for love to you—I thought it might please you.

Nothing very new or different in my affairs. I am still working here in Atty Gens office—same posish—have good health—expect to bring out new editions of my books before long—how is the little boy—I send my love to him and to your wife and parents.

I looked at W. There were tears in my eyes. I said: "You did not ask me to read that aloud, and I 'm glad you did n't." "You mean you could n't have read it?" "Yes; and that you could n't have heard it read." His face was very grave. "Horace, it is true; it is true: I can't live some of my old letters over again." I said: "Those letters—yours to the soldiers—are the best gospel of comradeship in the language; better than the 'Leaves' itself." "Comradeship, yes; that 's the thing: getting one and one together to make two; getting the twos together everywhere to make all. That 's the only bond we should accept, and that 's the only freedom we should desire—comradeship, comradeship."

Monday, September 24, 1888.—The Cyril Flower letter was addressed to W. at Washington:

Furze Down, Surrey, S. W., July 16, '7.
DEAR MR. WHITMAN: Tennyson writes to you by this mail. He lays upon me the blame of not having written to you sooner, and I am willing to bear it. The fact is, the books went to his London address, and were not forwarded.

Yours affectionately,
Cyril Flower.

"I think it was then that Tennyson invited me to visit him in England. It was a tempting offer—it pulled at my heart-strings. My friends over there all said, 'Come; you will have an ovation. The time has arrived for you to come.' I was almost on the point of taking passage; then something inside me said very plainly, '*Stay where you are, Walt Whitman*'—said it in ways, in words, in warnings, I had no right to, could not, misunderstand. Even some of my friends here said go, and some were angry when I decided not to; but my own heart never was in any doubt about it—never said anything else than stay, stay, stay. The incident has no other history than that."

Bucke writes this: "I do not doubt you often feel bad enough, and I know you are very sick, worse luck. Still, it is grand to see you keep up as you do—never giving up to the last. I think it is immense—something for us all to be proud of and to take to heart; and the world will take all this to heart one day, and will be the better for it." I said to W.: "It 's worth dying for, Walt—to live that way." He said: "If you 'll remember that I 'm only living to sign the six hundred books, you won't feel so proud of my courage." Gently laughed. I asked W.: "Walt, do I come too much?" He reached out his hand and took mine. "Does the fresh air come too much? Thank God for the fresh air!"

Wednesday, September 26, 1888.—7.50 P.M. W. improved to-day. Osler over, but not alarmed. W. reading Gilchrist's life of Blake. Asked me: "Do you know much about Blake? You know, this is Mrs. Gilchrist's book—the book she completed. They had made up their minds to do the work; her husband had it well under way: he caught a fever, and was carried off. Mrs. Gilchrist was left with four young children, alone: her perplexities were great. Have you noticed that the time to look for the best things in best people is the moment of their greatest need? Look at Lincoln! He is our proudest example: he proved to be big as, bigger than, any emergency; his grasp was a giant's grasp—made dark things light, made hard things easy. Herbert's mother belonged to the same noble breed: seized the reins, was competent; her head was clear, her hand was firm. Her husband had designed an introductory note or two; she carried out his idea, neglected nothing, was afraid of nothing."

Friday, September 28, 1888.—Harned told W. that at the Hoffman House in New York on Wednesday he was put into the bridal chamber—the only room left. "What luxury!" W. said. "I, too, once had a taste of such grandeur. I refer to the reception of 1887. I had it bad then, and was glad enough to get away from it, too!" He threw his arms out wide. "A whole suite of rooms! crowds of people; rush; and such an utter weariness at the last! It was near midnight; I was clean gone: then John Fiske happened in and wanted to discuss the subject of the immortality of the soul. I saw that if I stayed a minute longer it would be all up with me. I called Billy and said: 'I 'm nearly tired to death; take me somewhere—anywhere; take me to my room.' I directed Fiske to Pearsall Smith, saying: 'Here 's a fellow who knows all about such things,' and went off, leaving them there to their talk; and for all I know they 're still on the spot, whacking away at each other."

W. then added on the general question: "I 'm satisfied with Epictetus—'what is good for thee, O Nature, is good for me.' Indeed, I am sure that whatever death is, it is all right."

September 28, 1888.—W. is very patient when things go bad or wrong. Being sick, he says: "Well, it 's a comfort to think I 'm not as ill as I might be." If there is something wrong in the book: "Well, thank the Lord it 's na worse." Some one over-charged him: "No matter; stomach it, and be grateful to your stars

he has n't made it bigger." He never admits that any real luck is against him. "Nothing is so bad it might not be worse."

Wednesday, October 3, 1888.—Kirk had written of Charles the Bold? W. broke out vigorously: "Yes, he has, and I consider that a poisonous, insidious book—all such books, in fact: Carlyle's 'Frederick,' 'Cromwell.'" I asked in surprise: "How 's that?" And he added: "Well, I suppose I had better not say more—could not perhaps make out my case." Yet he did say more. "I may instance things meteorological, physiological, theological: could any one of them alone reveal life, the universe? To judge of history as if all could be brought, expressed, in one fact, one little branch of knowledge, in one person! I am very impatient of stories which imply the concentration of all historical meanings in single eminent persons. I have read but little from Green,—know practically nothing of him at first hand,—yet I am convinced that he was on the right track—was not a great-man historian, was not a disciple of the masters this and the masters that, and the devil take the people at large."

Thursday, October 4, 1888.—My foot struck a book. I reached down, pushed aside the newspaper that hid it, and picked it up. It proved to be one volume of the McKay Emerson. "Ah!" I said, "it has joined its fellow-treasures on the floor." W. said: "Yes; it is being initiated." Then he added more seriously: "You may doubt it, but I have been reading it a little—looking through it, at the least." Then, turning his eyes upon me as if desiring an answer: "As I read, an old feeling came back to me,—a feeling returned after the lapse of many years,—a feeling that the book is a little, just a little antique." Then, after a very brief pause and some evident thought: "And here and there signs of preaching—just a little of it. Don't you perceive it?" I answered: "Yes; preaching like the last paragraph of your Hicks." W. shook his head: "I should be sorry to think I preached too much." "It 's not 'too much,'" I rejoined. "Sometimes the preacher is needed; somebody needs to be shaken up—Covenanter style." W. here remarked: "Well, a man insensibly falls into it—I, too: no one is entirely free from danger. It was unmistakable in Father Taylor and Elias Hicks. Perhaps the most remarkable trait in both was their dead earnestness—an awful sense of the gravity of their message. Hicks would unconsciously fall into the canting singsong tone, then come to realize his danger, recover himself; turn about quick as that," flinging arm and body,—"shake the thing off." W. added to this graphically: "And his audiences always accepted it; comprehended what he meant."

This brought up the question of Emerson's optimism. "It is sometimes complained of as too general." W. said dissentingly: "No, no; it could not be. It can do nothing but good, be nothing but right. I have no patience with people who start out to blacken the face of the earth. Whether it is constitutional or what not with me, I stand for the sunny point of view—stand for the joyful conclusions. This is not because I merely guess: it 's because my faith seems to belong to the nature of things, is imposed, cannot be escaped; can better account for life and what goes with life than the opposite theory."

Tuesday, October 9, 1888.—8 P.M. W., reading the Mrs. Carlyle letters, held the book sort of in the air as he read. Eyes wide open. Hat on. Entire attitude one of great interest. Light burned brightly. Saw me; laid the book down. "Howdy? Howdy?" extending his right hand. They had cleared the room up a bit to-day. Complains some of his eyes. Fire burns in his room. Very hot, but calls the room "just about comfortable." Likes to keep the stove door open, to feed the fire from time to time. Still hates to be helped. "I 'd rather die helping myself than live being helped." Brings back the long nights of last winter—the little stove, the one now displaced,—never able to heat the room; he sitting there, a pad on his knee, writing—sometimes a book; and then our talks—the sweet, cherished talks on all subjects under the sun. Now he sits on the same spot, a different figure: less virile, subdued; waiting in his own way for "an inevitable release." This creature of out-doors, this open-air god,

as I once called him to his own great amusement, now sits in a closed room, sensitive to drafts, feeling warm on cold days, and cold on hot days. The contrast hit me hard to-night when he said: "Ah, Horace, is it hot here, and is it not cool out of doors?" And then further: "Clear, did you say? And do the stars shine? And the moon? Is it a half moon? Oh! it must be one of God's perfect nights," ending the matter with a deep sigh.

Saturday, October 13, 1888.—I had to-day paid Spear's bill for stove, and charged to the fund. I said to W.: "If you find the bill, tear it up." He started to say: "I intended having you pay it," but I interrupted: "It is paid already; it is settled for you by your friends." He looked at me quizzically. "How 's that? Who does it?" I explained: "The same people who put the nurse here." He was touched deeply. "And who are they?" he asked earnestly. "Tell me?" "No, I can't," I replied—"a group of us, a group of your friends, who are pledged to keep you comfortable the rest of your days." "It is so good! Boy, boy, who are they?" I got up from my seat, and made a move toward the table, afraid that unless I did something physical I would give way to the feelings excited by his unusual display of emotion. "Never mind, Walt; I can't tell you any more about it: tear up the bill." And then for some minutes there was absolute quiet: he looked about the room, and out of the window, and towards me. He fooled some with his pen, which he took up and laid down. He played a bit with his big penknife. Finally he broke out: "God bless you all, whoever you are! God bless you all—all!" And then he stopped. No more was said on that subject; but his manner all the rest of the evening was more than ever affectionate, full of suppressed feeling. He did add later on just before I left: "Horace, you have done many things for me, but this last lays over them all. God bless you!"

Tuesday, October 16, 1888.—Told him I was going to have a Whitman gallery in one corner of my room. "Shall I help you out?" he asked. Then said: "You know the Cox portraits? Have you one of them? No? Well, they are not all of them satisfactory to me: I had eight or ten, and kept only two. My own choice right through has been the one I call 'the laughing philosopher.' It was that I sent to Tennyson; and he liked it well, I have understood." After a bit he added: "If Tennyson happened in here some day, —came unannounced,—what a talk we would have! I suppose he would want to light his pipe; and though I have never smoked, I should almost want to smoke with him, to celebrate our meeting in fit style."

Sunday, October 21, 1888.—I had been far in the country on a long walk. I said something about "the joy of going on and on and not getting tired." This aroused him. "I can fully realize that joy—that untranslatable joy: I have known its meaning to the full. In the old days, long ago, I was fond of taking interminable walks—going on and on, as you say, without a stop or the thought of a stop. It was at that time, in Washington, that I got to know Peter Doyle—a Rebel, a car-driver, a soldier. Have you met him here, seen him, talked with him? Ah, yes. We would walk together for miles and miles, never sated. Often we would go on for some time without a word, then talk, Pete a rod ahead or I a rod ahead. Washington was then the grandest of all the cities for such strolls. In order to maintain the centrality, identity, authority, of the city, a whole chain of forts, barracks, was put about it, and roads leading out to them. It was therefore owing to these facts that our walks were made easy. Oh, the long, long walks, way into the nights, in the after hours, sometimes lasting till two or three in the morning! The air, the stars, the moon, the water—what a fullness of inspiration they imparted! What exhilaration! And there were the detours, too—wanderings off into the country out of the beaten path. I remember one place in Maryland in particular to which we would go. How splendid, above all, was the moon—the full moon, the half moon; and then the wonder, the delight, of the silences." He half sat up in bed as he spoke. "It was a great, a precious, a memorable experience. To get the ensemble of 'Leaves of Grass'

you have got to include such things as these—the walks, Pete's friendship. Yes, such things; they are absolutely necessary to the completion of the story."

Thursday, October 25, 1888.—We discussed Bucke's reference to his re-reading of Cooper. W. expressed great interest, especially after I told him Cooper was just as fresh as ever to me. Questioned me closely. How was I impressed with Cooper's "outdoorness," and so forth? Then: "I do not wonder that he lasts, that you still find yourself drawn to him. He is justified by what you say: Cooper was a master-man in many very significant ways. Cooper had a growl—the cynicism of Carlyle, without the top-of-ticalness with which Carlyle carried it off: and there was a healthy vigor in everything Cooper did, even to the libel suits he had so many of, up in New York. I always liked the make-up of the man. Cooper would take his own part magnificently. Let a scribbler go for him, and Cooper would hit back with great effect; sued, went to court. . . . I never met Cooper; I never met him to talk with,—at least I think I did not,—but I heard him. He was a good, sturdy man in appearance. Had the appearance of a farmer—a brainy farmer; not very tall, not very stout. Good belly; carried himself well. Unlike Irving, Cooper had a remarkable personality, and, as I have said, he had Carlyle's cynicism to some extent, though he was never gloomy—was always as strong and sweet as sunlight. Irving, on the other hand, suggested weakness, if he was not weak; was pleasant, as you say, but without background. I never enthused over him: Irving was suckled on the Addisonian-Oxford-Cambridge milk."

I quoted something Bryant said about Cooper—that he was "our first man," &c. W. said: "Ah! Bryant! Did he say that? Bryant is himself the man. Of all Americans, so far, I am inclined to rank Bryant highest. Bryant has all that was knotty, gnarled, in Dante, Carlyle; besides that, has great other qualities. It has always seemed to me Bryant, more than any other American, had the power to suck in the air of spring, to put it into his song, to breathe it forth again—the impalpable influence of spring, the new entrance to life. A feature in Bryant which is never to be underweighed is the marvelous purity of his work in verse. It was severe—oh! so severe! Never a waste word; the last superfluity struck off; a clear, nameless beauty pervading and overarching all the work of his pen. Bryant the man I met often—often. He was not much of a talker, would not impress or attract as such. His voice was a good one, not deep, not fascinating—moving, eloquent. Bryant tried lecturing. He was a great homeopathist, a great Unitarian. At the time of the homeopathic excitement he delivered two or three lectures on the subject. But I don't think he liked lecturing himself, and he did not prove a success with others. He was an American,—that is one of the palpable facts,—thoroughly American, patriotic; moreover, he had a tint of the Scotch left—a trifle hypochondriac, a bit irascible. I have often observed marked traces running through the Scotch character of general hypochondriacism. Burns? Yes; and Carlyle. Bryant bore the marks of it. I know it is not invariable; there are exceptions: but in the main its existence cannot be questioned."

W. led the way at this point to his "Critic" note weighing the relative merits of our great poets. "Of late days I have put Bryant first of the four—Bryant, Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow: in that order. The 'Critic' piece will show. You put Emerson first? So did I years ago,—for many years,—but I have been led to make a change. But my revisions of old opinions are constant, so that perhaps I shall revise the list again before I am done for. At any rate, I feel the uncertainties attending this method of reasoning—its unprofitableness; and how can an end even be reached? Then, it is true, what you say, Horace: among the giants, what matters a little more or less? Who can draw a line?" . . .

Saturday, October 27, 1888.—"Take Lincoln. I can speak from knowledge of those department fellows. When I was in Washington, there were about two thousand of them, full half of whom had nothing to do. All day long these boys would loaf about, talk together, invent stories—invent filthy stories: their minds ran upon such themes. A fellow would sit at his desk—the fellow with something

to do; along would come somebody. 'Have you heard the latest?' The busy man would look up with surprise. 'No; what 's that?' Then his visitor would likely come closer—whisper: 'Have you a minute to spare?' And generally it would be 'Yes.' Then he would take a seat, draw up his chair, and tell you some story." W. laughed: "I have often seen it done, been a party to it—a victim." He added: "Then in a day or two the story would turn up in the papers, foisted on Lincoln, fastened to him, thenceforth to take a place among the 'facts' of his life."

Wednesday, October 31, 1888.—W. was very earnest as he said: "By the way, Horace, I have been reading the book you left last night—the George Eliot book. It is wonderfully interesting. I have read two or three of the pieces—read them almost verbatim: the Heine, the piece on Young. There were things revealed to me which I never realized in George Eliot before—for one thing, a subtlety of surpassing greatness. It was with a good deal of pleasure that I read the piece on Young. Young deserved it all. I never knew George Eliot could let herself out so: it was something to learn that, if there was nothing else to be gained by it. Yet there was more—oh, so much more. She is profound, masterful; her analysis is perfect; she chases her game without tremor to the every limit of its endurance. It is all a wonderful specimen of dialectics—excites my most thorough-going admiration. Her paper on Heine has likewise thrown out hints of things or things not known to me before."

W. remarked that he "often cudgelled with" himself to know "if the final summing up—the last conclusive message—has yet been delivered with respect to Heine." He found his own admiration of Heine "a constantly growing one. I look on him as a genuinely great soul, not yet justly measured; hot, turbulent, but gifted highly—perhaps as highly as any modern man." He respected Heine as "combining in himself the distinguishing elements both of Burns and Byron, and then powers clearly superadded. Both those influences seem to stream into Heine. Yet he was great in learning, culture; knowing in all things—literature, science; was Hellenist, full of fact, circumstance: as packed with it as Goethe, Carlyle. Yet Heine was always warm, pulsing; his style pure, lofty, sweeping, in its wild strength. Heine knew more than Burns. It becomes a familiar reproach to speak of Heine's 'mockery.' It does not disturb me: I never find myself shocked, repelled, by it. They call it 'mockery.' I think there should be another word for it— that there is, though I can't recall it now; for Heine deserves a better word. They may call it a trick with Heine—a trick; but whatever it be called, it is very effective. It seems to belong honestly to Heine; is quite in its place in him, is not an importation. . . . What you said yesterday about Heine's culture was very cute, Horace. If it don't hit the nail on the head, it at least shows where the head can be found. I find in Heine a superb fusion of culture and native elemental genius. I consider it the bane of the universities, colleges, that they withhold, withdraw, men from direct, drastic contact with life. The best gift to our age so far is what we have come to know as the scientific spirit. It is just in this thing that the universities must fill out if they are to be centers of rising influence. Whether it all came from Bacon,—from the work attributed to Bacon,—as some are disposed to claim, or whether it is the result of painful slow evolution, of long accumulation, I don't know—I am not knowing enough to settle: but that it is here, that we have got a hold on it, that I know full well. It is the crowning glory of our time that this new evangel has appeared. There is no salvation if not in that. It is an appeal to nature, an appeal to final meanings, to facts, to the sun itself; it is an absolute surrender to truth. It never asks us, Do you want this thing to be true? or, Is it ugly, hateful? but, Is it true; and if it is true, that settles it. That 's all there is to it; that 's all there needs to be to it; that 's enough.

"Here science and literature are one, as they everywhere and always should be one, in fact; and it is here, in such a noble equipment, that Heine lustrously shines. Brilliants, gems, crystallizations, in the requisites of a writer,—bright epigrams, splendid learning, eloquent roundings-off of phrase,—all these, I can see,

have an importance, too, though second-rate, third-rate, at the best. But in all imaginative work, all pure poetic work, there must especially come in a primal quality, not to be mentioned, named, described, but always felt when present: the direct off-throwing of nature, parting the ways between formal, conventional, borrowed expression and the fervor of genuine spirit. Heine had it; so do all the big fellows have it. More than any other agent, science has been furthering it." Was it not also in "Leaves of Grass?" W. exclaimed fervidly: "Oh, I hope so, I believe so. It has been in the air; I have sucked it in as the breath of life, unconsciously, not by determination, but with full recognition now of its great value, of its wonderful significance. Yes, 'Leaves of Grass' would lose much if it lost that. That is the ground underlying all—the fact, the fact, that alone; the fact devotedly espoused, sacred, uplifting! The whole mass of people are being leavened by this spirit of scientific worship—this noblest of religions coming after all the religions that came before. After culture has said its last say we find that the best things yet remain to be said: that the heart is still listening to have heart things said to it; the brain still listening to have brain things said to it; the faith, the spirit, the soul of man, waiting to have such things of faith, spirit, the soul, said to it. Books won't say what we must have said. Try all that books may say, they can't say it. The utmost pride goes with the utmost resignation. Science says to us, be ready to say yes whatever happens, whatever don't happen; yes, yes, yes. That 's where science becomes religion—where the new spirit utters the highest truth—makes the last demonstration of faith. Looks the universe full in the face,—its bad in the face, its good,—and says yes to it." I gazed at W. His face shone; he regarded me with great love. I kissed him good-night and withdrew. "Good-night!" he called after me. "Good-night! Good-night!"

THE HAUNTED WORLD

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

Yonder fall of the leaf, yonder splashing of water,
Have all one meaning to me;
Under the mute, wet rocks, over the breathing treetops,
A voice speaks breathlessly,
Ushered into the woods 'mid the still, slim trunks of the pine,
Waving the reddened boughs, and tearing the tangled vine—
The wild world's misery.

Far have I sped from men, far from the steel-stone city,
To meet with God in the woods,
To see the beauty of earth as it spins with the flaming planets,
And steep myself in its moods;
But, oh, not far enough to escape the anguish of man!
On every leaf it is stamped, on every blade is its ban;
Into the wind it swung, into the stream it ran,
And, lo! in the sky it broods!

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PEDRITE, A NAVAJO YOUTH

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"THE SPIRIT OF THE CORN"

A study of a Laguna girl arranged to portray something of the superstition of the Pueblo tribes in their belief in spirits of the rain, harvest, etc.

AMERICAN INDIANS OF THE SOUTHWEST

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KARL-E-MOON

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SO-CHI-NI ("THE WOLF")

A Navajo boy, full-blooded and a strong type.

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KI-Ē-TE-DAY, A LAGUNA MAIDEN

From the Pueblo of Laguna, New Mexico. She is wearing a Navajo blanket and Navajo silver ornaments.

THE STRICKEN MOUNTAINEER

BY HAMLIN GARLAND

ONCE he was king of forest men.
To him a snow-capped mountain-range
Was but a line, a place of mark,
A view-point on the trail. Then
He had no fear of dark,
Nor of wind's change.
Now an up-rolled rug along the floor
Appals his feet. His withered arm
Shakes at the menace of a door,
And every wind-waft does him harm.

God, it is a piteous sight to see
This ranger of the hills confined
To the poor compass of his room
Like a chained eagle on a tree,
Lax-winged and gray and blind!
Only in dream he sees the bloom
On far hills where the red deer run;
Only in dream he guides the swift canoe,
Or stalks the crafty cat with dog and polished gun.

The mightiest cañon of the earth
He conquered; cleft it to the heart:
Now here beside his tiny hearth
He sits benumbed, taking no part
In all the splendid explorations of the west.
With deep-eyes pleading like a dying deer
He asks release from pain—and rest.

In him behold the story of our best—
The chronicle of riflemen behind the plow.
His the life of those who knew
No barrier but the sunset in their quest.
On his bent head and grizzled hair
Is set the sign of those who show
New cunning to the wolf, who chase
The mother panther to her lair
And strike the lion from the mountain's face.

And when he dies, as soon he must,
A magic word goes with him to the grave.
He was a pioneer. Above his dust
Set these plain words: "He was a brave.
He faced the winter's winds unscared.
He met stern nature stark alone.

Drawn by H. S. Potter. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"ONLY IN DREAM HE GUIDES THE SWIFT CANOE"

Our velvet way his steel prepared.
He died without a curse or moan."

Then bury him not here in city soil,
Where the cars grind and factories spill
Their acrid smoke on those who toil.
Bear him away to some high hill
That overlooks the mighty stream
Whose thousand miles of pathway 'mid the corn
Blazons his prowess. There let him dream,
And wait God's resurrection morn.

THE SHUTTLE

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," etc.

XLI

SHE WOULD *DO* SOMETHING

SIR NIGEL'S face was not a good thing to see when he appeared at the dinner table in the evening. Until the soup had been removed he scarcely spoke, merely making curt replies to any casual remark.

"Mount Dunstan is in a deucedly unpleasant position," he condescended at last. "I should not care to stand in his shoes."

He had not returned to the Court until late in the afternoon, but having heard in the village the rumor of the outbreak of fever, he had made inquiries and gathered detail.

"You are thinking of the outbreak of typhoid among the hop-pickers," said Lady Anstruthers. "Mrs. Brent thinks it threatens to be very serious."

"An epidemic without a doubt," he answered. "In a wretched unsanitary place like Dunstan village the wretches will die like flies."

"What will be done?" inquired Betty.

He gave her one of his unpleasant personal glances and laughed derisively.

"Done? The county authorities who call themselves 'Guardians' will be frightened to death, and will potter about and fuss like old women, and profess to examine and protect and lay restrictions; but every one will manage to keep at a discreet distance, and the thing will run riot and do its worst. As far as one can see, there seems no reason why the whole place should not be swept away. No doubt Mount Dunstan has wisely taken to his heels already."

"I think that, on the contrary, there would be much doubt of that," Betty said. "He would stay and do what he could."

Sir Nigel shrugged his shoulders.

"Would he? I think you 'll find he would not."

"Mrs. Brent tells me," Rosalie broke in somewhat hurriedly, "that the huts for the hoppers are in the worst possible condition. They are so dilapidated that the rain pours into them. There is no proper shelter for the people who are ill, and Lord Mount Dunstan cannot afford to take care of them."

"But he will—he will," broke forth Betty. Her head lifted itself, and she spoke almost as if through her small shut teeth. A wave of intense belief, high, proud, and obstinate, swept through her. It was a feeling so strong and vibrant that she felt as if Mount Dunstan himself must be reached and upborne by it, as if he himself must hear her.

Rosalie looked at her half startled, and

for the moment held fascinated by the sudden force rising in her and by the splendid spark of light under her lids.

"He has had an enormous effect on you—that man," Nigel said to Betty.

He spoke clearly, so that she might have the pleasure of being certain that the men-servants heard. They were close to the table, handing fruit, professing to be automatons, eyes down, faces expressing nothing, but as quick of hearing as it is said that blind men are.

"He is strong enough to produce an effect on any one," she said. "I think you feel that yourself. He is a man who will not be beaten in the end. Fortune will give him some good thing."

"He is a fellow who knows well enough on which hand of him good things lie," he said. "He will take all that offers itself."

"Why not?" Betty said impartially.

"There must be no riding or driving in the neighborhood of the place," he said next. "I will have no risks run." He turned and addressed the butler. "Jennings, tell the servants that those are my orders."

He sat over his wine only a short time that evening, and when he joined his wife and sister-in-law in the drawing-room he went at once to Betty. In fact, he was in the condition when a man cannot keep away from a woman, but must invent some reason for reaching her whether it is fatuous or plausible.

"What I said to Jennings was an order to you as well as to the people below stairs. I know you are particularly fond of riding in the direction of Mount Dunstan. You are in my care so long as you are in my house."

"Orders are not necessary," Betty replied. "The day is past when one rushed to smooth pillows and give the wrong medicine when one's friends were ill. If one is not a properly trained nurse, it is wiser not to risk being very much in the way."

He spoke over her shoulder, dropping his voice, though Lady Anstruthers sat apart, appearing to read.

"Don't think I am fool enough not to understand. You have yourself under magnificent control; but a woman passionately in love cannot keep a certain look out of her eyes."

He was standing near her on the hearth. Betty swung herself lightly round, facing him squarely. Her full look was splendid.

"If it is there—let it stay," she said. "I would not keep it out of my eyes if I could; and you are right, I could not if I would—if it is there. If it is—let it stay."

The daring, throbbing human truth of her made his brain whirl. To a man young and clean and fit to count as in the lists, to have heard her say the thing of a rival would have been hard enough; but base, degenerate, and of the world behind her day, to hear it, while frenzied for her, was intolerable. And it was Mount Dunstan she bore herself so highly for.

"You think you will reach him," he persisted. "You think you will help him in some way. You will not let the thing alone."

"Excuse my mentioning that whatsoever I take the liberty of doing will encroach on no right of yours," she said.

But alone in her room, after she went up-stairs, the face reflecting itself in the mirror was pale, and its black brows were drawn together.

"If I were free to take Rosalie and Ughtred home to-morrow," she thought, "I could not bear to go. I should suffer too much."

She was suffering now. The strong longing in her heart was like a physical pain. No word or look of this one man's had given her proof that his thoughts turned to her, and yet it was intolerable—intolerable, that in his hour of stress and need they were as wholly apart as if worlds rolled between them. At any dire moment it was mere nature that she should give herself in help and support. If on the night at sea when they had first spoken to each other the ship had gone down, she knew that they two, strangers though they were, would have worked side by side among the frantic people, and have been among the last to take to the boats. How did she know? Only because he being he and she being she, it must have been so. And now he stood facing a calamity almost as terrible, and she with full hands sat still!

She had seen the hop-pickers' huts, and had recognized their condition. In their

long past better days but mere brick sheds in which the pickers slept upon bundles of hay or straw, in their decay they did not even provide shelter. Illness of any order, under such circumstances, would have small chance of recovery, but malignant typhoid, without shelter, without proper nourishment, or nursing, gave one chance in a million. And he—this one man—stood alone in the midst of the tragedy, responsible and helpless. He would feel himself responsible as she herself would if she were in his place. She was aware that suddenly the event of the afternoon, the interview upon the marshes, had receded until it had become an almost unmeaning incident.

She had restlessly left her chair before the dressing-table and was walking to and fro. She paused and stood looking down at the carpet, though she scarcely saw it.

"Nothing matters but one thing—one person," she owned to herself aloud. "Sometimes one feels so disdained," she said,—"so disdained, with all one's power! Perhaps I am an unwanted thing."

But even in this case there were things one might make an effort to do. She went to her writing-table and sat thinking for some time. Afterward she began to write letters. Three or four were addressed to London; one was to Mr. Penzance.

Mount Dunstan and his vicar were walking through the village to the vicarage.

"They are in a panic of fear," Mount Dunstan said, "and by way of safeguard they shut out every breath of air and stifle indoors. Something must be done."

Catching the eye of a woman who was peering over her short white dimity blind, he beckoned to her authoritatively. She came to her door and hesitated there, curtseying nervously.

He spoke to her across the hedge.

"You need not come out to me, Mrs. Binner. You may stay where you are," he said. "Are you obeying the orders given by the Guardians?"

"Yes, my lord. Yes, my lord," with more curtseys.

"Your health is very much in your own hands," he added. "You must keep your cottage and your children cleaner than you have ever kept them before, and you must use the disinfectants I sent you. Keep away from the huts and open your windows. If you don't open them, I shall come and do it for you. Bad air is infection itself. Do you understand?"

"Yes, my lord. Thank your lordship."

"Go in and open your windows now, and tell your neighbors to do the same. If any one is ill, let me know at once. The vicar and I will do our best for every one."

By that time curiosity had overcome fear, and other cottage doors had opened. Mount Dunstan passed down the row and said a few words to each woman or man who looked out. The mere sight of him was, on the whole, an unexplainable support.

"We heard said your lordship was going away," put in a stout mother, with a heavy child on her arm, a slight testiness scarcely concealed by respectful good manners.

"I shall stay where I am," he answered. "My place is here."

They believed him, Mount Dunstan though he was. It could not be said that they were fond of him, but gradually it had been borne in upon them that his word was to be relied on, though his manner was unalluring, and they knew he was too poor to do his duty by them or his estate. As he walked away with the vicar, windows were opened, and in one or two untidy cottages a sudden flourishing of mops and brooms began.

There was dark trouble in his face. In the huts they had left two men stiff on their straw and two women and a child in a state of collapse. Added to these were men and women stricken helpless. A number of workers in the hop-gardens, on realizing the danger threatening them, had gathered together bundles and children, and leaving the harvest behind, had gone on the tramp again. Those who remained were the weaker or less cautious, or were held by some tie to those who were already ill of the fever. The village doctor was an old man who had spent his blameless life in bringing little cottagers into the world, attending their measles and whooping coughs, and their fathers' and grandfathers' rheumatics.

He had never faced a village crisis in the course of his seventy-five years, and was aghast and flurried with fright. His methods remained those of his youth, and were marked chiefly by a readiness to prescribe calomel in any emergency. A younger and stronger man was needed, as well as a man of more modern training. But even the most brilliant practitioner of the hour could not have provided shelter and nourishment, and without them his skill would have counted as nothing. During the past three weeks there had been no rain, which was a condition not likely to last. Already gray clouds were gathering and obscuring the blueness of the sky.

The vicar glanced upward anxiously.

"When it comes," he said, "there will be a downpour, and a persistent one."

"Yes," Mount Dunstan answered.

He had lain awake thinking throughout the night. It was as Betty Vanderpoel had known it would be. He, beggar though he might be, was the lord of the land, was the man to face the strait of these poor workers on the land, as his own. Some action must be taken. What action? As he walked by his friend's side from the huts where the dead men lay, he made clear to his friend how his thought had run.

They were going to the vicarage to consult a medical book, but on the way there they passed a part of the park where, through a break in the timber, the huge, white, blind-faced house stood on view. Mount Dunstan laid his hand on Mr. Penzance's shoulder, and stopped him.

"Look there!" he said. "*There* are weather-tight rooms enough."

A startled expression showed itself on the vicar's face.

"For what?" he exclaimed.

"For a hospital," Mount Dunstan replied, brusquely. "I can give them one thing at least—shelter."

The vicar was silent a moment, and a flush of sympathy warmed his face.

"You are quite right, Fergus," he said, "entirely right."

"Let us go to your study and plan how it shall be done," Mount Dunstan said.

As they walked toward the vicarage he went on talking.

"When I lie awake at night there is one thread which always winds itself through my thoughts, whatsoever they are. I don't find that I can disentangle it. It connects itself with Reuben S. Vanderpoel's daughter. She is a creature of action. Last night, as I lay awake, I said to myself: 'She would *do* something. What would she do?' She would not be held back by fear of comment or convention. She would look about her for the utilizable, and she would find it somewhere and use it. I began to sum up the village resources, and found nothing, until my thoughts led me to my own house. There it stood, empty and useless. If it were hers, and she stood in my place, she would make it useful. So I decided."

"You are quite right," Mr. Penzance said again.

They spent an hour in his library at the vicarage, arranging practical methods for transforming the great ball-room into a sort of hospital ward. It could be done by the removal of pieces of furniture from the many unused bedrooms. There was also the transportation of the patients from the huts to be provided for. But when all this was planned out, each found himself looking at the other with an unspoken thought in his mind. Mount Dunstan first expressed it.

"As far as I can gather, the safety of typhoid-fever patients depends almost entirely on scientific nursing and the caution with which even liquid nourishment is given. The woman whose husband died this morning told me that he had seemed better in the night, and had asked for something to eat. She gave him a piece of bread and a slice of cold bacon because he told her he fancied it. I could not explain to her as she sat sobbing over him that she had killed him. When we have patients in our ward, what shall we feed them on and who will know how to nurse them? They do not know how to nurse one another, and the women in the village would not run the risk of undertaking to help us."

But even before he had left the house the problem was solved for them. The solving of it lay in the note Miss Vanderpoel had written the night before at Stornham.

When it was brought to him, Mr. Penzance opened the note and read it gravely, and then as gravely, though with a change

of expression, handed it to Mount Dunstan.

"Yes, she is a creature of action. She has heard and understood at once, and she has *done* something. It is immensely practical, it is fine—it—it is lovable."

"Do you mind my keeping it?" Mount Dunstan asked after he had read it.

"Keep it, by all means," the vicar answered.

It was quite brief. She had heard of the outbreak of fever among the hop-pickers, and asked to be allowed to give help to the people who were suffering. They would need prompt aid. She chanced to know something of the requirements of such cases, and had written to London for certain supplies which would be sent to them at once. She had also written for nurses, who would be needed above all else. Might she ask Mr. Penzance to kindly call upon her for any further assistance required.

"Tell her we are deeply grateful," said Mount Dunstan, "and that she has given us greater help than she knows."

"Why not answer her note yourself?" Penzance suggested.

Mount Dunstan shook his head.

"No," he said. "No."

XLII

IN THE BALL-ROOM

THOUGH Dunstan village was cut off by its misfortune from its usual intercourse with its neighbors, in some mystic manner villages even at twenty miles' distance learned all it did and suffered, feared or hoped.

Among the parties gathered at the large houses Mount Dunstan himself was much talked of. If he had been a popular man he might have become a sort of hero; as he was not popular, he was merely a subject for discussion. The fever-stricken patients had been carried in carts to the Mount and given beds in the ball-room, which had been made into a temporary ward. Nurses and supplies had been sent for from London, and two energetic young doctors had taken the place of old Dr. Fenwick, who had been frightened and overworked into an attack of bronchitis, which confined him to his bed. Where the money came from which must be spent every day under such circumstances it was difficult to say. To the simply conservative of mind the idea of filling one's house with dirty East End hop-pickers infected with typhoid seemed too radical. Surely he could have done something less extraordinary. Would everybody be expected to turn their houses into hospitals in case of village epidemics, now that he had established a precedent? But there were people who approved, and were warm in their sympathy with him. At the first dinner-party where the matter was made the subject of argument, the beautiful Miss Vanderpoel, who was present, listened silently to the talk with such brilliant eyes that Lord Dunholm, who was, in an elderly way, her staunch admirer, spoke to her across the table.

"Tell us what *you* think of it, Miss Vanderpoel," he suggested.

She did not hesitate at all.

"I like it," she answered. "I like it better than anything I have ever heard."

"So do I," said old Lady Alanby, shortly. "I should never have done it myself; but I like it just as you do."

"I knew you would, Lady Alanby," said the girl. "And you, too, Lord Dunholm."

"I like it so much that I shall write and ask if I cannot be of assistance," Lord Dunholm answered.

Only quickness of thought prevented Betty from the error of saying "Thank you," as if the matter were personal to herself. If Mount Dunstan was restive under the obviousness of the fact that help was so sorely needed, he might feel less so if her offer was only one among others.

"It seems rather the duty of the neighborhood to show some interest," put in Lady Alanby. "I shall write to him myself. He is evidently of a new order of Mount Dunstan. It 's to be hoped he won't take the fever himself and die of it. He ought to marry some handsome, well-behaved girl, and refound the family."

Nigel Anstruthers spoke from his side of the table, leaning slightly forward.

"He won't, if he does not take better care of himself. He passed me on the road two days ago, riding like a lunatic. He looks frightfully ill—yellow, and drawn, and lined. He has not lived the life to prepare for settling down to a

fight with typhoid fever. He would be done for if he caught the infection."

"I beg your pardon," said Lord Dunholm, with quiet decision. "Unprejudiced inquiry proves that his life has been entirely respectable. As Lady Alanby says, he seems to be of a new order of Mount Dunstan."

"No doubt you are right," said Sir Nigel, suavely. "He looked ill, notwithstanding."

"As to looking ill," remarked Lady Alanby to Lord Dunholm, who sat near her, "that man looks as if he was going to pieces pretty rapidly himself, and unprejudiced inquiry would not prove that his past had nothing to do with it."

Betty wondered if her brother-in-law was lying. It was generally safest to argue that he was. She must wait for the chance which brings news.

THERE were many dark hours in the ball-room ward; but at least none had died through want of shelter and care. The supplies needed came from London each day. Lord Dunholm had sent a generous check to the aid of the sufferers, and so also had old Lady Alanby; but Miss Vanderpoel, consulting medical authorities and hospitals, learned exactly what was required, and it was forwarded daily in its most easily utilizable form.

"You generously told me to ask you for anything we found we required," Mr. Penzance wrote to her in his note of thanks. "My dear and kind young lady, you leave nothing to ask for. Our doctors, who are young and enthusiastic, are filled with delight at the completeness of the resources placed in their hands."

She had, in fact, gone to London to consult an eminent physician who was an authority of world-wide reputation. Like the head of the legal firm of Townlinson & Shephard, he had experienced a new sensation in the visit paid him by an indubitably modern young beauty who wasted no word and whose eyes, while he answered her amazingly clear questions, were as intelligently intent as those of an ardent and serious young medical student.

In addition to the work they did in the ball-room ward, Mount Dunstan and the vicar found much to do among the villagers. There began to develop among them a secret dependence upon and desire to please "his lordship." As the existing circumstances drew him nearer to them, unconsciously they were attracted and dominated by his strength.

But where did the money come from? was asked during the first days. Beds and doctors, nurses and medicine, fine brandy and unlimited fowls for broth, did not come up from "Lunnon" without being paid for.

One morning the matron with the sharp temper found out the truth, though her outburst of gratitude to Mount Dunstan was entirely spontaneous and without intention. Her doubt of his Mount Dunstan blood had grown into a sturdy liking even for his short speech and his often drawn-down brows.

"We 've got more to thank your lordship for than common help," she said. "God Almighty knows where we 'd all ha' been but for what you 've done. Those poor souls you 've nursed and fed—"

"I 've not done it," he broke in suddenly. "You 're mistaken; I could not have done it. How could I?"

"Well," exclaimed the matron, frankly, "we *was* wondering where things came from."

"You might well wonder. Have any of you seen Lady Anstruthers's sister, Miss Vanderpoel, ride through the village? She used sometimes to ride this way. If you saw her, you would remember it."

"The 'Merican young lady?" in ejaculatory delight. "My word, yes! A fine young woman with black hair? That rich, they say, as millions won't cover it."

"They won't," he replied grimly. "Lord Dunholm and Lady Alanby of Dole kindly sent checks to help us, but the American young lady was first on the field. She sent both doctors and nurses, and has supplied us with food and medicine every day. As you say, Mrs. Brown, God Almighty knows what would have become of us but for what she has done."

Mrs. Brown had listened with open mouth.

"God bless her!" she broke out. "Girls is n't generally like that. Their heads is too full of finery. God bless her! 'Merican or no 'Merican, that 's what I say."

Mount Dunstan's red-brown eyes looked as if she had pleased him.

"That 's what I say, too," he answered. "God bless her!"

There was not a day which passed in which he did not involuntarily say the words to himself again and again. "God bless her!" She had been wrong when she had said to herself in her musings on the marsh that they were as far apart as if worlds rolled between them. Something stronger than sight or speech drew them together. The thread which wove itself through his thoughts grew stronger and stronger. It was almost as if she walked by his side, as if they spoke together, as if she said: "I have tried to think of everything. I want you to miss nothing. Have I helped you? Tell me if there is anything more." The thing which moved and stirred him was his knowledge that when he had thought of her, she had also been thinking of him, or of what deeply concerned him. When he had said to himself, tossing on his pillow, "What would she *do?*" she had been planning in such a way as answered his question. Each morning, when the day's supplies arrived, it was as if he had received a message from her.

Young Doctor Thwaite met him when he came in one morning, and spoke in a low voice.

"There is a young man behind the screen there who is very low," he said. "He had an internal hemorrhage toward morning, and has lost his pluck. He has a wife and three children. We have been doing our best for him with hot-water bottles and stimulants, but he has not the courage to help us. You have an extraordinary effect on them all, Lord Mount Dunstan. When they are depressed, they always ask when you are coming in, and this man—Patton, his name is—has asked for you several times. Upon my word, I believe you might set him going again."

Mount Dunstan walked to the bed, and, going behind the screen, stood looking down at the young fellow lying breathing pantingly. His eyes were closed as he labored, and his pinched white nostrils drew themselves in and puffed out at each breath. A nurse on the other side of the cot had just surrounded him with fresh hot-water bottles.

Suddenly the sunken eyelids flew open, and the eyes met Mount Dunstan in imploring anxiousness.

"Here I am, Patton," Mount Dunstan said. "You need not speak."

But he must speak. Here was the strength his sinking soul had longed for.

"Cruel bad—goin' fast—m' lord," he panted.

Mount Dunstan made a sign to the nurse who gave him a chair. He sat down close to the bed, and took the bloodless hand in his own.

"No," he said; "you are not going. You 'll stay here. I will see to that."

The poor fellow smiled wanly. Vague yearnings had led him sometimes in the past to wander into chapels or stop and listen to street preachers.

"God's—will," he trailed out.

"It 's nothing of the sort. It 's God's will that you pull yourself together. A man with a wife and three children has no right to slip out."

A yearning look flickered in the lad's eyes: he was scarcely more than a lad, having married at seventeen and had a child each year.

"She 's—a good—girl."

"Keep that in your mind while you fight this out," said Mount Dunstan. "Say it over to yourself each time you feel yourself letting go. Hold on to it. I am going to fight it out with you. I shall sit here and take care of you all day—all night, if necessary. The doctor and the nurse will tell me what to do. Your hand is warmer already. Shut your eyes."

He did not leave the bedside until the middle of the night.

By that time the worst was over. He had acted throughout the hours under the direction of nurse and doctor. No one but himself had touched the patient. When Patton's eyes were open, they rested on him with a weird growing belief. He begged his lordship to hold his hand, and was uneasy when he laid it down.

"Keeps—me—up," he whispered.

"He pours something into them—vigor, magnetic power, life. He 's like a charged battery," Dr. Thwaite said to his co-workers. "He sat down by Patton just in time. It sets one thinking."

Having saved Patton, he must save others. When a man or woman sank, or

had increased fever, they believed that he alone could give them help. In delirium patients cried out for him. He found himself doing hard work, but he did not flinch from it. The adoration for him became a sort of possession. Haggard faces lighted up into life at the sound of his footstep, and heavy heads turned longingly on their pillows as he passed by. In the winter days to come there would be many an hour's talk in East End courts and alleys, of the queer time when a score or more of them had lain in the great room, with the dancing and floating goddesses looking down at them from the high, painted ceiling, and the swell who was a lord walking about among them, working for them as the nurses did, and sitting by some of them through awful hours, sometimes holding burning or slackening and chilling hands with a grip the steadiness of which seemed to hold them back from the brink of the abyss they were slipping into. The mere ignorantly childish desire to do his prowess credit and to play him fair saved more than one man and woman from going out with the tide.

"It is the first time in my life that I have fairly counted among men. I have never known human affection other than yours, Penzance. They want me, these people; they are better for the sight of me. It is a new experience, and it is good for a man's soul," he said.

XLIII

HIS CHANCE

THE story of Mount Dunstan's power over the stricken people and of their passionate affection and admiration for him was one likely to spread far and to be immensely popular. The drama of certain incidents appealed greatly to the rustic mind, and by cottage firesides he was represented with rapturous awe as raising men, women, and children from the dead by the mere miracle of touch.

But to the girl walking over the marshland the humanness of the things she heard gave to her the sense of nearness,—of being almost within sight and sound,—which Mount Dunstan himself had felt when each day was filled with the result of her thought of the needs of the poor souls thrown by fate into his hands. Yes, he was kind, kind, kind, with the kindness a woman loves, and which she of all women loved most.

The time was pressing when a change must come to her. She frequently asked herself if what she saw in Nigel Anstruthers's face was the normal thinking of a sane man, which he himself could control. Once he went up to town, and after a few days' absence came back looking more haggard than before, and wearing a hunted look in his eyes. He had gone to see a physician, and after having seen him, he had tried to lose himself in a plunge into deep and turbid waters; but he found that he had lost the taste even of high flavors for which he had once had an epicurean palate. The effort had ended in his being overpowered again by his horrors—the horrors in which he found himself staring at that end of things when no pleasure had spice, no debauchery the sting of life. During one day of his stay in town he had seen Teresita, who had at first stared half frightened by the change she saw in him, and then had told him truths he could have wrung her neck for putting into words.

"You look an old man," she said with the foreign accent he had once found deliciously amusing, but which now seemed to add a sting. "And somesing is eating you op. You are mad in lofe with some beautiful one who will not look at you. I haf seen it in mans before. It is she who eats you op—your evil thinkings of her. It serve you right. Your eyes look mad."

He himself at times suspected that they did, and cursed himself because he could not keep cool. It was part of his horrors that he knew his internal furies were worse than folly, and yet he could not restrain them.

"My God!" he said to himself more than once, "I would like to have had her in my hands a few hundred years ago. Women were kept in their places then."

"Damn her!" he found himself crying out. "If I had hung her up and cut her into strips, she would have died staring at me with her big eyes—without uttering a sound."

His temper, when he returned to Stornham, was of the order which in past years had set Rosalie and her child shuddering, and had sent the servants about the house

with pale or sullen faces. Betty's presence had the odd effect of restraining him, and he even told her so with sneering resentment.

"There would be the devil to pay if you were not here," he said. "You keep me in order, by Jove! I can't work up steam properly when you watch me."

He himself knew that it was likely that some change would take place. She would not stay at Stornham, and she would not leave his wife and child alone with him again. It would be like her to hold her tongue until she was ready with her infernal plans and could spring them on him. The thing which most enraged him was the implied cool, practical realization of the fact that he, as inheritor of an entailed estate, was only owner in charge, and not young enough to be regarded as an unsurmountable obstacle to their plans. He could not undo the greater part of what had been done, and they were calculating, he argued, that his would not be likely to be a long life, and if—if anything happened, Stornham would be Ughtred's, and the whole vulgar lot of them would come over and take possession and swagger about the place as if they had been born on it. As to divorce or separation, if they took that line, he would at least give them a good run for their money. They would wish they had let sleeping dogs lie before the thing was over.

Let them get their divorce; they would have paid for it, the whole lot of them—the beautiful Miss Vanderpoel and all. Such a story as the newspapers would revel in would not be a recommendation to Englishmen of unsmirched reputation. Then his exultation would suddenly drop as his mental excitement produced its effect of inevitable physical fatigue. Even if he made them pay for getting their own way, what would happen to himself afterward? No morbid vanity of self-bolstering could make the outlook anything but unpromising. If he had not had such diabolical luck in his few investments he could have lived his own life. As it was, old Vanderpoel would possibly condescend to make him some insufficient allowance because Rosalie would wish that it might be done, and he would be expected to drag out to the end the kind of life a man pensioned by his wife's relatives inevitably does. If he attempted to live in the country, he should blow out his brains. When his depression was at its worst he saw himself ageing and shabby, rambling about from one cheap Continental town to another, black-balled by good clubs, cold-shouldered even by the Teresitas, cut off from society by his limited means and the stories his wife's friends would spread. He ground his teeth when he thought of Betty. Her splendid vitality had done something to life for him, had given it savor. When he had come upon her in the avenue, his blood had stirred, even though it had been maliciously, and there had been spice in his very resentment of her presence. And she would go away. He would not be likely to see her again if his wife broke with him; she would be swept out of his days. It was hideous to think of, and his rage would overpower him and his nerves go to pieces again.

"What are you going to do?" he broke forth suddenly one evening. "You are going to do something; I see it in your eyes."

He had been for some time watching her from behind his newspaper, while she, with an unread book upon her lap, had been looking out of the window into the park. She had, in fact, been thinking deeply, and putting to herself serious questions.

Her answer made him stir rather uncomfortably.

"I am going to write to my father to ask him to come to England."

So this was what she had been preparing to spring upon him. He laughed insolently.

"To ask him to come here?"

"With your permission."

"With mine? Does an American father-in-law wait for permission?"

"Is there any practical reason why you should prefer that he should *not* come?"

He left his seat and walked over to her.

"Yes. Your sending for him is a declaration of war."

"It need not be so. Why should it?"

"In this case I happen to be aware that it is. The choice is your own, I suppose," he went on, with ready brav-

ado, "that you and he are prepared to face the consequences. But is Rosalie, and is your mother?"

"My father is a business man, and will know what can be done. He will know what is worth doing," she answered, without noticing his question. "But"—she added the words slowly—"I have been making up my mind—before I write to him—to say something to you, to ask you a question."

He made a mock sentimental gesture.

"To ask me to spare my wife, to 'remember that she is the mother of my child'?"

She passed over that also.

"To ask you if there is no possible way in which all this unhappiness can be ended decently?"

"The only decent way of ending it would be that there should be no further interference. Let Rosalie supply the decency by showing me the consideration due from a wife to her husband. The place has been put in order. It was not for my benefit, and I have no money to keep it up. Let Rosalie be provided with means to do it."

As he spoke the words, he realized that he had opened a way for embarrassing comment. He expected her to remind him that Rosalie had not come to him without money. But she said nothing about the matter. She never said the things he expected to hear.

"You do not want Rosalie for your wife," she went on; "but you could treat her courteously without loving her. You could allow her the privileges other men's wives are allowed. You need not separate her from her family. You could allow her father and mother to come to her and leave her free to go to them sometimes. Will you not agree to that? Will you not let her live peaceably in her own simple way? She is very gentle and humble, and would ask nothing more."

"She is a fool," he exclaimed furiously—"a fool. She will stay where she is, and do as I tell her."

"You knew what she was when you married her. She was simple and girlish, and pretended to be nothing she was not. You chose to marry her and take her from the people who loved her. You broke her spirit and her heart. You would have killed her if I had not come in time to prevent it."

"I will kill her yet, if you leave her," his folly made him say.

"You are talking like a feudal lord, holding the power of life and death in his hands," she said. "Power like that is ancient history. You can hurt no one who has friends—without being punished."

It was the old story. She filled him with the desire to shake or disturb her at any cost, and he did his utmost. He had not watched his wife and Ffolliott for weeks to no end. He had known what he was dealing with. He had put other people upon the track, and they would testify for him. He poured forth unspeakable statements and intimations, going as usual further than he had known he should go when he began. Under the spur of excitement his imagination served him well. At last he paused.

"Well," he added, "what have you to say?"

"I?" she replied, with the remote, intent curiosity growing in her eyes. "I have nothing to say. I am leaving you to say things."

"You will, of course, try to deny—" he insisted.

"No, I shall not. Why should I?"

"You may assume your air of magnificence, but I am dealing with uncomfortable factors." He stopped in spite of himself, and then burst forth in a new order of rage. "You are trying some confounded experiment on me. What is it?"

She rose from her chair to go out of the room, and stood a moment, holding her book half open in her hand.

"Yes; I suppose it might be called an experiment," was her answer. "Perhaps it was a mistake. I wanted to make quite sure of something."

"Of what?"

"I did not want to leave anything undone. I did not want to believe that any man could exist who had not one touch of honest feeling to redeem him. It did not seem human."

White dints showed themselves about his nostrils.

"Well, you have found one," he cried. "You have a lashing tongue, by God! when you choose to let it go. But I could teach you a good many things, my girl.

And before I have done, you will have learned most of them."

But though he threw himself into a chair and laughed aloud as she left him he knew that his arrogance and bullying were proving poor weapons, though they had done him good service all his life. And he knew, too, that it was mere simple truth that she had actually been giving him a sort of chance to retrieve himself, and that if he had been another sort of man he might have taken it.

XLIV

A FOOTSTEP

It was cold enough for fires in halls and bedrooms, and Lady Anstruthers often sat over hers and watched the glowing bed of coals with a fixed thoughtfulness of look. She was so sitting when her sister went to her room to talk to her, and she looked up questioningly when the door closed and Betty came toward her.

"You have come to tell me something," she said. A slight shade of anxiousness showed itself in her eyes, and Betty sat down by her and took her hand. She had come because she knew that Rosalie must be prepared for any step taken, and the time had come when she must not be allowed to remain in ignorance even of things it would be unpleasant to put into words.

"Yes," she answered. "I want to talk to you about something I have decided to do. I think I must write to father and ask him to come to us."

Rosalie turned white; though her lips parted as if she were going to speak, she said nothing.

"Do not be frightened," Betty said. "I believe it is the only thing to do."

"I know. I know."

Betty went on, holding the hand a little closer: "When I came here you were too weak physically to be able to face even the thought of a struggle. I saw that. I was afraid it must come in the end, but I knew that at that time you could not bear it. It would have killed you and might have killed mother if I had not waited; and until you were stronger, I knew I must wait and reason coolly about you—about everything."

"I used to guess—sometimes," said Lady Anstruthers.

"I can tell you about it now. You are not as you were then," Betty said. "I did not know Nigel at first, and I felt I ought to see more of him. I wanted to make sure that my child-hatred of him did not make me unfair. I even tried to hope that when he came back and found the place in order and things going well he might recognize the wisdom of behaving with decent kindness to you. If he had done that I knew father would have provided for you both, though he would not have left him the opportunity to do again what he did before. No business man would allow such a thing as that. But as time has gone by I have seen I was mistaken in hoping for a respectable compromise. His violence and arrogance prevent his being even selfishly wise. Even if he were given a free hand he would not change. And now"—she hesitated, feeling it difficult to choose such words as would not be too unpleasant; how was she to tell Rosy of the ugly, morbid situation which made ordinary passiveness impossible?—"now there is a reason—" she began again.

To her surprise and relief it was Rosalie who ended for her. She spoke with the painful courage which strong affection gives a weak thing. Her face was pale no longer, but slightly reddened, and she lifted the hand which held hers, and kissed it.

"You shall not say it," she interrupted her. "I will. There is a reason now why you cannot stay here—why you shall not stay here. That was why I begged you to go. You must go if I stay behind alone."

Never had the beautiful Miss Vanderpoel's eyes worn so fully their look of being bluebells under water. That this timid creature should so stand at bay to defend her was more moving than anything else could have been.

"Thank you, Rosy—thank you," she answered. "But you shall not be left alone. You must go, too. There is no other way. Difficulties will be made for us, but we must face them. Father will see the situation from a practical man's standpoint. Men know the things other men *cannot* do. Women don't. Generally they know nothing about the law, and can be bullied into feeling that it is dangerous and compromising to inquire

into it. Nigel has always seen that it was easy to manage women. A strong business man who has more exact legal information than he has himself will be a new factor to deal with. And he cannot make objectionable love to him. It is because he knows these things that he says that my sending for father will be a declaration of war."

"Did he say that?" Lady Anstruthers asked breathlessly.

"Yes; and I told him that it need not be so. But he would not listen."

"And you are sure father will come?"

"I am sure. In a week or two he will be here."

Lady Anstruthers's lips shook, her eyes lifted themselves to Betty's in a touchingly distressed appeal. Had her momentary courage fled beyond recall? If so, that would be the worst coming to the worst indeed.

"You will be brave," Betty appealed to her. "You will not give way, Rosy?"

"Yes, I must be brave; I am not ill now. I must not fail you. I won't, Betty; but—"

She slipped upon the floor and dropped her face upon the girl's knee, sobbing.

Betty bent over her, putting her arms round the heaving shoulders, and pleading with her to speak. Was there something more to be told, something she did not know?

"Yes, yes. Oh, I ought to have told you long ago; but I have always been afraid and ashamed. It has made everything so much worse. I was afraid you would not understand, and would think me wicked—wicked."

It was Betty who now lost a shade of color. But she held the slim little body closer, and kissed her sister's cheek.

"What have you been afraid and ashamed to tell me? Do not be ashamed any more. You must not hide anything, no matter what it is, Rosy. I shall understand."

"I know I must not hide anything now; that all is over and father is coming. It is—it is about Mr. Ffolliott."

"Mr. Ffolliott?" repeated Betty quite softly.

Lady Anstruthers's face, lifted with desperate effort, was like a weeping child's. So much so in its tear-wet simpleness, and utter lack of any effort at concealment, that after one quick look at it Betty's hastened pulses ceased to beat at double-quick time.

"Tell me, dear," she almost whispered.

"Mr. Ffolliott himself does not know—and I could not help it. He was kind to me when I was dying of unkindness. You don't know what it was like to be drowning in loneliness and misery, and to see one good hand stretched out to help you. Before he went away,—oh, Betty, I know it was awful, because I was married,—I began to care for him very much, and I have cared for him ever since. I cannot stop myself caring, even though I am terrified."

Betty kissed her again with a passion of tender pity. Poor, little, simple Rosy, too. The tide had crept around her also, and had swept her off her feet, tossing her upon its surface like a wisp of seaweed, and bearing her each day farther from firm shore.

"Do not be terrified," she said. "You need only be afraid if—if you had told him."

"He will never know—never. Once in the middle of the night,"—there was anguish in the delicate face,—"a strange, loud cry wakened me, and it was I myself who had cried out—because in my sleep it had come home to me that the years would go on and on, and at last some day—I should die and go out of the world—and he would never know—even *know.*"

Betty's clasp of her loosened, and she sat still, looking straight before her into some unseen place.

"Yes," she said involuntarily. "Yes, *I* know—I know—I know."

Lady Anstruthers fell back a little to gaze at her.

"You know? *You* know?" she breathed. "Betty?"

But Betty at first did not speak. Her lovely eyes dwelt on the far-away place.

"Betty," whispered Rosy. "Do you know what you have said?"

The lovely eyes turned slowly toward her, and the soft corners of Betty's mouth deepened in a curious unsteadiness.

"Yes, I did not intend to say it; but it is true. I know. Do not ask me how."

Rosalie flung her arms round her waist, and for a moment hid her face.

"*You! you!*" she murmured, but

stopped herself, almost as she uttered the exclamation.

"I will not ask you," she said when she spoke again; "but now I shall not be so ashamed. You are wonderful and a beauty, and I am not; but if you *know,* that makes us almost the same. You will understand why I broke down. It was because I could not bear to think of what will happen. I shall be saved and taken home, but Nigel will wreak revenge on *him.* And I shall be the shame that is put upon him—only because he was kind—*kind.* When father comes it will all begin." She wrung her hands, becoming almost hysterical.

"Hush," said Betty. "Hush! A man like that *cannot* be hurt even by a man like Nigel. There is a way out—there is. Oh, Rosy, we must believe it!"

She soothed and caressed her, and led her on to relieving her long-locked-up misery by speech. It was easy to see the ways in which her feeling had made her life harder to bear, she was as inexperienced as a girl, and had accused herself cruelly. When Nigel had tormented her with evil, carefully chosen taunts, she had felt half-guilty, and had colored scarlet or turned pale, afraid to meet his sneeringly smiling face. She had tried to forget the kind voice, the kindly, understanding eyes, and had blamed herself as a criminal because she could not.

"I had nothing else to remember—but unhappiness—and it seemed as if I could not help but remember him," she said, as simply as the Rosy who had left New York at nineteen might have said it. "I was afraid to trust myself to speak his name. When Nigel made insulting speeches, I could not answer him, and he used to say that women who had adventures should train their faces not to betray them every time they were looked at."

"Oh," broke from Betty's lips, and she stood up on the hearth and threw out her hands, "I wish I were a man! I wish that for one day I might be a man—and your brother instead of your sister."

"Why?"

Betty smiled strangely—a smile which was not amused, which was perhaps not a smile at all. Her voice, as she answered, was low and tense.

"Because then I should know what to do. When a male creature cannot be reached through manhood, or decency, or shame, there is one way in which he can be punished. A man—a real man—should take him by his throat and lash him with a whip, while others look on—lash him until he howls aloud like a dog."

She had not expected to say it, but she had said it. Lady Anstruthers looked at her fascinated, and then she covered her face with her hands, huddling herself in a heap as she knelt on the rug, looking singularly small and frail.

"Betty," she said presently in a new, awful, little voice. "I—I will tell you something. I never thought I should dare to tell any one alive. I have shuddered at it myself. There have been days—awful, helpless days—when I was sure there was no hope for me in all the world—when deep down in my soul I understood what women felt when they *murdered* people—crept to them in their wicked sleep and *struck* them again—and again—and again. Like that!" She sat up suddenly as if she did not know what she was doing, and uncovering her little ghastly face struck downward three fierce times at nothingness, but as if it were not nothingness, and as if she held something in her hand.

There was horror in it. Betty sprang at the hand and caught it.

"No! no!" she cried out. "Poor little Rosy! Darling little Rosy! No! no! no!"

That instant Lady Anstruthers looked up at her shocked and awake. She was Rosy again, and clung to her, holding to her dress, piteous and panting.

"No! no!" she said. "When it came to me in the night—it was always in the night—I used to get out of bed and pray that it might never—never come again, and that I might be forgiven—just forgiven. It was too horrible that I should even understand it so well." A woeful, wry little smile twisted her mouth. "I was not brave enough to have done it. I could never have *done* it, Betty; but the thought was there—it was there. I used to think it had made a black mark on my soul."

THE letter took long to write. It led a consecutive story up to the point where it culminated in a situation which presented

itself as no longer to be dealt with by means at hand. Parts of the story previous letters had related, though some of them it had not seemed absolutely necessary to relate in detail. Now they must be made clear, and Betty made them so.

"Because you trusted me you made me trust myself," was one of the things she wrote. "For some time I felt that it was best to fight for my own hand without troubling you. I hoped perhaps I might be able to lead things to a decorous sort of issue. I saw that secretly Rosy hoped and prayed that it might be possible. She gave up expecting happiness before she was twenty, and mere decent peace would have seemed heaven to her if she could have been allowed sometimes to see those she loved and longed for. Now that I must give up my hope, which was perhaps a rather foolish one, and now that I cannot remain at Stornham, she would have no defense at all if she were left alone. Her condition would be more hopeless than before, because Nigel would never forget that we had tried to rescue her, and had failed. If I were a man, or if I were very much older, I need not be actually driven away; but as it is, I think that you must come and take the matter into your own hands."

She had remained in her sister's room until long after midnight, and by the time the American letter was completed and sealed a pale touch of dawning light was showing itself. She rose, and going to the window, drew the blind up and looked out. The looking-out made her open the window, and when she had done so she stood feeling the almost unearthly freshness of the morning about her. The mystery of the first faint light was almost unearthly, too. Trees and shrubs were beginning to take form and outline themselves against the still pallor of the dawn. How beautiful it all was! How wonderful life in such a place might be if life went well, and flowers and birds and sweep of sward and mass of stately, broad-branched trees were parts of the home one loved and which surely would in its own way love one in return! But soon all this phase of life would be over. Rosalie, once safe at home, would look back, remembering the place with a shudder. As Ughtred grew older, the passing of years would dim miserable child memories, and when his inheritance fell to him he might return to see it with happier eyes. She began to picture to herself Rosy's voyage in the ship which would carry her across the Atlantic to her mother, and the scenes connected in her mind only with a girl's happiness. Whatsoever happened before it took place, the voyage would be made in the end. And Rosalie would be like a creature in a dream—a heavenly, unbelievable dream. Betty could imagine how she would look—wrapped up and sitting in her steamer chair—gazing out with rapturous eyes upon the racing waves.

"She will be happy," she thought; "but I shall not. No, I shall not."

She, who had never known what unhappiness was, knew now well. She drew in the morning air and unconsciously turned toward the place where, across the rising and falling lands and behind the trees, she knew the great white house stood far away, with watchers' lights showing dimly behind the line of ball-room windows.

Sounds gain a curious distinctness and meaning in the hour of the break of the dawn. In such an hour they seem even more significant than sounds heard in the dead of night. When she had gone to the window, she had fancied that she heard something in the corridor outside her door; but when she had listened there had been only silence. Now there was a sound again—that of a softly moved, slippered foot. She went to the middle of the room and waited. Yes, certainly something had stirred in the passage. She went to the door itself. The dragging step had hesitated, stopped. Could it be Rosalie who had come to her for something? For one second her impulse was to open the door herself. The next she had changed her mind with a sense of shock. Some one had actually touched the handle, and very delicately turned it. It was not pleasant to stand looking at it and see it turn. She heard a low, evidently unintentionally uttered, exclamation, and she turned away, and with no attempt at softening the sound of her footsteps walked across the room, hot with passionate disgust. As well as if she had flung the door open she knew who stood outside. It was Nigel Anstruthers, hag-

gard and unseemly, with burned-out, sleepless eyes and bitten lip.

Bad and mad as she had at last seen the situation to be, it was uglier and more desperate than she could well know.

XLV

THE PASSING BELL

THE following morning Sir Nigel did not appear at the breakfast table. He breakfasted in his own room, and it became known through the household that he had suddenly decided to go away, and his man was packing for the journey. What the journey, or the reason for its being taken, were things not explained to any one but Lady Anstruthers, at the door of whose dressing-room he appeared without warning as she was leaving it.

Rosalie started when she found herself confronting him. His eyes looked hot and hollow with feverish sleeplessness.

"You look ill," she exclaimed involuntarily. "You look as if you had not slept."

"Thank you. You always encourage a man. I am not in the habit of sleeping much," he answered. "I am going away for my health. It is as well you should know. I am going to look up old Broadmorlands. I want to know exactly where he is in case it becomes necessary for me to see him. I also require some trifling data connected with Ffolliott. If your father is coming, it will be as well to be able to lay my hands on things. You can explain to Betty. Good-morning." He waited for no reply, but wheeled about and left her.

Betty herself wore a changed face when she came down. A cloud had passed over her blooming, as clouds pass over a morning sky and dim it. Rosalie asked herself if she had not noticed something like this before. She began to think she had. Yes; she was sure that at intervals there had been moments when she had glanced at the brilliant face with an uneasy and yet half-unrealizing sense of looking at a glowing light temporarily waning. The feeling had been unrealizable because it was not to be explained. Betty was never ill, she was never low-spirited, she was never out of humor or afraid of things; that was why it was so wonderful to live with her. But—yes, it was true—there had been days when the strong, fine light of her had waned. Lady Anstruthers's comprehension of it arose now from her memory of the look she had seen the night before in the eyes which suddenly had gazed straight before her as into an unknown place.

"Yes, *I* know—I know—I know!" The tone in the girl's voice had been one Rosy had not heard before.

Slight wonder, if you *knew,* at any outward change which showed itself, though in your own most desperate despite. It would be so even with Betty, who, in her sister's eyes, was unlike any other creature. But perhaps it would be better to make no comment. To make comment would be almost like asking the question she had been forbidden to ask.

While the servants were in the room during breakfast they talked of common things, resorting even to the weather and the news of the village. Afterward they passed into the morning-room together, and Betty put her arm round Rosalie and kissed her.

"Nigel has suddenly gone away I hear," she said. "Do you know where he has gone?"

"He came to my dressing-room to tell me." Betty felt the whole slim body stiffen itself with the determination to seem calm. "He said he was going to find out where the old Duke of Broadmorlands was staying at present."

"There is some forethought in that," was Betty's answer. "He is not on such terms with the Duke that he can expect to be received as a casual visitor. It will require apt contrivance to arrange an interview. I wonder if he will be able to accomplish it."

"Yes, he will," said Lady Anstruthers. "I think he can always contrive things like that." She hesitated a moment, and then added: "He said also that he wished to find out certain things about Mr. Ffolliott—'trifling data,' he called them,—that he might be able to lay his hands on things if father came. He told me to explain to you."

"That was intended for a taunt; but it is a warning," Betty said, thinking the thing over. "We are left behind, rather like ladies left alone to defend a besieged castle. He wished us to feel that." She tightened her inclosing arm. "But we

stand together. We shall not fail each other. We can face the siege until father comes."

"You wrote to him last night?"

"A long letter, which I want him to receive before he sails. He might wish to act upon it before leaving New York—to advise with some legal authority he knows and trusts, to prepare our mother in some way, to do some wise thing we cannot foresee the value of. He has known the outline of the story, but not exact details, particularly recent ones. I have held back nothing it was necessary he should know. I am going out to post the letter myself. I shall send a cable, asking him to prepare to come to us after he has reflected on what I have written."

Rosalie was very quiet, but when, having left the room to prepare to go to the village, Betty came back to say a last word, her sister came to her and laid a hand on her arm.

"I have been so weak and trodden upon for years that it would not be natural for you to quite trust me," she said; "but I won't fail you, Betty."

As she passed through the park gates, Betty was thinking of the first morning on which she had walked down the village street between the irregular rows of red-tiled cottages, with their ragged, little, inclosing gardens. Then the air and sunshine had been of the just awakening spring; now the sky was brightly cold, and through the small-paned windows she caught glimpses of fire-glow. A bent old man, walking very slowly, leaning upon two sticks, had a red-brown woolen muffler wrapped round his neck. Seeing her, he stopped, and shuffled the two sticks into one hand that he might leave the other free to touch his wrinkled forehead stiffly, his face stretching into a slow smile as she stopped to speak to him.

"Good-morning, Marlow," she said. "How is the rheumatism to-day?"

He was a deaf old man whose conversation was carried on principally by guesswork, and it was easy for him to gather that when her ladyship's handsome young sister had given him greeting she had not forgotten to inquire respecting the "rheumatics," which formed the greater part of existence.

"'Mornin', Miss— 'mornin'," he answered in the high cracked voice of rural ancientry. "Winter be nigh, an' they damp days be full of rheumatiz. 'T 'int easy to get about on my old legs; but I be main thankful for they warm things you sent, Miss. This 'ere"—fumbling at his red-brown muffler proudly—"'t is a comfort on windy days—so 't is, and warmth be a great thing to a man when he be goin' down-hill in years."

"All of you who are not able to earn your own fires shall be warm this winter," her ladyship's handsome sister said, speaking closer to his ear. "You shall all be warm. Don't be afraid of the cold days coming."

He shuffled his sticks, and touched his forehead again, looking up at her admiringly and chuckling.

"'T will be a new tale for Stornham village," he cackled. "Thank ye, Miss. Thank ye."

As she nodded, smiling, and passed on, she heard him cackling still under his breath as he hobbled on his slow way, comforted and elate. How almost shamefully easy it was! A few loads of coal and faggots here and there, a few blankets and warm garments, the cost of which counted for so little when one's hands were full, could change a gruesome village winter into a season during which labor-stiffened and broken old things, closing their cottage doors, could draw their chairs round the hearth and hover luxuriously over the red glow.

But she had not needed her passing speech with Marlow to stimulate her realization of how much she had learned to care for the mere living among these people to whom she seemed to have begun to belong, and whose comfortably lighting faces, when they met her, showed that they knew her to be one who might be turned to in any hour of trouble or dismay. The centuries which had trained them to depend upon their "betters" had taught the slowest of them to judge with keen sight those who were to be trusted, not alone as holders of power and wealth, but as creatures humanly upright and merciful with their kind.

"Workin' folk allus knows gentry," old Doby had once shrilled to her. "Gentry 's gentry, an' us knows 'em, wheresoever they be, better 'n they know theirselves. So us do."

Yes, they knew. And though they accepted many things as being merely their natural rights, they gave an unsentimental affection and appreciation in return. The patriarchal note in the life was lovable to her. Each creature she passed was a sort of friend who seemed almost of her own blood. It had come to that. This particular existence was more satisfying to her than any other, and she felt remotely as if she had always lived and always must live it.

"Though I am only an impostor," she thought. "I was born on Fifth Avenue, yet since I have known this I shall be quite happy in no other place than an English village, with a Norman church tower looking down upon it, and rows of little gardens with spears of white and blue lupines and canterbury-bells standing guard before cottage doors."

She carried her letter to the post, and stopped to talk a few minutes with the postmaster, who transacted his official business in a small shop where sides of bacon and hams hung suspended from the ceiling, while groceries, flannels, dress prints, and glass bottles of sweetstuff filled the shelves. "Mr. Tewson's" was the central point of Stornham in a commercial sense. The establishment had also certain social qualifications. Mr. Tewson was always glad to see Miss Vanderpoel cross his threshold. This was not alone because she represented the custom of the Court, which, since her arrival, had meant large regular orders and large bills promptly paid, but that she brought with her an exotic atmosphere of interest and excitement.

This morning he had thrilling news for her, and began with it at once.

"Dr. Fenwick at Stornham is very low, Miss," he said. "He 's very low, you 'll be sorry to hear. The worry about the fever upset him terrible, and his bronchitis took him bad. He 's an old man, you know."

Miss Vanderpoel was very sorry to hear it. It was quite in the natural order of things that she should ask other questions about Dunstan village and the Mount, and she asked several. The fever was dying out, and pale convalescents were sometimes seen in the village or strolling about the park. His lordship was taking care of the people, and doing his best for them until they should be strong enough to return to their homes.

"But he 's very strict about making it plain that it 's you, Miss, they have to thank for what he does."

"That is not quite just," said Miss Vanderpoel. "He and Mr. Penzance fought on the field. I only supplied some of the ammunition."

"The county does n't think of him as it did even a year ago, Miss," said Tewson, rather smugly. "He was very ill thought of then, among the gentry. It 's wonderful the change that 's come about. If he *should* fall ill, there 'll be a deal of sympathy."

"I hope there is no question of his falling ill," said Miss Vanderpoel.

Mr. Tewson lowered his voice confidentially. This was really his most valuable item of news.

"Well, Miss," he admitted, "I have heard that he 's been looking very bad for a good bit, and it was told me quite private because the doctors and the vicar don't want the people to be upset by hearing it, that for a week he 's not been well enough to make his rounds."

"I hope that means nothing really serious," Miss Vanderpoel said in a low voice. "Every one will hope so."

"Yes, Miss," said Mr. Tewson, deftly twisting the string round the package he was tying up for her. "A sad reward it would be if he lost his life after doing all he *has* done—a sad reward. But there 'd be a good deal of sympathy."

She went out into the pale, amber sunshine and stood a few moments, glad to find herself bathed in it again. She suddenly needed air and light. " 'A sad reward!' " Sometimes people were not rewarded. Brave men were shot dead on the battlefield when they were doing brave things; brave physicians and nurses died of the plagues they faithfully wrestled with. Here were dread and pain confronting her, Betty Vanderpoel,—dread and pain.

(To be continued)

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

' WITH THRIFTY CAUTION SHE SELECTED A WORN TWO-DOLLAR BILL FROM HER PURSE"

ELI PACKER'S INHERITANCE

BY HARRIET A. NASH

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

"WITH this ring I thee wed."

Elder Sharp's voice, keyed to the height of an unusual occasion, broke suddenly and came down to everyday level as he looked expectantly from one to the other of the pair before him. The bridegroom, a tall young man with sleepy blue eyes, repeated the words mechanically, and stood waiting with the air of one without responsibility. The little dark-eyed bride dropped his hand. "For the land sake!" she exclaimed, groping with crimson face in the depths of the velvet bag upon her arm. Everything had been going smoothly but a moment before for this quiet wedding in the dim, old-fashioned parsonage parlor, where the painted faces of dead and gone divines looked benignly down from the walls and the scent of today's apple-blossoms crept in through the curtained windows. She had made the responses dreamily, wrapped in a beatific vision of the future they suggested—a future wherein hers was only the passive duty to honor and obey in return for which she was to be cherished and protected.

Now she came back to earth with a start and produced from her bag a shining band of gold, purchased with the proceeds of a week's tailoring. In the vision the ring had come forth from the bridegroom's pocket at the magic moment; but the vision had passed, and if there were one thing on earth Sarella Boffin abhorred more than another, it was one of those vexatious delays commonly known in Plainville vocabulary as "hitches." She nervously brushed some particles of dust from the bridegroom's sleeve, and wondered what the minister's wife, from her post upon the sofa, thought of the match. "I don't care," she assured herself a little defiantly, even while the ministerial hands hovered in benediction above her head. "There 's other things needed in a husband besides hard workin' and good providin', and if I choose to trade an armful of firewood now and then for a streak of romance, it 's nothin' to Plainville."

With thrifty caution she selected a worn two-dollar bill from her purse. "Far more than he was worth, my dear," declared

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"SARELLA . . . LEARNED TO LOVE THE VIOLIN AS IT SOFTLY PLAYED HER FAVORITE HYMNS"

the minister, ten minutes later, as he watched the pair go down the flagged walk between blossoming lilac-bushes, and on up the dusty street.

Eli had been strongly in favor of borrowing a horse and buggy for so momentous an occasion, but Sarella was firm. "A lendin' neighbor is the gate-keeper to Shiftlessville," she insisted. "We 're startin' out poor, and it 's borne in upon me that we 're liable to cover most of the road of life afoot. We 'll begin as we can hold out." And Plainville, watching the two as, arm in arm, they traversed the length of the village street, shook its head and hoped in tones of conviction that "Poor Sarella had n't made a mistake."

It was scarcely half a year since Eli Packer, with his violin-case under his arm, first sauntered down the long hill into Plainville village and paid his last half dollar for a night's lodging at the little hotel. Landlord Hopkins, despairing of otherwise obtaining payment for the week's board which followed, had conceived of a weekly gathering, with Eli's violin as chief attraction, and the "Hopkinses' Friday nights" became a feature of the Plainville winter. Sarella Boffin, niece of the landlady, coming in red cashmere dress and white, ruffled apron to help serve refreshments at intermission, had her first glimpse of Eli as he sat upon a high platform, industriously sawing his bow, while the exhausted dancers refreshed themselves with hot coffee and ice cream to the strains of the "Beautiful Blue Danube."

It was a case of love at first sight; Eli was heard to declare the new waitress "the handsomest woman in the room," and Sarella herself carried him a well-filled tray, although Landlord Hopkins looked on in disapproval. Sarella, being a "professor," disapproved of quick music and dancing, but was not averse to adding to her slender day-wages by catering to others who were less scrupulous. One Friday night after another found Eli escorting her, after the last dish was washed, to the little cottage in Boffin's Lane where the village tailoress lived alone, and Sarella forgot her inherited prejudices and learned to love the violin as it softly played her favorite hymns in the little parlor on Sunday afternoons.

Boffin relatives from far and near came to remonstrate as the wedding day approached. "There are those that says he 's no different from a tramp," cautioned Aunt Sophia.

"I never was one to go and come by what 'they' say," replied Sarella.

"He 's never done a day's work since he come here," declared Uncle Job. "Do you think he 'll be liable to settle down to farmin' and such-like, Sarelly?"

"I think it 's doubtful," returned Sarella, cheerfully; "but it don't matter. From my point of view, a husband is a luxury which I can afford, if I want to, just as your Phemie bought her a new piano, and Aunt Sophia's Tom spent Grandfather Boffin's legacy for a racin' colt. We all have our extravagances. It 's a pretty helpless woman nowadays that has to look upon a husband as a necessity to pay her bills."

"Do you know anything about his folks, Sary?" put in a third voice. Sarella was silent for a moment. "I might 's well tell you," she said defiantly at last. "In my mind it 's full excuse for him not bein' more active in hard work, but you can lay it up against him if you choose to. From all I can learn and surmise, his whole family 's inclined to be easy. He told me his great grandfather was a sailor and married a gipsy, and I know his father mended clocks, which is almost the same thing as trampin'. Eli has n't inherited hard work, that 's clear. And what a man don't inherit, he 's got to go without. Now, for me, I took cookin' and butter-makin' from Grandmother Boffin, and spinnin' from Grandmother Mix, and tailorin' from Great-aunt Hulda, and dressmakin' from Aunt Desire, with a touch of millinery from mother's half-sister Jane and general housework and gardenin' and hens from every female Boffin that ever went before me. I 've got a comfortable home of my own and money at interest. I ain't denyin', for all 's open and above board, and I know you mean well and don't consider it meddlin', as such might be thought outside the family, that 't would have been convenient and saved hirin' if my affections could have fixed themselves on a man that would took the outdoor work off my hands while I went on sewin' and tailorin'. But Eli did n't inherit outdoor

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"A HUSBAND IS A LUXURY WHICH I CAN AFFORD IF I WANT TO"

work, and I sha'n't ask it of him without he offers."

So, after her marriage, Sarella continued to go cheerily from house to house with huge shears and tailor's goose, or sewed and fitted with nimble fingers in her own little parlor. In the evenings Eli played to her while she washed the accumulated dishes of a day or cooked for the morrow's table. In the early morning, before he woke from slumber, she weeded the tiny garden, finding time even for a little plot of flowers, since Eli declared they looked so pretty growin'. And life flowed on as tranquilly as in the first Eden, where labor was unknown to man and woman both.

Early in November Sarella came home from a day's work, to find Eli strolling uneasily about the house. "I am afraid I 've got one of my wanderin' spells comin' on," he explained. "I 've had 'em from a boy. I 've been fightin' this one all day."

"It 's no use fightin' what 's in the blood, Eli," replied his wife, sympathetically, though all the gloomy predictions of the Boffin family seemed hovering about her head. " 'T is n't your fault, dear," she continued bravely, "but no doubt the blood of the sailin' grandfather and his gipsy wife. If it comes to a point where you can't throw it off, you must just go for a spell, that 's all. Things like that are apt to strike in and do harm if you try too hard to suppress 'em." A week later she packed his bag with loving hands and watched him go up the road toward the depot with a full quarter of Grandfather Boffin's two-hundred-dollar legacy buttoned beneath the overcoat her own fingers had made. "The land knows whether I 'll ever see him again," she said to herself; "but if I don't, I ain't half so bad off as though 't was some poor, helpless woman that had lost a provider."

The little cottage was cold and dark as

she returned to it in the long autumn evenings, and Sarella's lonely heart magnified anew the joys of married life. She reproached herself for fancied faults. "Not that I ever said a word or really thought one," she argued; "but I can't deny there 's sometimes been a far undercurrent of wishin' that Eli 'd been just exactly as he was and not a change in him, only with a little more active ancestors. I 'll never indulge in that undercurrent again, let him once come back—if he should."

She toiled through the deepening snows of early winter up the lane to the highway, hoping against conviction that Eli would return before the holiday season. "I don't want to be unreasonable," she reflected, "but it does seem as if a woman's first married Christmas ought to be a little different from any other she ever sees." She purchased a new easy-chair and a fur cap for Eli, but the lengthening days went by, and he came not. Sarella had given up all hope when, on the stormy Christmas Eve, she turned into Boffin's Lane, to see a bright light streaming from her kitchen window and knew the wanderer had returned.

"I 've brought you some presents, Sarelly," said Eli, with fond arms about her—"a music-stand for the parlor and some new music-books I knew you 'd like."

And Sarella thanked him adoringly, even though the deep undercurrent of objection whispered of the corner what-not and the book of poems she would have preferred.

"I met Si Hopkins comin' down from the depot," Eli said that evening. "He offered me a dollar a week to play for dances again this winter; 'd I better do it, Sarelly? I thought mebbe 't would help out in case I had another wanderin' spell in the spring, as I 'm liable to. Something in the air of spring always seems to bring them on. And I 'spose there 'll be expenses enough then to take up all your money." Sarella drew her chair nearer, to lean her head against his shoulder. "I sh'u'd rather you would n't, dear," she said. "Those tavern dances don't seem quite equal to a man like you, let alone their bein' wicked, as Elder Sharp believes. We can make out someway, I guess."

So Eli kept the cottage warm, and thoughtfully placed the lamp in the window on snowy nights. Through the day he practised the music he had given her, and in the evenings delighted his wife with it. Once when she sprained her ankle upon a bit of ice, he constructed a sled, and drew her to and from her work until the foot was well again; and no royal equipage ever carried a more contented heart than did the little sled.

But in the spring the restlessness came on again, and Sarella watched her husband anxiously for a week, then herself suggested another trip, silencing his mild objections. He returned in six weeks to find a new occupant in the little cottage.

Sarella shed a few tears at first, because the baby resembled her rather than his handsomer father.

"He 's clear Boffin," remarked Aunt Sophia in a tone of satisfaction.

"Yes, he 's clear Boffin in looks," echoed Cousin Phemie, dolefully; "but there 's no tellin' which side he 'll take after in character." Sarella dried her eyes, and her lips set in a firm line. "I made up my mind weeks ago which side he was goin' to inherit character from," she announced. "There 's nothin' like beginnin' young with a child when it comes to inheritin', for if there is any one thing that can supply deficiencies in ancestors, it 's bringin' up." After that, Sarella sewed at home through the long summer days, while Eli good-naturedly tended the baby or drew him in a little cart up and down the lane. "I 'd be the happiest woman in Plainville if it was n't for them undercurrents every now and then," Sarella assured herself, as she milked the red cow under a great apple-tree; for with the baby a cow had been added to the establishment.

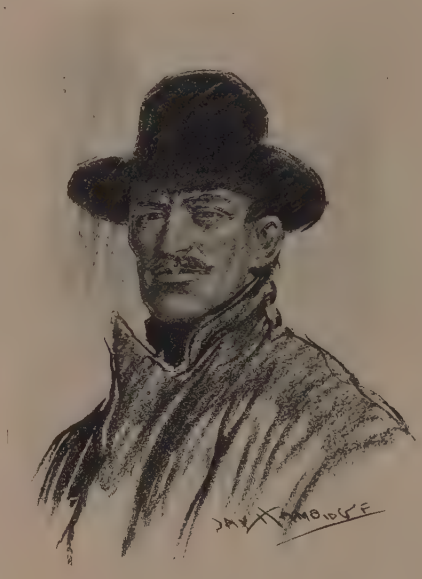
THE seasons came and went over the little house in Boffin's Lane, and six little Packers came one after another to fill the tiny rooms to overflowing. Eli continued to take semi-annual vacations, and Sarella, with brief intervals of disability, sewed on, constructing clothes for the men and boys of Plainville even while caring for her growing brood. She was not without assistance as time passed; for, true to her determination, the char-

acters of her offspring were molded with a firm and unrelenting hand.

"Your pa did n't inherit," she assured Eli, Jr., when he rebelled against weeding, upon the ground that "Pa never did." "What a man ain't got in him can't be brought out. But there 's workin' qualities enough in the Boffins to supply a dozen families like this one, and you children are goin' to inherit precisely what I tell you to."

When her second son was seized with a "wandering spell" and played truant, it was Sarella who sought him out at the trout brook and escorted him in person back to school.

"I suppose some would say he could n't help it," she explained to the teacher, who, being a Boffin cousin in remote degree, seemed entitled to her confidence; "but if he can't help it, I can. I picked out every one of my children's inheritances when they was in their cradles, and Amos is the particular one I chose to inherit Uncle Squire Boffin's law. So he 's got to be a scholar whether he wants to or not."



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"THE TALL FARMER WHO APPROACHED THEM, A REPRODUCTION OF ELI, SAVE FOR THE HARD MUSCLES AND FIRM, AGGRESSIVE CHIN"

But with the arrival of her youngest child and third daughter, Sarella's resolution weakened. The five older were dark-eyed, energetic Boffins, with equal capabilities for mischief and hard work. This one, with her dreamy blue eyes and golden curls, was Eli's second self to the adoring mother.

"You won't never make a worker out of her," declared Aunt Sophia.

"I don't know 's I shall aim to," returned Sarella, shortly. "Land knows, I 've seen hard work enough myself, so I need n't begrudge just one of my children to an easier time in life. I 'm countin' on her inheritin' Eli's music and turnin' out a music-teacher." So the little Luella played happily up and down the lane while her sisters washed dishes or sewed long, tiresome seams of patchwork. On her third birthday, Eli, Jr., cheerfully sold his rabbits to buy her a toy piano, and at the age of seven the little cottage was mortgaged to procure a parlor organ for her use. For an hour of each day thereafter Sarella, by dint of bribery, coaxing, and commands, personally superintended Luella's inheritance of music.

SARELLA looked up in bewilderment from the letter her husband had handed her. "What does it mean, Eli?" she inquired, for the letter read:

Dear Brother Eli:

This is to break the sad news that uncle John died yesterday, and to invite you and your wife to come on for the funeral and stop with us. Services will be at the house on Friday at two. Contrary to all expectancies, he did n't leave a will. Ten thousand ain't much, divided round among so many, but every little helps up here among the rocks. Be sure to come.

Brother Henry.

Hillsdale, N. H., Nov. 1

"You never told me you had a rich uncle, Eli," Sarella said, with both reproach and admiration in her tone.

"I never was one to boast of my relations," replied her husband, absently, setting down a long row of figures upon Eli, Jr's., slate. "It 'll be no less 'n five hundred apiece, Sarelly, accordin' to my figurin.' Tell you about him? Why, dearie, there is n't anything to tell. He was a

man, and he died—that 's all. How 'd he get money? Blamed if I recollect. Grubbed it out of the rocks, like enough. He was just that kind. I suppose I 'd better go."

Sarella was thoughtfully sorting the contents of her piece-bag. "There 's lace and velvet enough for a handsome bonnet," she announced; "and borrowin' mournin' ain't ever been considered borrowin' in Plainville. Cousin Phemie's new black dress that I 've just finished fits me to a T. I 'm goin' right over to ask her for it. Yes, Eli, we 'll go. Come to think of it, we 've never taken a weddin' trip yet, and your brother's letter sounds real cordial and pleasant."

As the train drew laboriously into a little station among the New Hampshire hills, Eli leaned toward his wife. "I 've been thinkin' about that five hundred, dearie," he said. "Grandfather Packer had been around the world three times before he reached my time of life."

A blissful vision of a mortgage paid and money at interest once more dissolved before Sarella's devoted eyes. "Yes, love," she answered, slipping her hand fondly into his.

She alighted from the train with some misgivings as to the coming visit.

"Poverty 's one thing, and shiftlessness another," she reflected. "I hope to mercy they ain't slack as well. What a pity some of them did n't take after this poor dead uncle. Well, I can stand 'most anything a few days for Eli's sake. I can see he 's worried and uneasy, thinkin' how they 'll strike me."

The mountains all about her were crowned with leafless forests, and a keen autumn wind whistled about the little depot. Sarella hesitated, shivering, before she unfolded Cousin Annie Boffin's plaid golf-cape and wrapped it about her shoulders, covering the broadcloth jacket Cousin Tom's wife had loaned for the occasion.

"A golf-cape is n't mournin', but they probably won't know the difference," she assured herself. Then she turned to regard in troubled surprise the tall farmer who approached them, a reproduction of Eli, save for the hard muscles and firm, aggressive chin. There was nothing shiftless in brother Henry's appearance, nor in the pair of sleek horses fastened to a neat double wagon. "Borrowed, of course," decided Sarella; but she slipped off the golf-cape, and folded the least conspicuous side out.

As they drove along, she paid little heed to the brief comments which passed between the brothers, so intent did she become upon identifying the Packer home at first sight. There were low, unpainted cottages now and then, which filled her heart with apprehension; but Henry passed them by. An ancient farmhouse, with broken roof, surrounded by rocky fields "set up on edge," should surely have been the place; but the horses went steadily on. A comfortable red farmhouse, with long streamers of crape fluttering from its green front door, could be no other than the house of mourning, and Sarella found herself wishing she were to be entertained there.

"Anything would be more cheerful than my expectations," she reflected miserably.

A little later the horses turned into a broad driveway, beyond which, amidst fertile fields and sloping orchards, stood a large white house.

"What are we stopping here for, Eli?" Sarella inquired.

"This 's the place, Sarelly," replied her husband, while brother Henry added: "Yes, yonder 's the old house Grandfather Packer built with his own hands when he turned his back on the sea and took to the mountains before he was the age of Eli here. Strong and substantial it is, like himself. Grandfather was a master workman in his day."

Sarella found herself inside the house, surrounded by fluttering females who were made known as sisters in fact and law, and a brisk, white-haired old lady who laid down her knitting long enough to welcome "Son Eli's wife," and then immediately resumed it.

Sarella moved and spoke like one dreaming. In place of the poverty she had dreaded, here was abundance such as she had never known. Instead of idleness, an energy which regretted the sacrifice of half a day to the deceased uncle's memory, and made necessary much careful planning of household and farm work that all might go. Toward Sarella the family attitude was one of deep respect not unmingled with awe, and every act

Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"LUELLA . . . YOU COME BACK HERE AND WASH THESE DISHES"

of hospitality was accompanied by apologies. "I just dreaded to have Eli's wife come," declared Mrs. Henry at last in a burst of confidence. "Said I, with all her nice things and a big, stylish house, everything here 'll seem pretty common to her. It 's so easy for those with wealth to look down on those without and we somehow got to feel from Eli's tellin' that you was one that held your head pretty high. And then your never comin' with him when he run up to the old place for a little visit every once in a few years! But land! as soon 's you come, mother whispered to me you was n't a mite stuck up or purse-proud."

"No, I ain't," replied Sarella, cordially. "And as to pride, Eli probably meant family pride, which I have indulged in more or less, I will admit."

The ice thus broken, the other sisters frankly admired the velvet bonnet, and commented upon the graceful fit of Cousin Phemie's black dress.

"No, this bonnet did n't come from the city. We have a very tasty milliner in Plainville," explained the unblushing Sarella, lost in bewilderment, yet loyally determined to support the impression which Eli must have given them. "Yes, the dress was made there, too. Some think the dressmaker does well, but I 'm pretty particular, and an inch longer waisted would 'a' suited me better."

In the parlor of the red farmhouse that afternoon, cousin Eben Packer tiptoed heavily across the room to Eli's side. "There 's just twenty heirs in all," he suggested in a loud whisper. "We did n't know just how you 'd feel about takin' your share. Of course 't would be a pretty small' drop into a pretty full bucket."

Eli hesitated. "I guess we 'll take it,

Eb," he said. "Nineteen 's an awkward number to divide by, and these drops come handy, 'most anywhere."

"Eli," said Sarella, as she closed the door of the great spare chamber upon them that night, "your folks have got an idea you 've married a rich wife, and I certainly had an equally mistaken notion of them in the other direction. How did it happen?"

"Blamed if I know, dearie," replied Eli, cheerfully, struggling with his Sunday boots. "I suppose it all comes of my never bein' a good hand at explainin' and describin'. I come home here, and in tellin' of my wife they see I 'd got a treasure. Bein', as you can't help but see, terrible earthly-minded, it wa'n't my fault if they could n't estimate your value except in dollars and cents. As for my folks—well, I ain't a Chinee, and I never did believe in this ancestor worship we get so much of these days. I s'pose I underrated 'em a little, and not bein' Boffins, they naturally dropped into an inferior place in your mind."

Sarella smoothed the folds of cousin Phemie's dress and began thoughtfully to take down her back hair.

"Your grandmother that had the strain of gipsy blood," she continued—"was she the one that wove all night after she 'd spun all day, and never set foot out of her own door-yard in fifteen years?"

"Same one," returned Eli, with a yawn. "Lively old lady to turn off work."

"And your father mended clocks in the evenings after he 'd chopped wood all day?"

"Many 's the night," replied Eli.

Sarella sat in long silence, her eyes fixed upon the striped rag carpet, woven, as she had been assured, by Mother Packer's own hands.

"You don't seem to take after any of your folks, Eli," she said at last.

Eli settled comfortably into Sister Miriam's best feather-bed. "Well," he said, "as I was sayin', I don't go much on this ancestor fad, anyhow. I calculate it 's gettin' to be a good deal overdone. In my opinion, a man either is or else he is n't, and that 's all there is to it."

A WEEK later, in the little cottage down the lane, Eli Packer, looking across the supper-table at his wife, said:

"I 've been studyin' the geography, dearie, and I can't seem to make up my mind whether to go around from east to west or from west to east. Grandfather Packer went both ways."

Sarella sat erect. Her lips were firm, and a pink spot glowed in each cheek. "I guess it 's too late, Eli," she said decidedly. "If you 'd wanted to inherit Grandfather Packer's travels, you ought to have begun younger. Accordin' to all accounts, you 've just come to the age of inheritin' his farm life. I guess we 'd better spend Uncle John's money for Si Curran's meadow that joins our garden, and plant it to potatoes by brother Henry's new method. There 's no reason why they should n't do as well in Maine as in New Hampshire, with you and the boys to tend them. Done your supper? Well, I guess you 'll have to milk to-night, for I 've sent the boys to carry home Phemie's dress. Your sisters told me they 'd never done a milkin' in their lives, and both your brothers' wives is afraid of cows."

Eli rose obediently, but there was an unwonted frown upon his face and he rattled the milk pail with unnecessary energy.

"I wish we 'd never gone to Uncle John's funeral," he said shortly. "I 'd rather done without the money than had you learn Henry's wife's naggin' ways."

Sarella lifted a corner of her apron to wipe a tear from her eye as the door closed heavily behind him. "Eli never gave me a hasty word before in all our fifteen years of married life," she reflected; "but, there, I don't know. Henry spoke real sharp to Miriam several times, but she had a clothes-wringer and a nice silk dress. If a body 's got to choose between happiness and comfort, I guess it 's just as well to take 'em mixed."

"Luella," she commanded as she arose from the table, "you come back here and wash these dishes. Your sisters are goin' to singin' school to-night. I guess I 'll let up on their inheritin' for a spell, and attend to your bringin' up."

ULYSSES S. GRANT

RECOLLECTIONS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN—I

BY OLIVER O. HOWARD

Major General U. S. A., Retired

GENERAL GRANT was graduated from West Point seven years before I entered the academy, and he was eight years my senior. He left the army by resignation about a month after my graduation in 1854, and I did not have the privilege of seeing him until 1863. On October 16 of that year, Grant's success at Vicksburg had caused him to be placed in command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, which included the Army of the Ohio, then at Knoxville, the Army of the Cumberland, then at Chattanooga, and the Army of the Tennessee, then principally on the Mississippi. Two divisions of my corps, the Eleventh, were then at Bridgeport, Alabama, near a small hamlet on the banks of the Tennessee River. My own headquarters were there. My command had been increased by Colonel Benjamin Harrison's 70th Indiana Regiment, and some other regiments from Chattanooga. We were rebuilding the bridge, which the Confederates had destroyed, and were also constructing a little steamer, intending to run it from Bridgeport up the Tennessee River to Chattanooga. The Confederates under General Braxton Bragg had held the whole country beyond the river as far as Lookout Mountain. Bragg had the Army of the Cumberland, which lay back against a concave bend of the Tennessee near Chattanooga, pretty well hemmed in on all sides except on the river, where a bridge crossed.

My immediate commander was General Hooker, with headquarters at Stevenson, Alabama, ten miles from me along the railroad toward Nashville. In October I wont to see General Hooker, and was waiting at the station when some one told me that the commander of our Military Division, General Grant, with his staff, was coming down from Nashville on the train which I must take to return to Bridgeport.

I had heard so much about the General that I was very anxious to see him. I found him only a little taller than I, thin, and very pale. I had heard so much of his roughness, and seen so much in the papers concerning his drinking habits, that I had expected to witness a different sort of man altogether. As he looked up on my approach, the clearness of his complexion and the pleasant expression of his eyes told me at once a different story. He rose, extended his hand to me as I gave him my name, and said gently, "I am glad to see you, General Howard." Then he waited, as he was wont to do, for me to continue the conversation or to retire. At that moment one of General Hooker's staff-officers came up and offered him Hooker's hospitality. Grant was lame at the time, having suffered considerably from a fall from his horse a short time before, and Hooker's staff-officer had a spring wagon at the station to take him immediately to the headquarters, which were about a quarter of a mile away. Grant said: "If General Hooker wishes to see me, he will find me on this train." He did not speak unkindly, but yet with authority. The staff-officer left immediately, and very soon General Hooker returned with him to pay his respects in person to his new commander.

When there were no strangers present, or no newspaper correspondents, Grant talked freely enough; but he took the in-

itiative in the conversation, carefully avoiding any discussion of his military plans. He was fond of meeting a West Point graduate and talking with him about his cadet life, and the horse question was never tabooed. Grant was fond of a good horse, and knew one when he saw him.

When Hooker arrived, the two generals talked together pleasantly enough; but Grant declined Hooker's cordial offer of hospitality, and told him that he was going on with me to Bridgeport. On the way, General Grant asked a few questions, but nothing concerning the situation of affairs in my vicinity. He wished me to tell him something of my previous services and record, the year of my graduation, and other things about myself which he seemed interested to know.

The mud was troublesome and the weather cold; but we did the best we could to give our visitors a warm supper, and a fair sunrise breakfast the next morning. When General Grant and I were in my tent by ourselves he was freer and more outspoken. On account of the peculiar manner in which he had met General Hooker at Stevenson, my mind dwelt upon it. I remembered that Hooker had lost the command of the Army of the Potomac by his resignation, and that he had accepted, doubtless with some reluctance, the two small corps under Slocum and me. I said to General Grant: "I think it is hard for any officer to go from a higher to a lower command."

General Grant immediately answered me with decision: "I do not think so, Howard. A major-general is entitled to an army division and no more." Then he said emphatically: "If I should seek a command higher than that with which my Government intrusted me, I should be flying in the face of Providence." The conversation on this point impressed me at the time more than I can explain. He gave me to understand that he thought himself to be only an instrument under the Almighty to prosecute the war.

When he first came in, there was hanging against the wall of my tent an empty liquor-flask. His eyes twinkled, and I saw a faint smile creep over his face. Before he could speak I said: "General, that flask is not mine. It was brought here by an officer from Chattanooga. I do not drink." Grant answered quietly, "Neither do I," and surely at that period of his career he was not drinking, and I never knew him to take even a glass of wine during that Chattanooga campaign.

He set out very early for the front. He was then so lame that he could not mount his horse without assistance. General Rawlings, who was strong and robust, took him as if he had been a child and lifted him to his saddle.

Not long after the battle of Wauhatchee, a detachment from the Army of the Tennessee was hurried over from the Mississippi under the command of General W. T. Sherman. This detachment had reached Bridgeport, and Sherman, leaving his troops there, hastened on to consult his chief at Chattanooga. Taking a few officers with me, I went up on the east side of the river and crossed to Chattanooga, where I reported to General Thomas.

A number of officers were assembled in an upper room, among whom were Grant and Thomas, and several corps commanders. Before anything of an official nature was talked about, Sherman suddenly broke in upon us. Grant and Thomas gave him a cordial welcome. Grant first offered him the ever-welcome cigar (he was himself smoking), which Sherman proceeded to light, but without interrupting his rapid talk.

Grant said, "Take the chair of honor, Sherman," pointing to a high-backed rocker.

"The chair of honor, General, belongs to you." Grant replied: "But I do not forget to give proper respect to age."

"If you put it on that ground, I must accept," replied Sherman, who was about three years Grant's senior.

I had never heard plans of campaign and battle so well and thoroughly discussed as during that evening. Thomas was remarkably familiar with the country, and he furnished all the information that was required. Sherman had various plans to propose, and all present took more or less part in the conversation. Grant occasionally made a pointed remark, but was, as usual, reserved and listening intently. I found that as a rule Grant did not favor formal councils of

war. He did, however, enjoy getting the opinions of able men concerning the practicability of this or that plan. Without committing himself, he went away to reflect, to make up his mind, and then to issue his orders so simply and clearly that none could mistake their meaning.

On November 23, 1863, three army corps were grouped about Old Fort Wood, in the western part of the village of Chattanooga. It was a fine place for observation, and it was a place which could be seen from any point on the crest of Missionary Ridge, or from Orchard Knob, the high point west of Missionary Ridge over which ran the Confederates' outer line. Grant and Thomas were near the parapet of the fort, with their officers grouped about them. The Fourth Corps, under General Gordon Granger, covered the front. On its left was my corps, the Eleventh, and on the right of the Fourth was the Fourteenth, commanded by General Palmer. Much to General Grant's disappointment, everything was not yet ready for an offensive attack. He said, "However, let us have a reconnaissance." When the Fourth Corps had stepped out into line and covered itself with a shower of skirmishers, it made a beautiful display. The Confederates, mistaking this exhibition for a parade and inspection, stood on their barricades and intrenchments to see the show. Suddenly, however, the whole array came toward them, and they hurried to their places to make as strong a resistance as possible. It did not take long for our men to drive in the Confederate skirmish-line, to pass over the mile of space to Orchard Knob, and to seize and hold all the outworks between Old Fort Wood and Missionary Ridge. It cost many lives, however.

I watched my generals with a great deal of interest, for it was the first time I had been in battle with them and I was curious to see them, to notice what they did and to hear what they said. The corps commanders came and went from General Thomas. He pressed his field-glass hard against his forehead and endeavored to see the effect of the firing of artillery and infantry on both sides. He, like Grant, never used any unnecessary words. I saw General Rawlings talking earnestly to General Grant. I presume he was urging him not to let the Fourth Corps come back after its reconnaissance, as it would naturally do, but Grant appeared to pay little heed to what he said. At last Grant used one single sentence just as our lines crowned the Orchard Knob, namely: "Intrench them and send up support." It was not long before we had formed a new line more than a mile in advance with Orchard Knob as a point of support. The Fourth Corps had the middle front; the Fourteenth was off to the right, and the Eleventh had gone up to support the left. Grant and Thomas had soon moved their headquarters forward to occupy the new position at Orchard Knob. It was perfectly plain to me that nothing could disturb Grant's equanimity in battle. Thomas was evidently under excitement in action; indeed, he seemed roused, and was at his best, thinking and acting quickly and intelligently. Grant, however, gave no evidence of excitement.

On the 25th, Grant watched the operations of Sherman, received the reports from him without remark, sent my command to reinforce him when he thought it was best, and took great interest in the movement of General Hooker down the Summertown road and across the valley. After numerous delays, caused by deep and muddy streams, Hooker at last brought his troops up the slope across the south end of Missionary Ridge well beyond Bragg's line. Grant chose that time, about three o'clock in the afternoon, to order the firing of six cannon as a signal for Thomas to push forward his troops and seize the lower line of rifle-pits at the base of Missionary Ridge. This was well done. The men, however, without further orders, began to press up the ridge. Granger, the Fourth Corps commander, then near Grant, cried out, "They are going up the ridge without orders."

Grant looked and saw that it was a fact, and then called out to Thomas: "Thomas, by whose orders are they going up the ridge?"

Thomas answered grimly: "By their own orders, I think, sir."

Grant then replied, "Somebody will suffer for it if they don't stay there."

Thomas John Wood, the division commander, hearing this conversation, galloped his horse to his division and with his climbing men kept on to the

crest. Just as they cleared the crest, he cried out in his shrill voice: "We have gained the ridge without orders, and if we don't stay here we shall all be court-martialed!"

The Confederates after strong resistance gave way all along their lines and began their hasty retreat, which they kept up all night. We pursued them only as far as Mission Mills, as it was late in the season and darkness had already set in.

My confidence in General Grant was established from my first interview with him, but it was strengthened during the whole of the series of battles about Chattanooga and the subsequent march to Knoxville. There was no bluster about him. He was quiet, firm, quickly had in his own mind a well-settled plan of operation or of battle, and he proceeded to its execution without faltering. At one time General Bragg sent word that he wished to relieve from danger the non-combatants in Chattanooga because he purposed to shell the place. I saw General Grant when he read the message. He laughed and remarked: "I am afraid he is going to run away." He had made up his mind just what to do, and nothing that the Confederate commander said or did influenced him to deviate in the least from his plan of operation.

My last interview with the General was during his illness which terminated in his death.

On Wednesday, March 25, 1885, I received a note from Colonel F. D. Grant, saying that his father, then in New York City, would be glad to see me at any time when he could see any one. "About the middle of the day is generally his best time—between 12 and 2 P.M."

The next day, Thursday, at half-past one, my brother and I appeared at the General's house on Sixty-sixth Street. A servant showed us into a little reception room to the right of the main hall. In a moment Colonel Grant appeared, and gave us a warm welcome. My brother thought it not best for him to see the General, and Colonel Grant led the way for me. At the foot of the stairs he said: "Father wished me to apprise you of his inability to talk; so, owing to his trouble, you must do the talking."

The Colonel left me at the door of his father's room. It was in front on the south side. The General was alone, though through the open doors I could see members of the family and friends on the same floor within call. He was reclining in his favorite chair, his feet resting upon the extension and his head against the high part.

"How do you do, General?" he said, as he turned his face toward me and extended his right hand. I took his hand, and, heeding Colonel Grant's warning, began to talk. I tried to express my thanks for the interview and my deep sympathy for him in his affliction.

His face, whitish, but not emaciated, was natural except for the large swollen appearance of the left side. He turned toward the south window, and asked me to pass around and take a seat on that side. This was evidently easier for him, and a chair had been placed there near his feet. His muffled voice could hardly be recognized. Yet, notwithstanding the difficulty and my effort not to let him do so, he kept talking to me, but with an indistinct utterance.

I spoke of the late action of Congress restoring him to the army, and of the acts of the different legislatures and of the thousands of his old soldiers gathered into the Grand Army organizations.

"You will not be forgotten by them at this time, General Grant, and never will be!"

He expressed his gladness at this, but desired me to return to the subject of prayer and its fruits, of which we had spoken.

During our conversation, General Grant was cheerful and patient, but now and then he changed the place of his head quickly as if in pain, and this motion warned me. I rose and said that I must not stay too long, for I would not weary him or add to his suffering. At parting I said:

"Oh, General, how much I wish I could do something to help you. But you can always command me, if it should occur to you that I could do anything." I then asked, doubtless with some show of emotion, as I held his hand: "Is there anything, General?"

He answered slowly and very kindly: "Nothing more, General Howard; nothing besides what you have been doing."

"Good-by, General Grant. May God bless you!"

"Thank you; good-by." It was our last interview.

The General had the same complete self-possession as always, was cheerful, without a hint of impatience or complaint under his affliction. His was the submission of a great heart, in its own unstudied way, to the Heavenly Father, the Eternal Friend.

He had confidence in himself, it is true, but it was because he knew of a power beyond self, because he was helped and strengthened by that power beyond self. You may call it spirit, Providence, or God. The name is not material. It is all the same.

THE COMMON SCHOOLS AND THE FARM-YOUTH

BY L. H. BAILEY

Director of the College of Agriculture, Cornell University

IN three previous papers[1] I have discussed three phases of the outlook on agriculture as expressed by students—why certain young persons desire to leave the farm, why others desire to remain or even to remove there from town, and what the agricultural college is doing for the farm-youth. It now remains to complete the series by a discussion of what the common school can do for the farm-youth.

The agricultural colleges are now accomplishing results of great and permanent value, in spite of the fact that they are isolated from the common schools, on which good collegiate training is supposed to rest. The agricultural country is well peopled with good farmers, in spite of the fact that the common school in the open country has given them no direct aid in their business.

Sympathy with any kind of effort or occupation, and good preparation for engaging in it, are matters of slow and long-continued growth. This growth should begin in childhood, and should be aided by the home and the school. The country school carries a greater responsibility than the city school, in proportion to its advantages, for it is charged not only with its own country problems, but with the training of many persons who swell the population of cities. The country school is within the sphere of a very definite series of life occupations.

We may well begin our discussion of some phases of the rural-school problem by stating two propositions: (1) education should develop out of experience; (2) the school should be the natural expression of its community.

The country schools—I now make no reference to other schools—do not exhibit either of these principles. The subjects taught in them are not the essentials; the school does not represent or express the community. I do not know that any schools teach the essentials, except as incidents or additions here and there, and essentials cannot be taught incidentally or accidentally. Arithmetic and like studies are not essentials, but means of getting at or expressing the essentials. The first effort of the school should be to teach persons how to live.

The present methods and subjects in the rural schools have come to the schools from the outside. If we begin the school work with the child's own world, not with a foreign world or with the child's world as conceived of or remembered by the teacher or the text-book maker, it is plain that we have by that very effort started a revolution.

[1] See THE CENTURY for July, August, and September, 1906.

In making these remarks, I do not lose sight of the fact that we are making distinct progress in these very directions, or that teachers recognize the need of a change in point of view. Perhaps the best way to discuss the subject is to comment on what is already beginning to be accomplished. This will show the direction in which we are trending.

THE STATUS OF THE NATURE-STUDY OR EXPERIENCE-TEACHING MOVEMENT

EXPERIENCE-TEACHING has now come to be one of the conspicuous phases of current educational work, and it is an interest that also attaches strongly to the rising feeling for release from conventionalism. It is expressed in kindergartens, manual-training, and the like, and in that teaching of natural history to which the term nature-study is commonly restricted. Most discussions of nature-study consider only its technical phases as a school exercise, dealing largely with the subject-matter, and the methods of teaching. In such discussions it is difficult for the layman to catch the spirit of it. In reality, the nature-study interest is one of the expressions of an underlying and redirecting tendency in our development. It is unfortunate not to know its philosophy, for we miss its significance. The movement is gradually being accepted as a necessary and abiding direction in education; here and there a teacher has worked the philosophy into practice, and schools have found a place for some expression of it in the scheme of studies. The growing sentiment and experience are now being reflected in syllabi and courses of study. More than forty States, Territories, and Provinces have officially recognized nature-study or its closely associated subjects. Sometimes this recognition is the publication of a State course of study, sometimes the adoption of a text-book or recommendation of literature, sometimes the dissemination of leaflets, or, again, the passing of a mandatory law by the legislature. State policies are necessarily conservative, so that this wide recognition means that nature-study is at last fully established in the public confidence.

Perhaps the best treatise on nature-study that could now be made for teachers would be a skilful editorial combination and discussion of the various printed courses of study. My present purpose, however, is to try to determine what are the current conditions and tendencies as expressed by these syllabi. The discussion divides itself into two parts: (1) Objects of nature-study; (2) Methods of nature-study.

SOME OBJECTS OF NATURE-STUDY

A STUDY of the various expressions in the State and other syllabi as to subjects of nature-study suggests a number of fairly definite summaries. Some of these conclusions may be stated as follows:

It is the purpose of nature-study to develop the child's native interest in himself and his surroundings. It proceeds on the theory that the best educational procedure with the young is first to direct the personal sentiments, powers, and adaptabilities. Of course we must consider not only what the child's interests and powers are, but also how we can aid him to grow into a man; but we cannot annihilate the native adaptabilities without endangering the child. It may be even dangerous to try to suppress them. If these tendencies and sentiments are not directed, they are likely to develop into wild and wasteful energies. The causes of truancy lie in part in our over-diligent efforts to repress the native enthusiasm of the child. A good part of our training of children, I fear, is expressed merely by the command "Don't." Each truant is a problem in himself, but it is probable that most truants belong to one or another of three classes: (1) the vicious class; (2) the low mentality class; (3) the class that will not conform to usages and to customs, and in which the energies tend to run riot, or at least to express themselves in erratic and unconventional ways. These last are the true truants. They are repressed children. A child of this class may be likened to a jack-in-the-box: he is forced into conventional limits, but is always ready to break out in a way that brings consternation to the well-behaved.

Nature-study, therefore, is to begin with general, common, normal, and undissected objects and phenomena, rather than with definition and classification, in order that the child may be developed natively. Definition and classification

are the results of the accumulation of experience. They are not primary educational means or methods. Definition always lags behind knowledge. It is likely to take the place of knowledge in the child's mind. It did in the old botany and grammar and physiology. As soon as we begin to compress knowledge and experience into the limits of definition, we take away the life, spontaneity, and enthusiasm of it. Definitions are for mental guidance after experience has accumulated, and they become more exact with the maturity of the person. No doubt we have over-defined the subject-matter in our text-books.

Nature-study is coming more and more to be an out-of-door subject, for the child's interest should center more in the natural and indigenous than in the formal and traditional. It is not our sphere to live chiefly in buildings. Nature-study began very largely with object-lesson work. The objects might have been collected out of doors, but they were taken into the school-room to be studied. This was a distinct advance over the older type of object-study, because it tended to substitute natural objects for artificial and geometrical and unpersonal ones; but it did not develop into true nature-study until a distinct effort was made to study the objects and the phenomena just where they occur in their normal relationships. There can be no effective sustained nature-study when the work is confined in a building.

One is impressed in the various expressions coming from many parts of the country with the universality and unanimity of the nature-study movement, indicating the existence of a general feeling that the schools are not adequate and not vital.

The nature-study teaching has introduced many new and significant phrases into the teacher's vocabulary, as, for example, "increasing the joy of living," "sympathetic attitude toward nature," "increased interest in the common things," "to train the creative faculties."

The keynote of nature-study is to develop sympathy with one's environment and an understanding of it. The long-continued habit of looking at the natural world with the eyes of self-interest—to determine whether plants and animals are "beneficial" or "injurious" to man—has developed a selfish attitude toward nature, and one that is untrue and unreal. The average man to-day contemplates nature only as it relates to his own gain or personal enjoyment.

The end of nature-study is to develop spiritual sensitiveness and insight; therefore, it must not cease with mere objects and phenomena. In this it differs from the prevailing conception of science-teaching. I think that I catch this note in the syllabi and books that I have examined. This attitude accepts phenomena as real, and regards what we call "progress" to be really such. It accepts the world as good. It does not depreciate the need and importance of introspection, but regards introspection and meditation as exercises for a mature and maturing mind, and holds that such exercise is most effective when most closely related to experience. Nature-study is not merely objective if it is developed in the way in which it should be developed. If we develop first the meditative, passive, and subjective habit, then we are oriental; but the spirit of the West is to live actively with the world.

METHODS OF NATURE-STUDY

A STUDY of the various statements in the syllabi of methods of nature-study teaching warrants a number of significant conclusions, some of which are as follows:

The methods are coming to be somewhat concrete because the motive is being understood. The motive of nature-study work is reaction from formalism and from method; it is revulsion against the introduction of technical laboratory methods at a too early age; it is revolt from the spirit of grown-up scientists as applied to elementary educational work.

What method there is in the work is characterized by spirit. It embodies the spirit of individuality, spontaneity, enthusiasm. It is essentially informal and undogmatic. It arouses human interests. The old educational procedure seemed to be to try to make children as like as two peas. In fact, this procedure is still in vogue, and this accounts for much of the deadness of school work. Individuality and personality, however, are the primary considerations in education, and the na-

ture-study method aims to develop them. It puts a premium on original modes of apprehending knowledge. It develops personal responsibility and initiative.

In practice, nature-study develops many new modes of expression, as action, writing, speaking, drawing, color, music. That is, it develops the whole person. It also leads to a fine feeling for poetic interpretation.

These ways of procedure tend to make the school a unit instead of a mere assemblage of classes. They break up the monotony and formality of the curriculum, and tend to give the school an expression of naturalness. They add variety and vividness. Nature-study should correlate and inoculate all school work. It puts a new motive and meaning into the school by making the school real and giving the teaching local application.

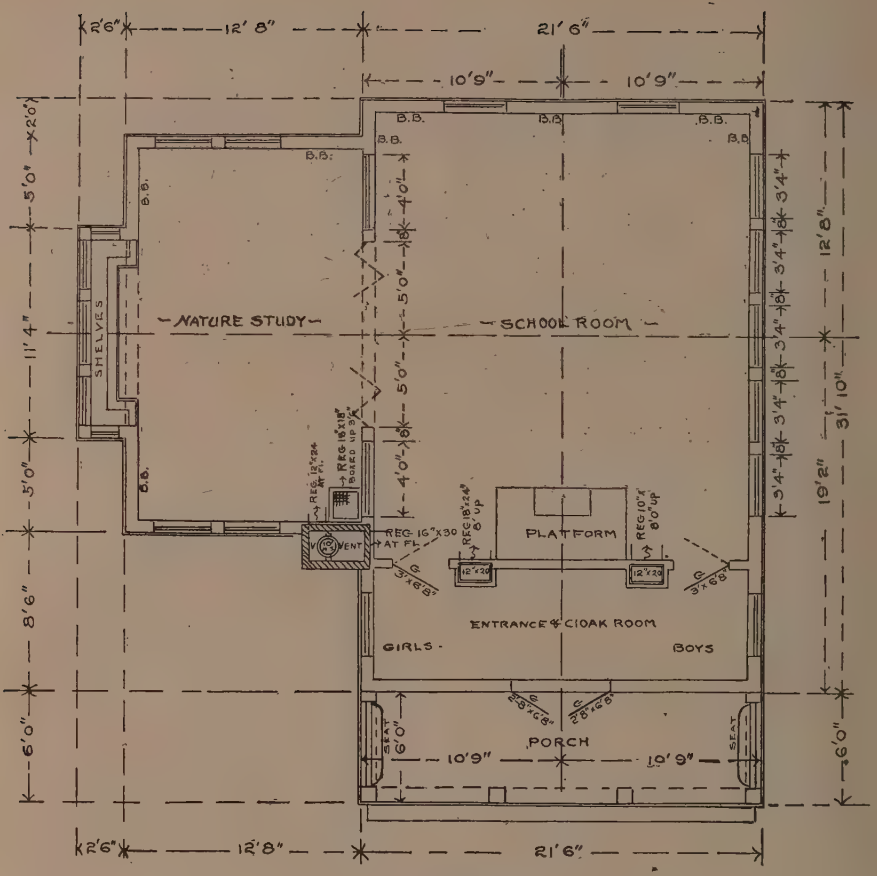
Nature-study practice broadens the meaning of schooling. Consider the scope and breadth of the subjects that it touches: plants, animals, weather, the sky, fields and soils, health, affairs. The fact that so many subjects are touched is one reason why teachers of science are likely to disparage nature-study, for these teachers pursue one subject continuously for a considerable time and in much detail; but the science-teaching of the college and the best high schools must not dictate the subjects and methods of the elementary schools. No one teacher is likely to cover all the subjects coming within the denomination of nature-study. The fact that so many subjects fall within its sphere allows of choice, and thereby adds all the more to the spontaneity and significance of school.

The nature-study method marks the final rise of the school-garden as a central means in elementary school work. This is likely to be the pivot about which personal nature-work revolves, because it is near at hand, concrete, and controllable. It is the laboratory from which all enterprises diverge. In time it will come to be regarded as one of the essential parts of any elementary school. It provides relevant laboratory work; and no school, from the kindergarten to the university, is a good school unless it has laboratory work. Kindergarten-work, manual-training, nature-study, are all laboratory work.

The methods of nature-study tend to connect the school with the home. They make schooling a serious affair. The school becomes a social force. Every teacher has felt that a good part of the patrons of any school look on the teacher with a sort of self-complacent and patronizing air, as if they did not take the teacher's work to be serious or really important. They seem to accept it as one of the things that custom has imposed. I heard a school-gardener say that the parents in her district were silently opposed to the school. When asked for the reason, one of them remarked, "If the children go to school, we can't make them do anything for us." That is, there are two opposed forces, the school and the parents. The school-garden and other nature-study work tend to correct this antagonism or separateness. In many cases the individual school-garden may be in the home grounds rather than on the school grounds. The school, the home, the community are only different phases or expressions of experience. The redirected school will develop the economic and social consciousness.

We may sum up this review of methods by saying that the teaching begins with the actual, the tangible, the significant. We do not begin with classifications or systems, or with the idea of giving the child a complete view of a subject. We deal with the concrete. The pupil will gather experience and gain wisdom, and finally, we hope, come to systematic knowledge. We shall not teach merely for the purpose of giving information: that can be got in a book. In the elementary grades in a country school, I think we shall do far better to teach the raising of a crop of corn, or the making of butter, than the principles of tillage, of soil fertility, or the theory of feeding cows. We should begin to teach by specific cases and examples. Possibly in the high schools we can begin to teach principles of soil fertility and cattle feeding, but there is danger of going too far in these abstractions even there.

Some day the common schools will prepare for colleges of mechanic arts and agriculture as consciously as they now prepare for literary colleges. It is a question whether the proper demarcation between the common school work and the



Drawn by W. C. Baker

FLOOR PLAN OF THE CORNELL RURAL SCHOOL-HOUSE

college work will not then lie in the school dealing with actual problems and the college dealing also with the theories and the classified science. I think that the syllabi for agriculture in high schools err in covering the same ground that college course cover, only in a more elementary way. Probably they would do better to confine themselves more closely to special problems that mean something to the pupil and the community. It is not at all necessary that the high-school pupil should "develop a subject" or have "a body of knowledge." Much of the present high-school work is far beyond the pupil. The people have always asked for concrete knowledge and training.

It is a question whether nature-study and crafts subjects should be taught in the grades merely to illustrate or vivify some literary text or story. For example, is it worth while to exemplify Robinson Crusoe by studies of dogs and parrots and the making of canoes, as is now the vogue? These exercises are really extraneous, after all, and a kind of acting. It is a question whether it is profitable for a mere child in the grades to build canoes unless the exercise comes naturally as a part of personal experience. The object-work to illustrate literature lessens and subordinates the meaning of the object; and I cannot help feeling that the effort might much better be expended on objects for their own sakes, and that have relation to experience, letting literature

Drawn by Philip B. Whelpley, from a photograph

FRONT VIEW OF THE CORNELL RURAL SCHOOL-HOUSE

The College of Agriculture at Cornell erected this small rural school-house on its grounds, to serve as a model, and to house a real rural school as a part of its nature-study department. School-gardens and play grounds have been made at one side. The building, furniture and supplies cost $1,983.31.

be taught in some other way. We do not need any excuse for the study of nature.

RESULTS TO BE EXPECTED FROM NATURE-STUDY TEACHING

Persons are always asking for the results of the nature-study work, as if they expect that statistics can be given in reply. They want to know how many teachers are teaching it, how many children are interested in it, how many school-gardens there are, how many syllabi are in use, how many pupils are enrolled, and the like. All this is well in its way, and is important, though the results of nature-study are not to be measured by these formal means, but, rather, by a general elevation in the mode and tone of the school, and in the point of view of the community. The school must be reorganized to meet the child's needs. It must be simplified. Subjects must be taken out, rather than put in; but whatever subjects remain, the nature-study philosophy and point of view must run through them all, for it is a fundamental educational means. Most of the criticisms of nature-study are made against what are thought to be faulty methods here and there. It may be a question whether these criticised methods really are faulty; but even if they are, and if all the work has been inadequate, nevertheless the nature-study movement will abide. It is one expression of the new education.

If this experience-teaching is so fundamental, we must not look for results quickly. Spiritual movements proceed slowly. It may require a generation yet to get us out of the habit of teaching merely the names of things.

It has been said that the current movement toward nature-study is misdirected, since all human activities, of whatever kind, proceed from experience. Language, for example, is only a means of expressing experience; therefore Greek study is nature-study. However, the evolution of a language is the experience of a race; what we now argue for is the using of the experience of the individual. Of course no one would advise against the use of race-experience, as expressed in language and literature; but education should begin with the person, which is the concrete.

It is a fallacy to consider that nature-study must be merely correlated with the present school subjects except as a means of starting and establishing its spirit.

Nature-study teaching is a way of conducting the school work so that it will have personal application and meaning.

The school must be given a new purpose or expression. Our school systems are now really developed for the few—for those who are good "scholars." Other pupils are expected to emulate these few, whereas they may have a wholly different order of ability. When education becomes personal, all this will change. Well-developed experience with one's normal environment is nature-study: it lies deeper than the adding of a subject to the course, deeper than merely to be "correlated with." It is quite the opposite of "correlation with," as if it were applied from the outside: it is giving direction to, making application of.

Drawn by Philip B. Whelpley, from a photograph

REAR, AND WORK-ROOM END OF THE CORNELL RURAL SCHOOL-HOUSE

APPLICATION TO THE COUNTRY SCHOOL

Just now nature-study is the stepping-stone to the introduction of agricultural studies. This is an indication that it is a means of connecting the school with the real life and activity of the community; but nature-study is a means of preparing the pupil for all kinds of school work and for all places, as well as for agriculture and for the country. It is a redirecting agency. In time, as the schools develop, we shall find that we shall not need to introduce agriculture as a separate study, even in rural districts, at least not below the high school, for in such districts the whole school effort will have an agricultural, country-life, or nature-study trend.

Lest I be misunderstood, I will say at once that I am not opposed to the introduction of agriculture as a separate study into the elementary rural school. In fact, such introduction may be the very best means of bringing about the deeper and more fundamental re-directing of the school that is essential to its full effectiveness. I look on the separate teaching of agriculture as a present means to an end. We should not lose sight of the fact, however, that the schools are actually being redirected much more rapidly than those not engaged in school work may be aware.

In time, the beginning schools will probably not teach any of the present-day subjects under their present names; but this will adjust itself in the natural course of evolution. The greatest need is to reorganize the teaching of the subjects that are already in the country schools. Geography, for example, will deal first with the local country and its affairs. Of course the methods have changed greatly in a generation; but the old geography was largely of the ballooning variety, beginning with the universe and descending through the solar system to the earth.

All this is rapidly changing. If the school is in the open country, it may give attention to fields, birds, soils, brooks, forests, crops, roads, farm animals, hamlets, and homes. Geography can be so taught in the schools as, in ten years, to start a revolution in the agriculture of any commonwealth.

Arithmetic needs redirecting in the same spirit. The beginnings of a new

motive in it are now becoming prominent. The principles of number are the same wherever taught, but practice problems may have local application. These problems have heretofore dealt with theoretical, urban, middleman, copartnership subjects, and sometimes have been mere numerical puzzles. It is significant that the arithmetic problems that the country child takes home do not interest the old folks. This is only because the problems mean nothing to them. Many of the problems of the farmer are numerical—soil moisture, fertility questions, feeding rations, spraying, cost of labor and of producing crops, and all manner of accounts. Number can be so taught in the schools as, in ten years, to start a revolution in the agriculture of any commonwealth.

Reading needs similar reorganization. This is everywhere recognized, and distinct progress is being made. It is not desirable to eliminate the customary types of literature of the masters; but something may be added to make the reading vital and applicable. It is not difficult now to find good pieces of English composition that deal with the customary practices and affairs of the open country, and that point the way to better things. Reading and spelling can be so taught as, in ten years, to start a revolution in the agriculture of any commonwealth.

Even manual-training needs new direction as it touches country life. It may not be necessary to eliminate the formal exercises of model work and weaving and the like; but some of the practical problems of the home and farm may be added. How to make a garden, to lay out paths, make fences and labels, are manual-training problems. How to saw a board off straight, to drive a nail, to whittle a peg, to make a tooth for a hand hay-rake, to repair a hoe, to sharpen a saw, to paint a fence, to hang a gate, to adjust a plow-point, to mend a strap, to prune an apple-tree, to harness a horse,—the problems are bewildering from their very number. Manual-training can be so taught in the schools that are equipped for it as, in ten years, to start a revolution in the agriculture of any commonwealth.

All such teaching as this will call for a new purpose in the school-building. The present country school building is a structure in which children sit to study books and recite from them. It should also be a place in which children can work with their hands. Every school building should have a laboratory room, in which there may be a few plants growing in the windows, and perhaps an aquarium and a terrarium. Here the children will bring their flowers and insects and samples of soil, and varieties of corn or beans in their season, and other objects that interest them, and here they may perform their simple work with implements and tools. Even if the teacher cannot teach these subjects, the room itself will teach. The mere bringing of such objects to school would have a tremendous influence on the children; patrons would ask what the room is for; in time a teacher would be found who could handle the subjects pedagogically. Now we see children carrying only books to school; some day they will also carry twigs and potatoes and animals and stones and tools and contrivances and other personal objects.

My plea, therefore, is that the school accept all wholesome conditions in which it is placed, and that it begin with the sphere in which the child lives. The working out of this philosophy is nature-study (I know of no better term); and this philosophy goes deeper than mere manual-training, or than arts and crafts studies, or than bare "self-activity." Nature-study, as I conceive it, is not another subject, not something external or added to. It is a means of education, internal, central, essential, fundamental. In time nature-study and agriculture will be as much a part of the country school as oxygen is a part of the air.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

A GREAT SCULPTOR[1]

ENERGY, energy, always energy, this is the commanding trait of the work of the sculptor Saint-Gaudens,—energy in action, energy in repose; but energy under control, compressed, never flamboyant, never pushing beyond the bounds marked by a sure taste, and a keen sense of beauty. There is the sense of suppressed motion in his busts, and in his seated and standing figures. In his walking or riding figures,—as the Puritan, the Shaw, and the Sherman,—the suggested motion has the effect of an irresistible sweep. So strong is the sense of moving power given out by much of his sculpture that the walking figure of the Puritan suggests the march of an equestrian statue.

It has been said of Niagara that it is full of surprising "little lovelinesses." There was tremendous emotional and artistic flow in the work of this sculptor,—and his creations were full of "little lovelinesses." He, who could reach so surely the solemn, and at times the sublime, was deft of touch, and delighted in the delicate effects of surface texture and coloring, and in the subtleties of low relief; in the refinements of portraiture on a small scale; in the soft contours and curves of the countenances of girls and little children. He, in youth a cutter of cameos, was a skilful modeler of coins and medals,—and he may be said to have revived, in our day, the art of the medallion portrait.

Unlike certain other powerful sculptors of our time he had a strong decorative sense. His work, in little or in large, had the agreeable balance of spaces, the correspondences and the contrasts of composition which are so satisfying to the sensitive eye; that decorative sense which distinguishes the entire art of a thoroughly artistic people like the Japanese, but which does not permeate, to so great an extent, the art of the western world, and charms all the more when it dominates, as in the handiwork of Saint-Gaudens.

THAT, in the depths of his nature, which made him so sensitive to musical impressions came out in the lyrical quality of his modeling. To some of the artists and literary men of this generation, the Quartette concerts on Sunday afternoons at Saint-Gaudens's New York studio were an important part of their artistic development. No one enjoyed these seasons of musical refreshment more keenly than the sculptor,—whose works seemed to re-echo the very tones of the stringed instruments.

As was finely said at the funeral of Saint-Gaudens, at Cornish, after all, the one transcendent element of the Master's equipment was his imagination; the imagination shown not only in reproducing the Seen, but in making visible the Unseen. When imagination, and a feeling and affinity for the greatest art, are added to technical ability, and the power to take endless pains, you have indubitably a great artist. And Saint-Gaudens was a great artist. He was sensitive to natural beauty—the Pan of his own hills and woods, as his loving comrades of Cornish called the master; his sympathy for the austere grandeur of the Greek was native to him; he was at home not

[1] See also the following articles which have appeared in previous numbers of this magazine. "The Farragut Monument," illus., R. W. Gilder, June, 1881; In same number bas-relief portrait of Bastien Lepage, by Saint-Gaudens, engraved; "Augustus Saint-Gaudens," illus., Kenyon Cox, and "Saint-Gaudens's Lincoln," M. G. Van Rensselaer, November, 1887; "The Sculptor Saint-Gaudens," (apropos of the Shaw memorial) W. A. Coffin; "The Sculptor," (Editorial,) June, 1897; Saint-Gaudens's Statue of General Sherman, frontispiece in color by F. V. Du Mond, November, 1904; Bust of John Hay by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, (Half-tone plate) January, 1905.

less with the mixed Reality and Ideality of the Renaissance. He was great in his own work, great in the influence of that work, and great in his personal influence among painters, architects, writers and sculptors of his day. His strenuously conscientious desire for perfection was a standard of effort and accomplishment in a wide circle.

In his personality there was the same fire as in his handiwork; and the same blending of sweetness with strength. Under all the praise and all the honors showered upon him he remained totally unspoiled, with each new work the humble, unsatisfied searcher; always unassuming; always the simple hearted, generous comrade. He was, as intimated, exquisitely susceptible to the loftiest musical expression. He had a swift, intense indignation and anger, controlled by quick sympathy and a sense of justice. He was emotional, without being sentimental. As a describer of beautiful scenes and dramatic events he was thrilling; and, his sense of humor being vital, he was unsurpassable as a raconteur of witnessed incident of a humorous character. He had none of the manner of the professional story-teller, but it was something never to be forgotten,—Saint-Gaudens's rapid, low-voiced, intense, serious-faced telling of some strange adventure of travel or of the life artistic.

In his late years, and before his latest years of invalidism, his interest grew in things deep and spiritual. As for the latest years, when he suspected that the "Night" was coming "when no man can work," this tremendous worker if anything quickened his pace. At one time the desire for labor at his beloved art, under stress of pain and weakness, seemed to be in danger of forever passing; but the danger was averted, and, up to the very last few days, he was at work, patiently, heroically. There was a peculiar sympathy between Saint-Gaudens and his friend Robert Louis Stevenson, and in more ways than one were their fates, toward the last, similar.

The influence of Saint-Gaudens will increase rather than diminish; for his art was unique, inimitable and will be perpetually inspiring. Ten years ago it was said here "Perhaps no living artist has so high a reputation as Saint-Gaudens, and so strong an artistic influence, with so little of his work familiar to the general public." Since then his public and private portraits and monuments have reached a wider public, and his position became so high that, at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, the judges could meet artistic expectation only by causing a separate and special medal to be struck in his honor.

Now again it may be said that his fame will be increased, not only by the wider knowledge and appreciation of his works already known, but by the addition thereto of the works completed, and those all but completed, just before his death,—among which are some of the noblest of his creations. The Caryatids for the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo—that rarely beautiful temple of art,—are modeled in the exalted spirit of the Adams monument. They have something of the loveliness of the enchanting marbles in the Cornelius Vanderbilt house in New York; but they have, too, a weightiness, a mystery and a majesty consonant with their own architectural and symbolic importance. They seem to have been modeled for all eternity by the very finger of Fate.

OPEN LETTERS

The Des Moines Plan

DES MOINES, the Capital City of Iowa, seeking relief from a careless and corrupt management of her municipal affairs, has adopted a new city charter, known as the "Des Moines Plan" of City Government, which presents the most extraordinary system of city government ever known in the United States.

Having discovered the similarity between a private corporation and municipal corporation, the framers of the "Des Moines Plan" took, as a model for their charter, the system of modern business concerns, and embodied in that charter those methods which have made the private corporations so successful. The first step was to secure a centralization of power and the definite fixing of responsibility. This has been accomplished by placing the administration of the city's affairs in a governing board, consisting of a mayor and four councilmen. This board, which organizes itself with the mayor as chairman, is empowered to appoint all subordinate officials and employees of the city, conduct all departments, levy and collect taxes, make all contracts, and direct all expenditures. As a further means of fixing responsibility the business of the city is divided into five large departments: the department of Public Affairs, Accounts and Finances, Public Safety, Streets and Public Improvements, and Parks and Public Property, and to each of these departments is assigned a member of the board who acts as superintendent and assumes responsibility for all matters coming within the jurisdiction of his department.

This feature of board management in municipal affairs, though a recent development, is not entirely untried. The government of Washington, D. C., embodies the idea, and Galveston, the most important seaport of the Lone Star State, has operated successfully under a charter which makes this its chief feature. In less than five years the credit of that bankrupt city has been raised to par, its running expenses decreased one third, and over a million of dollars saved to its taxpayers.

A strict Civil Service has been made an important feature of the charter; all employees of the city are selected by a competitive and impartial test of their fitness for the work to be accomplished.

Publicity is made an important provision of the charter. Ordinances must be on file for public inspection a certain number of days before going into effect. Monthly statements must be furnished to the newspapers and public libraries, showing all receipts and expenditures of funds, and the general transaction of the administration. These requirements are made for the purpose of placing within the reach of every taxpayer complete information regarding the management of the city's affairs.

As an inducement to men of character and ability, an adequate salary has been provided and the position on the board made one of honor. The position has not only been made more attractive to competent men, but their election has also been made easier and more certain. The mayor and the four councilmen, constituting the governing board, are elected from at large, thus eliminating ward lines and the evils of ward politics. Partisan politics has lost its influence in city affairs because all city officials are selected at a non-partisan primary and elected on a non-partisan ticket. The choice thus becomes individual—not political.

In order that this centralization of power in the governing board may not be abused, safeguards are provided for in the "Des Moines Plan," and all officials made responsive to popular sentiment. Under the Initiative, the power of direct legislation is given to the electors, and any law desired by a majority may be secured, though opposed by the governing board. By the Referendum, an unwise expenditure of the public funds or any other act which does not meet with popular favor, may be effectively blocked by a majority vote of the citizens.

As a further protection against incompetent or dishonest officials they have the Recall. This provision was designed for the purpose of placing all city officers directly under the control of those who elected them and is, without doubt, the most important of the trio of safeguards. While public officers are elected for a definite term, yet by exercising the recall any one may be removed from office, at any time a majority of the electors feel that he is incompetent or dishonest. The rights conferred by these three provisions may be exercised by filing a petition, bearing the signatures of twenty-five per cent. of the voters of the city, with the city clerk; whereupon the matter must be referred to the voters for their approval or rejection.

Henry E. Sampson.

The Blessing—by Chardin

(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS—see page 899)

THIS picture is to be seen in Salle XVI of the Louvre. A repetition of it exists in the Salle La Caze of the Louvre; but the former is undoubtedly the finest, being more luminous and dainty in treatment. Two other repetitions, varying slightly, are at Stockholm and St. Petersburg. The canvas is small, measuring nineteen inches high by fifteen inches wide.

Jean Baptiste Chardin was a great master —one of the greatest of the French school of the eighteenth century. Born in 1699, he lived to 1779, and ripened at a time when French art had developed much artificiality. Yet Chardin was living in the midst of it, delineating the beauty and simplicity of the home life of the humbler class. Le Bénédicité affords a charming glimpse of a French home of more than a hundred years ago, and nothing could be lovelier. The moment chosen is that hushed one when grace is said by some member of the family before beginning the meal. The mother is in the act of prompting the child who, with its hands posed, is looking up gravely and repeating the short blessing, while the other little one is in a characteristic attitude of devoutness, and demurely regarding her companion.

Chardin's coloring is a tissue of harmonious, mellow, silvery tones, grateful in their simplicity and refreshing to the eye. His impasto is full, soft, and rich, like the ripe fruits he knew so well how to paint, and which are models of broad effective handling. He was a master of chiaroscuro, for which reason his works translate well into black and white.

T. Cole.

The Dr. Wright Tragedy—A Correction

IN the June instalment of "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office," an account is given of the shooting in Norfolk, Virginia, of Second-Lieutenant Anson L. Sanborn at the head of his company of negro soldiers by Dr. David M. Wright, a prominent citizen of that place, and some of the circumstances attending the trial and execution of Dr. Wright, with which a telegrapher was intimately connected, and directly from whom and the latter's brother, also a telegrapher, Mr. Bates obtained all of his information.

With respect to incidents leading up to the tragedy, and set forth in the article, Mr. Alexander W. Weddell, a grandson of Dr. Wright, offers a contradiction as follows:

"The allegations of the article, the correctness of which I deny, may be summarized as follows: (1) That there existed in Norfolk in 1863 'a coterie of former slave-owners' and that 'this club met in secret'; (2) That my grandfather belonged to this 'coterie'; (3) That this 'club' adopted 'a resolution which provided that one of their number should be chosen by lot to kill the commander of the first detachment of negro soldiers entering Norfolk'; (4) That Dr. 'Wright received the fatal ballot,' and acting thereon 'committed a cold-blooded assassination,' by shooting Lieutenant A. L. Sanborn."

While these statements had been previously printed by Mr. Bates's informant, and so far as known had passed unchallenged, they were based on recollection and the common rumors of the time of the tragedy, and are not supported by any facts set forth in the official records of the case. This is made conclusive by the present Acting Judge-Advocate-General, who, in a letter to Mr. Weddell, dated June 28, 1907, says:

"The record of the Military Commission in this case, and the papers filed with that record, have been examined in this office, and there is nothing either in the said record or in said papers which would, in any way, indicate that the murder was the result of a conspiracy."

This correction is due to the memory of Dr. Wright, who is said to have been held in high esteem by Northern as well as Southern friends. He is believed to have had a blameless career up to the time of the tragedy, into which he was apparently moved by sudden impulse.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Match-Maker

My mama says she 's married. *I* ain't yet.
En mama says she ain't a-goin' to let
Nobody marry me at all before
I 'm seven or 'leven years old, er maybe more.
My mama don't believe, she says,
In makin' early marry-ges.

But I 'm a-goin' to marry jest
The nicest en the goodest, best
Old husband ever was. Ef you
Won't tell, en cross your heart, I'll whisper
who
It is. It 's papa. Mama says she's 'fraid
He 's got a wife already. But he 'll trade
Her off fer me, I bet, er else I 'll take
The marry off of him en *make*
Him marry me. En, anyhow,
I don't believe 'at he *is* married now,
'Cause where 's he keep her? Gramma she
Is jest his gramma, like she is to me,
En I 'm his little girl, en brother's brother,
En that 's all, 'cept my mama is his mother.

I wish my mama was n't married, fer
I 'd like to have my papa marry her
While he 's a-waitin'. He 's so good en kind
He 'd do it jest fer me, en would n't mind.
I 'most believe I will, 'cause she 's so nice
It would n't hurt if she is married twice.

Edmund Vance Cooke.

Evolution

I ATE me a Welsh rabbit
In the night last past;
I ate me a Welsh rabbit
Whereby to stay my fast;
Simply a Welsh rabbit,
A harmless, armless thing,
With not a leg to stand on,
Nor voice to speak or sing.

I ate me a Welsh rabbit,
Then hied myself away
To bed and dreams and wishing
'T were longer yet till day;
Simply a Welsh rabbit,
A wileless, guileless beast
That hath no other mission
Than serving for a feast.

I ate me a Welsh rabbit,
Gadzooks! I thought it so;
But after I had gone to sleep,
How quickly did it grow
Into the strangest creatures—
Into the mares of night,
Into the gibberish monkeys,
Into the shapes that fright,
Into the ring-tailed roosters,
Into the jabberwocks,
Into the jangling jaguars,
Into the six-horned ox,
Into the horse with flippers,
Into the hog with wings,
Into the cat with feathers,
Into the cow that sings—
Into all manner of creatures
Of the earth and the air and the sea,
And all of them promenading
Or sitting around on me.

I ate me a Welsh rabbit
In the night last past;
I ate me a Welsh rabbit
Whereby to stay my fast;
Simply a Welsh rabbit—
How could there possibly be
In a little thing like that
A whole menagerie?

William J. Lampton.

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"O' COURSE HE 'S A PERFESSIONAL"

"Aw! Wot 's de matter wid ye? Did n't he git paid by de League team last Saturday fer fetchin' oatmeal an water?"

Drawn by Harry Linnell

A HANDY MAN

"Yes, I kin turn me hand to anything. I 've bin a sailor in Arizony, a farmer on the broad Atlantic, an' a cowboy in the Metrolopus. I give up me job in an ice-cream parlor in Greenland to go to the South Sea Islands where I expect to get work tendin' furnaces."

BY WALLACE IRWIN

WITH PICTURES BY REGINALD B. BIRCH

FROM New Orleens we sailed that day
To-ward the Pampas grasses.
Our cargo, neatly tucked away,
Was New Orleens molasses;
The *Susan Bean*, our barkentine,
Through many calm seas passes.

But on the third day out at sea
A pollywow she struck us,
And loose abaft and hard alee
Full thousand mile she tuck us,
And tossed us so with wave and blow
She very nearly wruck us.

But on the third terrific night
A change come over natur';
We finds ourselves a-sailing right
Along the hot equator.
Oh, strike me arm, but it was warm
As any radiator!

With palm-leaf fans we cooled our brows,
And not a word could utter.
The old brass cannon at our bows
Jest melted up like butter,
And fust we knew that 'lasses goo'
Begun to cook and sputter.

"WITH PALM-LEAF FANS WE COOLED OUR BROWS"

"'IT 'S MAKIN' 'LASSES CANDY'"

"WE PULLED IT UP AND DOWN THE DECKS"

The smell o' hot molasses riz
Through every porthole handy.
"Oho!" cried Capting Sykes, "it is
A tempting scent and dandy.
And blow me hide!" he wildly cried,
"It 's makin' 'lasses candy!"

So down we rushed into the hold,
Like reckless men and daffy.
Thar was that 'lasses cookin' bold,
A comic sight and laffy.
So every man at onct began
A-pullin' 'lasses taffy.

We pulled it up and down the decks
And looped it to the rail, sir;
We stuck it fast to every mast
And hung it to the sail, sir.
"Pull.ho, me lad!" we yells like mad
Until our cheeks was pale, sir.

Nine days at early dawn we riz
And worked till all was done, sir.
And then another stormy slizz
Blowed up and dimmed the sun, sir.
Nine days we tossed, completely lost,
A wild and reckless run, sir.

But when at last the storm she broke,
We gazed with joy to larbor'.
Our eyes stuck out, we gave a shout,
Fer there was Boston harbor!
"I 'm glad o' that," says I to Pat;
"I badly need a barber."

To Boston candy stores we sold
That shipload of confection,
But every Jack saved out a sack
Fer the girl of his selection.
But I declare I *et* my share,
Not havin' no connection.

"FER THE GIRL OF HIS SELECTION"

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